Anno 1778·

PHILLIPS·ACADEMY

OLIVER·WENDELL·HOLMES
LIBRARY

Per ampliora ad altiora.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/mirrorofphilomat37phil

5193

Philo. Mirror.

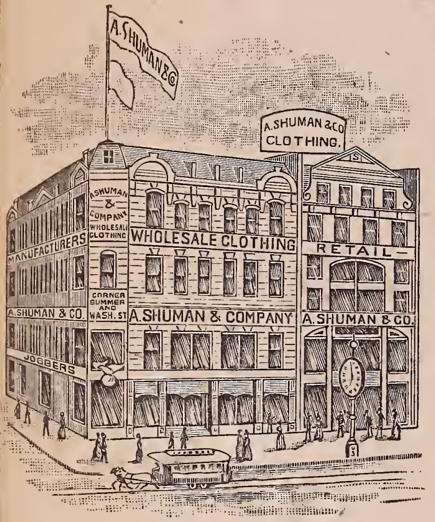
SIGIL. PHILLIP. ACAD. ANDOV. MDCCLXXVIII.
NON SIBI
FINIS ORIGINE PENDET

FALL 1889

A. SHUMAN & CO.

We invite your inspection of our large and varied

STOCK OF CLOTHING.


A. SHUMAN & CO
A. SHUMAN & CO CLOTHING.
A. SHUMAN & COMPANY WHOLESALE CLOTHING
MANUFACTURERS
WHOLESALE CLOTHING
RETAIL
CORNER SUMMER AND WASH. ST
A. SHUMAN & CO.
A. SHUMAN & COMPANY
A. SHUMAN & CO.
JOBBERS

For Young Gentlemen's Wear,

Manufactured by us

From Fine All-Wool Fabrics, of both Domestic and Foreign make. All our garments are made in a style equal

To Custom Production

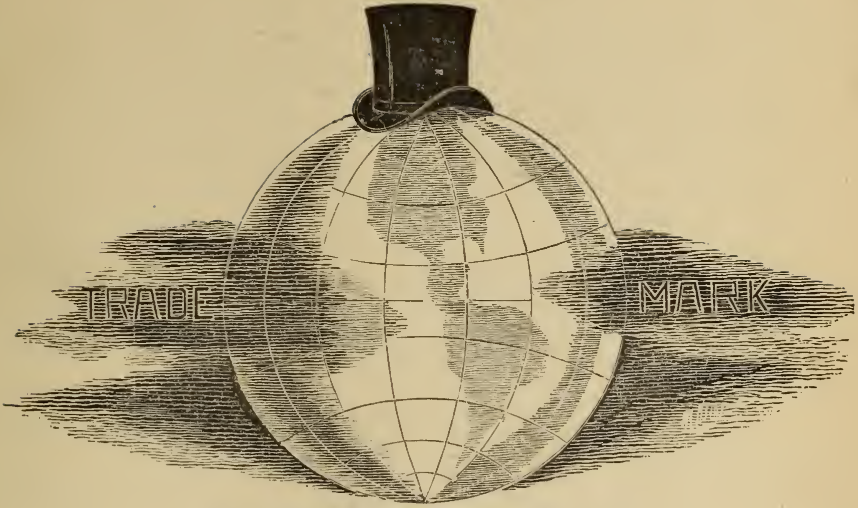
AND A

Perfect Fit Assured.

A. SHUMAN & CO.,

Manufacturing Clothiers,

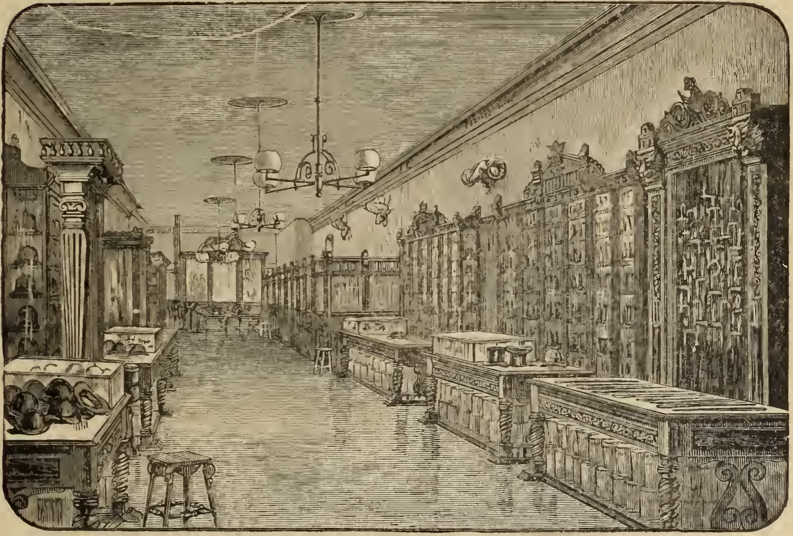
Washington St., Cor. Summer, Boston.



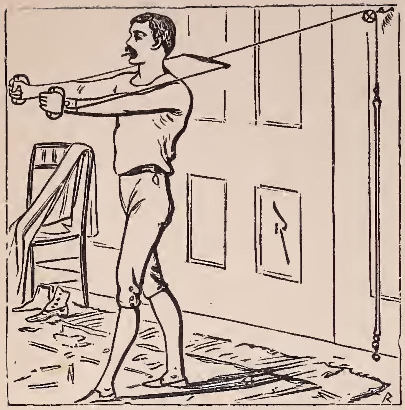
Collins & Fairbanks,

CELEBRATED HATS!

Styles correct. Quality Unequalled. Sole Agents for
Henry Heaths and White's English Hats.



381 WASHINGTON STREET, OPP FRANKLIN, BOSTON, MASS.



Two simple screw eyes, one in the floor and one seven feet above, in the most convenient part of your dressing or sleeping room, adjusts it for use for either man woman or child. Price $5.00.

This Exercising Machine can be used by Ladies, Gentlemen and Children. It is light, healthful and wonderful for producing perfect circulation of the blood. Price $5.00,

AT NOYES BROS.

The Best Foreign Makes.

In Underwear and Hosiery

Pure Lamb's Wool, The Natural Gray Wool, White and Brown Merino. Pure Silk and Wool, Balbriggan. In all sizes 28 to 50 inches.

AT NOYES BROS.'

GLOVES

Made to our Special order.

The Famous London Tan at $1.35, Fownes' New Craven Tan, Fownes' Cavandish Tan, Fownes' Best Cheverette, Coachman's Gloves, London made.

NOYES BROS.,

Hosiers, Glovers & Shirt Makers,
Washington and Summer Sts.,
BOSTON, U. S. A.

PAJAMA SUITS,

(For sleeping, &c,,) made in a variety of designs from the following materials.

Spun Silk, (best quality),
Silk and Woolen Flannels,
English Oxfords and
French Flannels,

AT NOYES BROS'.

New English Long Cravats,
The London Puff Cravats,
The New Ascott, The Derby.

Special *Club* and *College* colors always in stock.

AT NOYES BROS'-

Bath and Blanket Wraps,

For the Nursery, For the Sick Room For the Bath, For Steamer Travelling, For the *Railway Carriage,* For *Men, Women, Children and the baby.* $2 75 to $35.00.

AT NOYES BROS'.

LADIES' AND MEN'S

Special London-Made Mackintoches

The Latest London styles now ready. Special garments made to order at Noyes Bros'.

English Study Jackets,
Engslsh Dressing Jackets,
Smoking Jackets,
House and Office Coats,
Long Gowns and Wraps.

AT NOYES BROS'.

NOYES BROS.,

Hosiers, Glovers & Shirt Makers.
Washington and Summer Sts.,
BOSTON, U. S. A.

BUNKER & CO.

BOSTON, MASS.

FLORISTS.

We keep a large stock of all the choice flowers in the market and the best.

ROSES.—American Beauty, La France, Papa Gontier, Catherini, Mermet, The Bride, The Cook, Perle de Jardin, and all Hybrids in their season.

Lily of the Valley, Violets, English Primulas, Carnations, and a large variety of other flowers.

We make a specialty of Decorating for Dinners, Receptions, Weddings, and all kinds of designs.

Orders by mail, telephone, or telegraph, will receive prompt attention, as we are always prepared for all kinds of work.

We Solicit Your Trade.

Very respectfully,

BUNKER & CO.

69 Tremont Street, Tremont House.

WATCHES.

TIFFANY & CO.

Union Sq., New York.

Particularly request attention to their line of Low-Priced Watches, which they confidently recommend as the best yet produced for the money. The movements are sound, stem-winding anchors, and are 18-kt gold in a variety of styles.

Large Size, for Gentlemen,	$75.00.
Medium Size for Gentlemen,	$65.00.
Large size for Ladies,	$60.00.
Small size for Ladies,	$50.00.

Each watch is stamped with the name of the house, thereby carrying its guarantee.

Now for the wants of the Phillipian Editors.

ESTABLISHED 1818.

BROOKS BROS.,

Broadway, cor. 22nd St., New York City.

CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS, FOR MEN AND BOYS,

READY-MADE AND MADE TO MEASURE.

In the department for Clothing to order will always be found a large variety of foreign Suitings and Trouserings in desirable patterns giving the fullest opportunity for selection.

In speaking particularly of our Ready-made stock, we may remind customers that we have special facilities for obtaining the best qualities and the newest designs; that, in the cutting and making up of our garments we exercise particular care to avoid the stiffness and awkwardness of appearance which so frequently characterize ready-made clothing; that all noticable patterns are limited to small quantities; and that we endeavor to exclude every style, fabric, and cut which can be easily imitated in inferior grades of goods.

Evening Dress Suits and Ulsters for all seasons always in stock ready-made.

Our Furnishing Department offers a most complete assortment in that line includings the proper shades in Gloves and scarfs, Allen, Solly & Co's Hosiery and Underwear, and the best makes of Waterproof Coats.

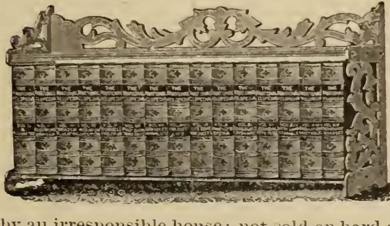
Samples and rules for self measurement sent on application.

Our location, one block from Madison Square, is convenient to the leading Hotels and easy of access from the principal Railway stations in New York and vicinity.

THE INTERNATIONAL CYCLOPEDIA.

Fifteen large vols. full of facts, each vol. 10x7 1-2 x 2 1-4.

DODD, MEAD AND CO., PUBLISHERS, N.Y.



For the Library, the School, the Office, the Home.

WHAT IT IS NOT.—Not a complete compilation of dry and tortuous treatises; not a work designed for educated classes and specialists only; not a mere compilation of words like a dictionary, or gazetteer; not costly beyond the reach of the masses; not based on a census so old as to be worthless; not denominational or partisan in any degree; not edited by men of no ability or prominence; not published by an irresponsible house; not sold on hard and exacting terms—so say Educators, School Boards, Editors, Scholars.

WHAT IT IS.—It is a compendium of human knowledge as its title states; it is designed for universal usefulness and hence it is as famous as a working Cyclopedia: it is sold at prices within the reach of all; it is revised abreast at present times; it is a work that treats all great denominations and parties impartially; it is edited by an able man having many capable assistants; it is published by a responsible and conscientious house; it is sold on a plan of easy monthly payments,—so say Professional men, Working men, Salesmen, Business men.

SO YOU WILL SAY—when you own it and test its merits. It does not take a fortune to buy it, and if you desire, we wait for our pay till it is earned. Sold on the plan of easy monthly instalments, if you wish. Write for description of our beautiful Christmas and New Year's Present to 1889 subscribers. Write for everything you wish to know about it and we will cheerfully and promptly respond.

B. A. FOWLER & CO., NEW ENGLAND AGENTS,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston. Salesmen and local agents wanted. Terms Liberal.
Mention Philo. Mirror, Andover, Mass.

Wanted: Some one to help me clip.—R. W. Holmes.

NO OTHER LIFE POLICIES

As Liberal, cost as little money, no others as cheap
give as much for the money, as
those of

The Travelers

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

The best either for Family Protection or investment of Savings. Non-forfeitable, world wide,

LOWEST CASH RATE.

Huyler's

Bon Bons and Chocolates.

Novelties in Fancy Baskets and Bonbonnieres,
suitable for Presents.

863 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y. 150 Broadway.

ORDDRS BY MAIL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

All men to feel my importance.—A. E. Addis.

F. L. DUNNE

TAILOR

TO THE

P. A. CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

MY SPECIALTY.

The Largest and Best Assortment of the most Correct London Styles.

Constantly in receipt of the Latest Foreign Novelties.

338 WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON, Mass.

An active man to write for me. — J. C. Sawyer.

DANIELS & BADGER.

THE STYLE and quality of our goods is acknowledged to be superior to any in the market. We offer you the opportunity of buying them direct from the manufacturer at prices much less than can be found in regular retail stores.

WAREROOMS,

25 SUDBURY ST. -:- 138 FRIEND ST.

BOSTON.

FACTORY AT CAMBRIDGE.

DURANT & ROGERS,

ESTABLISHED 1846.

MANUFACTURING JEWELLERS.

CLASS RINGS MADE TO ORDER. NOVELTIES AND EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS.

25 CENTRAL, COR. MIDDLE ST., LOWELL.

GEORGE G. ROGERS,

OPTICIAN.

GRADUATE OF THE BUCKLIN SCHOOL OF OPTICS, NEW YORK.
WEAKEYES A SPECIALTY.

25 Central, cor. Middle St., Lowell.

Less work and more pay. — J. A. Mayers.

JOSEPH M. BRADLEY,

Tailor and Gents Furnisher.

LATEST DESIGNS IN SEASONABLE WOOLENS,
HATS AND FURNISHINGS.

AGENT FOR SCRIPTURE'S LAUNDRY.

Another campaign to come soon. — W. A. Duley.

NEW YORK, $3.00.

FOR FIRST-CLASS LIMITED TICKETS.

FARE REDUCED.

FALL RIVER LINE.

Express Trains connecting with Steamers at Fall River in 80 minutes, leave Boston from Old Colony Station week days at 6 p.m. Sundays at 7 p.m. Due in New York at about 7.30 a.m. Connection to Brooklyn and Jersey City by annex boat. Steamers

PURITAN AND PILGRIM

In commission. Steam heat in staterooms. An orchestra on each steamer throughout the year. Baggage checked from hotel or residence to destination. Returning steamers leave New York at 5 p.m. daily, Sundays included. Tickets, staterooms, etc. secured at the line office, No. 3 Old State House, and at the Old Colony Station, Kneeland St.

J. R. KENDRICK,
Gen. Manager.

L. H. PALMER,
Agent, 3 Old State House.

GEO. L. CONNOR,
Gen. Pass Agt.

Some one to comb my hair.—G. R. Atka.

One Hundred Dollars

WILL PURCHASE A

Gentleman's Watch

Which we guarantee to be the best possible time-keeper for the money. In 18kt. case, stem winder, nickel movement, adjusted with parts interchangeable, and bearing our name. It is made with greatest care, to special order, being equal in style to the most expensive grade, and has proved all we claim for it.

Bigelow, Kennard & Co.,

511 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

ROBERT LAYCOCK.

MERCHANT TAILOR.

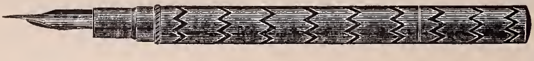
THE LATEST NOVELTIES.

19 Bosworth Street,

Formerly Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

Something to make me fat. — C. A. Robinson.

DO YOU WRITE WITH PEN AND INK?



IF SO, YOU SHOULD BUY

DUNLAP'S LATEST

And Best Double-feed Fountain and Gold Pen.

40 PER CENT DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS. SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

DUNLAP PEN COMPANY.

Sole patentees and Manufacturers. 280 Washington St., Boston.

Extract from the *Lowell Morning Mail* account of the Knight Templar's Reception, in their issue of Tuesday, Oct. 29, 1889.

"In the centre of the hall was a table, in the form of a Maltese cross, expanding fifteen feet in four directions, and directly bove it, on canvas attached to the ceiling, was the red cross of the order of Knight Templars. Page & Nunn, were the caterers, and this table furnished with the richest Haviland and India ware, with here and there elegant Japanese and Chinese dishes, and decorated with great quantities of fresh flowers from the Sheppards, presented a picture most charming and most tempting. In the centre, rising two feet or more, was a double cross and crown, composed of roses chrysanthemums and pinks. An efficient corps of waiters answered the calls of the Sir Knights and their ladies; the viands were heartily drawn upon. Page & Nunn, we presume, never spread a more attractive banquet; all were well pleased with it, manifesting that sentiment in a most unmistakable manner."

VOL. XXXVII. NO. 1.

Scire est Regere.

THE
PHILO. MIRROR.

DECEMBER 1889.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

ANDOVER:
PUBLISHED BY THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY OF
PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

D. TOY

TAILOR TO THE

HARVARD CO-OPERATIVE.

Parlors, 71 Beacon Street,

Opposite Public Garden, Boston.

Agent for Winchester, Son and Flowers; Whittaker and Co., and Hill Brothers, London, W.

Wm. Forbes & Son,

Practical Plumbers.

Steam, Gas and Water

FITTERS.

A POSTAL CARD WILL DO IT!

If you are expecting to put in a new Heating Apparatus in your house, it **will pay you to write for our new book of 100 pages**, containing many valuable suggestions on **House Warming, Ventilation, etc.**, with full information on **Modern Steam and Hot-Water Heating**, as adapted for **dwellings**. This book is written in a clear and plain style, **especially for the house-owner and the house-keeper**, and it will answer many questions which may suggest themselves to your mind. Address

HERENDEEN MANUFACTURING CO.,
GENEVA, NEW YORK.

AGENT FOR

THE GURNEY HOT WATER BOILER

448 & 450 ESSEX ST., LAWRENCE, MASS.

A
373.7
Am2gm
V.37

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Spirits of Sun-Down, - - - - - - - 5

A Whaleman's Dream. - - - - - - - 7

The Brook, - - - - - - - - - 12

A Story of Essex, - - - - - - - - 14

The Decay of Literary Societies.—President's Address, - 21

A Prophecy, - - - - - - - - - 24

Plea of Ambition, - - - - - - - - 35

Editors' Review, - - - - - - - - 39

Foot-Ball Games—Phillips vs. Exeter, - - - - 45

Grinds, - - - - - - - - - - 52

The Phillips Pot-Pourri, - - - - - - 61

Editors.

GEORGE R. ATHA,

SELDEN W. TYLER,

WILLIAM B. PARKER.

The Andover Press, Limited
Andover, Mass.

THE MIRROR.

Vol. XXXVII. DECEMBER, 1889. No. I.

Spirits of Sun-Down.

A little while — ah, yet a little while
In the sweet day far deepening into dusk,
We linger where the purple thresholds wait,
Luring our loitering footsteps with a smile
That tells of peace. What peace for you and I,
Whose stormy lives have passed our fragile hope
Upon the wayside dead and cold, where lie
The dead and moulded things of our past years'
Forgotten thoughts! Ah, from the blasted husk
The golden corn was garnered, ere the late
Winds swept our barren fields, and alien hands
Reaped our fair sowing. Your bright morning rose
Died in the bud; while the pale lily blows
Within the gardens. Those pure asphodels
I planted in the sunshine all are strewn
'Neath the cloud-shadows, shadowing, shadowing still
To the sheer verge of heaven, whither our souls
Move forward till we lose ourselves — in night.

Is it the end — is it the end, my soul,
Of all our dreams? Our past is ashes; must
Our future be so dark, and the pale dust
Our heritage, and the great darkness roll
About us? Life and youth, that would not wait
Our plodding footsteps, curtained from our sight,
Move on before, — shadows in deeper shade, —
Yet cannot die. The ever nearing gate
Wherein they enter, may we follow there?
Yet the great love which guided me until
It brought me where thine eyes with tender will
Pointed me onward by their constant prayer
Moves on my spirit. Ah, these tears of ours
May soften those hard bonds that hold us still
From that great love we seek, and be soft dews
Of some far distant spring, with unborn flowers.
The dim light breaking o'er thy path and mine
Brightens with that fair brightening from within
Whose purer glow clears our poor clouded sight.
Dire darkness dies in morning, and our souls
Move forward, till we lose ourselves — in light.

M. C. Wells.

A Whaleman's Dream.

Second Prize Story.

THE Mermaid, a trim New Bedford bark, had just crossed the line, on her way to the whaling grounds of the South Atlantic. The steady northeast trade winds had swiftly carried her from home to this region of calms and gales. Until four o'clock in the afternoon there had been a light breeze, barely sufficient to keep the vessel on her course; but now not a breath of wind was stirring. The long, steady swell, the heaving breast of the ocean, seemed to say that even the vast deep had succumbed to the burning heat of the tropical sun, and had gone to sleep. The cloudless sky, "painted with unnumbered sparks," was regarding herself, like a vain maiden, in the immense deep blue mirror; and now and then her golden eyes glistened with pride, as she beheld how beautiful her reflection was, even in this mirror thousands of miles below.

The Mermaid seemed exhausted from the long, swift run, and drifted about idly; there was no refreshing wind to give her an impetus for further exertion. To-morrow she might again have her strength and speed taxed to the utmost; she would not obey the helm to-night. The commanding officer paced up and down on the quarter-deck, eight steps forward and eight steps aft, hour after hour, lost in thonghts of home and his dear ones. Whenever the ship's bell, with clear voice, announced the close of another hour, he roused himself, cast a glance at the barometer, another to windward, shook his head, and resumed his walk.

Forward, on the "t' gallant for'cs'l deck," were seated four young men. They represented, as is often the case on board of a whaleship, as many different nationalities. There were, an American, a German, a Portuguese from the Azores, and a Spaniard. The four were engaged in those famous occupations of the sailor, smoking and spinning yarns. The Portuguese had just finished a story which savored so much of fish that the German, in spite of his extraordinary imaginative powers and the due allowance of good-natured credulity which every one who listens to a sailor's yarn is expected to possess, removed his pipe, and was about to give vent to his disgust by a vigorous expression, when, strong and clear, across the water, came the cry: "Ship ahoy!" The four sprang up as if electrified. Who could hail them here in mid-ocean? For, however much they strained their eyes, no vessel or light in sight anywhere! Anxiously they gazed over the water in the direction whence the cry had come. Nothing to be seen! But again the cry came, louder and more distinct than before: "Ship ahoy!" Cold chills crept down the German's back; the Portuguese crossed himself; the Spaniard muttered a "Santissima"; but the American cried boldly: "Ahoy! Whereaway are ye?"

Now the strokes of an oar became audible, and before long the astonished four saw a whaleboat emerging from the gloom, propelled by a single man, who stood erect in the stern and sculled the boat along with remarkable dexterity and speed. He headed right toward the starboard-bow, where they were standing, and when he had come within a boat's length of the ship sung out: "Is John Taber aboard there?" "Ay, my buck, that he is, right here; an' what do ye want of him?" promptly replied the American, while the other men stood speechless with astonishment and fear. "I came to see you," simply answered the man in the boat, and he came alongside. The four could now plainly see the strange boat and its contents. It was an old-fashioned whale-boat, perfectly fitted with all the necessary craft such as had been in use some fifty years ago. But what most took the eyes of the astonished sailors was the man in the stern. He was below the medium size, with a long white beard and extraordinary long and muscular arms. His head was covered with a mass of bushy gray hair, to which shears and comb had been strangers for years. A much-torn shirt and a pair of immense tarpaulins constituted his whole attire. He looked up and said: "Come into my boat, John Taber!" "Come into my ship, old salt!" answered John. With a look which seemed to burn through the darkness, the man in the boat repeated: "Come."

There was something so imperious in that look and voice that John felt he must obey; and, though much against his will, he climbed over the bulwarks and stepped into the boat. With a quick, strong stroke of the oar the old man pushed the boat off. A few more strokes, and the vessel had disappeared in the darkness. "Where in thunder are ye taking me now?" cried John. "Be still, and do as I tell you," was the response. As the man spoke, he seemed to grow larger and larger, and John obeyed. The boat was now shooting through the water with the speed of an arrow. According to John's calculation, they must be at least twenty miles from the ship.

Suddenly the strange mariner stopped sculling, chuckled, and said: "I am going to show you how to catch a whale, John Taber; get your iron ready." "Strike a whale at night," cried John. "What has got into your top hamper!" "Do not ask, but obey. There he is, right ahead of you. Take him well forward, and show what you are made of. Now, don't be in a hurry; wait for a good chance, and do not throw the iron until you are right on top of him. Heigho!"

There he was, indeed. No more than ten fathoms from him, John beheld the largest sperm-whale he had ever seen. A green-golden line in the dark water — the phosphorescence which illuminates the sea when disturbed in those regions — marked the enormous length of the monster. He was quietly floating on the surface, unconscious of the approach of danger. Now and then his spouting was heard, when, with a roaring noise, he threw forth from his "blow-hole" great jets of air and water. This spouting is ever sweet music to the ear of the whaleman, and failed not to exert its influence over John Taber. For now the spirit of the whaler took possession of him. Forgotten was the darkness, forgotten the danger, forgotten even the awful old man. "Put me on, old covey; put me on," he cried. "Look out for his fluke! Higher up! there's his fin! heave to! Here goes! fa-a-ast!" And the sharp harpoon is buried in the thick blubber of the monster.

There is a momentary pause. Then the great whale makes one mad plunge forward, and high up, right over the boat, is raised that awful fluke.—The crash of breaking timbers, a roaring and surging and gurgling of the sea, water and blindness around John — and now again the voice of the old man: "Stick to me, John Taber; stick to me; I am going to give you a ride!"

John found himself sitting on the whale's back, clutching with both hands the seat of the old man's tarpaulins; the old man standing erect on his slippery footing, bracing himself by the shaft of the harpoon. The whale dashed through the water as mad. "Land ho!" cried the old man, and pointed eastward. "What land is that?" asked John. "That is St. Helena. Look out, now, and stick to me; our old horse is getting frisky." On they went. The stars were disappearing from the sky, and some gray streaks on the horizon told of the breaking day. It was growing colder, and a stronger breeze sprang up. John's hands grew tired; he relaxed his grip a little. "Stick to me, John Taber!" fairly shrieked the old man; "stick to me like grim death! That land there, on our port-bow, is Cape Town."

John grew dizzy, the water colder, the whale ran faster. Now they were heading north again; they passed Madagascar; now east, and, going hard by Sumatra, entered the Java Sea. On, on, on through the North Pacific and Behring Straits, and then west again. "What is that right ahead of us?" John managed to say through his teeth, which were chattering with fear and cold. "That's an iceberg, and yonder is Greenland. Stick to me, John Taber; stick to me for your life!"

It was midday now; the whale had turned south again, and by-and-by the water grew warmer. They passed some islands, and John thought he recognized the Cape Verde's.

Suddenly the whale made a turn eastward, which almost threw John off his back; and there, right before them, stretched the long, low coast of Africa. Nearer and nearer came the land; they went faster and faster; and now, oh wonder! the old man seemed to shrink and become smaller; the tarpaulins, on the other hand, grew larger and larger; and harder and harder it was for John to keep his grip on them! The shore was now close by; on dashed the whale, and suddenly struck bottom with such a shock that John went flying, head-foremost, into a sand-bank. He tried to extricate himself — in vain. He tried to shriek; the loose sand filled his mouth and smothered his voice. . . . . . Suddenly two strong hands seized him, drew him out, and a familiar voice cried: "Wake up, there, and call the other watch! If I catch you sleeping again in your watch on deck, I'll dowse a bucket of water over you!"

Louis A. E. Ahlers.

The Brook.

First Prize Poem.

Even as one to whom the fleeting years
  Unheeded passion pleasure's speedy wing
Goes forth, with songs and laughter gay,
  In joy to meet the spring;

The brook, within her pebbly bed,
  From out her woodland way,
Breaks forth, with accents deep and grand,
  To greet the coming May.

'Neath banks where azure violets grow
  In hosts of tender bloom;
Past cots wherein the good dame stands
  Beside the throbbing loom;

Past farms that lie beside the wood;
  By budding trees in rows;
Past lambs that leap in pastures green,
  And sedgy banks, she flows.

Through dank and dismal, boggy swamps
  She steals beneath the gloom,
Where haunts the fox with pattering step,
  Where mating partridge drum,

To thunder out with creamy wash
  By many a whirring mill,
And gently flow beside the kirk
  That lies beneath the hill —

A little kirk, from out whose doors
Comes the simple pastor's praise
Of Him who hath with kindly hand
Blessed all their homely ways.

What better than his frugal life!
For, when his days are run,
Cut on his stone in letters deep
Will shine, with truth, "Well done."

And, plodding slow through inky pools
That lie in silence deep,
To ripple out in circling rings
When the feeding salmon leap,

She slips out on a sunlit plain
Where clustering houses lie,
In towns where sooty chimneys stand
That seem to touch the sky.

The harbor, round a sedgy turn,
She sees, where great ships lie,
Or, laden deep, on to the sea,
With clouds of cloth pass by.

Now 'cross the salty dunes there comes
The combing breakers' roar —
The mournful anthem of the sea
As it breaks upon the shore.

In shuttling tides, now back and forth
And round among the bends,
O'er muddy flats and sandy bars,
The way she silent wends.

And as the sun sinks to its rest
Where sky and waters blend,
With foam-flecked flood she slips into
The sea, — her journey's end.

A Story of Essex.

First Prize Story.

"And the Lord said unto Satan, The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan; even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee: is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" — ZECH. iii. 2.

THE small rough-hewn meeting-house never contained a more intent assemblage than on that memorable Sabbath in 1692. As the good man read the text, a strange hush pervaded that historic structure. Even the irrepressible Puritan urchin, whose Sunday pranks or lethargy were the constant care of the worthy master tithing-man, was silent, and for once forgot the straight, hard benches upon which he had passed so many restless, agonizing moments. The rustic striplings quaintly dressed with buckled-shoe and wide knickerbockers were also forgetful of their usual Sabbath diversion, of casting shy lingering glances at the staid maidens on the other side of the house. Indeed all, — urbane elder, tithing-man, yeoman, matron, maid, youth and child; magistrate, priest, and people were enrapt upon the one subject — Witchcraft.

As the preacher continued, the expression upon the upturned faces visibly changed. Where before had been uncertainty was now resoluteness. Where before had been mildness was now vindictiveness. What they had before regarded with suspicion only, was now being set before them as a real, potent danger. A representative of the highest culture and intelligence of the day, one of God's elect, was now scattering the darkness of misconception with his enlightenment. What wonder then, that they should forget all else in that momentous hour. And what wonder that the preacher of the day, Rev. Deodat Lawson, should forget all in the fervency and inspiration of the moment! A tempest might have burst upon them. Savage foe or wild beast might have entered the palisade unchallenged. What cared this saintly band for earthly foes when God through his servant was appealing to them, commanding them to put down forever the spiritual foe which threatened New England — Anti-Christ. At least so thought Cotton Matther down in Boston, and such men as Governor Endicott, besides others high in educational and religious matters.

As he closed his discourse it seemed as if some great burden had been lifted from the hearts of the people. As the drum beat the signal they slowly turned toward their homes, still intent upon the theme of the hour. Among the groups leaving the meeting-house was one of more distinguished bearing than the rest. It consisted of the village pastor, Rev. Samuel Parris, wife and child, the preacher of the day aforementioned, and a short, dark-faced man known as Miles Craften, who several months before had made his home in the parish and, although a stranger, had become already a favorite, especially with the children. He carried on trade with petty sailing vessels which now and then dropped anchor in the bay. At this moment, however, Craften might have been mistaken for some high officer of the train-band. The number and elegance of his weapons betokened readiness for any emergency, and could the usual buff-coat have been opened, the eyes of his companions would have beheld with wonder a closely fitting finely wrought shirt of mail, also a thin knife of Oriental design. Add to this there was an absence of that florid complexion which in those days characterized the true English settler. His face was pale, the skin clear, the eyes dark and closely and deeply set under heavy black brows. In other respects he would have passed as one of the bluest of blue-blooded English colonists. By their tones and manner the frontiersmen were deep in the all important question of the day. As they neared the parsonage their actions and expressions showed a common conclusion.

Said Parson Parris as they were separating, "They must die. The Lord himself doth declare that 'a man or a woman that hath a familiar spirit or that is a wizard shall surely be put to death.' Thinkest thou then we should delay further? We have the witness in children, artless, pure, undesigning. Could God have chosen better?"

"It seems to me," said Craften, "that our pastor hath considered this rightly. What can we do better than to obey his word? This colony, I believe, can never regain its former peace and godliness till all the guilty ones receive their justly deserved punishment — Death."

Thus having spoken, the pastor and companions turned through the narrow gateway in the stockade, and Craften toward the road. But before leaving, he slipped into the girl's hand, who lingered behind, a small piece of parchment curiously written upon. Striding quickly away he soon reached his own house, which stood somewhat apart from its neighbors, and quite near to flood-tide mark. The structure was larger than many of the houses in the parish, and differed from them only in its far-jutting upper floor, its deep windows heavily barred, and its unusually high and strong stockade.

Craften hastily ate his supper, watched the June sun redden and disappear in the west, and then entering the house again, passed upstairs. His manner meanwhile was noticeable. He seemed quite a different person from him whom we saw but shortly before upon the village street. The stiff resolute Puritan air had vanished. His movements were no longer measured, but full of license, and anon he would exultingly shout and exclaim in undertones something concerning the "house of Craften."

About four hours later two girlish figures, one of which was the child of Mr. Parris above referred to, approached the heavy oak gateway and knocked. A negro sentinel admitted them, first however having examined the piece of parchment which they presented. In like manner were they admitted to the house. The servant who here received them ushered them upstairs to a room which occupied nearly the entire upper portion of the structure. In the flickering light of the candles about the room, it now presented the appearance of some room in an Eastern palace. Delicate perfumes filled the air, waving leaves of foreign plants could be dimly seen. Upon every side were gleaming arms, grouped in fantastic shapes, and upon the floor were strange, shaggy rugs. In the middle of one side of the room was a canopied seat raised slightly from the floor and richly decorated. But the strangest object in the room was that which occupied the mimic throne. It was not a man. It was not a beast. It must have looked something as the Satyrs of old did in the minds of the ancients. Its goat-like body supported a horned human head! In sooth the creature seemed the incarnation of subtle power and impiousness. Between its horns were lighted two candles which threw weird shadows over the figure beneath. The deep reverie which this diabolical animal seemed to be in, at the entrance of our two young friends, was broken by the advance of the attendant and his humble salute,—"Oh, thou who dost read the hearts of men, who canst see the lurking places of evil, who canst unlock earth's treasures, the daughters of Salem await thee." The attendant then withdrew. The monster quickly manifesting his pleasure at their presence, addressed them in dread, guttural tones.

"Greeting, little ones," said he, "thou art faithful unto me, fear me not. As thou has been obedient in the past, thou shalt surely get thy reward; but many guilty ones remain to be punished. Thou hast heard to-day what the great Witch Physician put into the heart of the preacher to tell the people. Thou knowest well that God would have all the witches slain. Thou knowest that it is to me alone, the great Witch Physician, that he hath entrusted the secret knowledge. With thine aid will I purge this town of all blemish. Only listen as I impart unto thee these names which must be pointed out by you."

There was a horrible fascination about the words and manner of the speaker as he accused poor, unfortunate ones of witchery. He evidently had marvellous controlling power over the childish minds before him. Twelve persons did he on that night bid them to accuse. In closing he said, "Oh, children of the great Witch Physician, whose senses are keen, go thou before thy neighbors and make it known unto them who are the guilty designers among them. My spirit will attend thee. Tarry for nothing!"

And in that week and in the weeks following, the two children of Mr. Parris continued the strange convulsions by which a few weeks before they had thrown the whole town into a state of terror. Credence was placed in every accusation which they made. Many were designated as having intercourse with the Arch-Fiend whose towering black form was already overshadowing New England. During the first of the persecution, accusation meant torture; torture, guilt; guilt, death. The jails, stocks, torturing instruments, the fatal noose, each had its part in the drama. Twenty poor wretches were hung upon "Watch Hill."

The terrible deception under which they had been laboring was not realized until several among the most influential and virtuous were accused. Then they awoke to the guilt which time or repentance could never blot out. How strange that after centuries of bloodshed in Europe in which 9,000,000 persons died, the same dire delusion of witchcraft should cause precious lives to be sacrificed in this peaceful village of the Massachusetts Bay colony. When at last the court decreed an end to further prosecution and the people had fully shaken off the delusion, Miles Craften had made good his escape.

One year before, he had landed in Salem unknown. Hoping to gain the wealth and power which a certain ancestor had gained in the Old World as a professional witch hunter, he built and furnished a house suitable for his purpose. By slow and subtle advances he had gained popularity in the parish. Then through a few simple disguises and a show of imposing magnificence, but above all by his marked mesmeric power, he had gained complete control over a few of the simple minded. These included the two young daughters of Mr. Parris, who were attracted largely by the novelty of their new diversion. Through their medium he instituted that reign of terror which has never been equalled by any episode of Colonial history. After it was all over, and the people did awake from the dark delusion into which so unwittingly they had allowed themselves to be swept, they never thought that human agency might have been instrumental in precipitating it. But whatever they thought of the causes of their folly, Craften had covered well all traces of his doings among them, and had gotten securely out of the way.

His punishment however, was yet to come. A life of passion and crime had left his conscience hardened, but the remembrance of the crime against the God-fearing Puritans could never be banished. He fled, as much to get away from his own thoughts as to leave the scenes of his evil career. Like avenging Furies, dark-pictures pursued him. If he could but isolate himself from all the world,— an island, a hermit's life,— anything whereby he could banish men from his sight. A possible solution of the difficulty presents itself. In a cave well known to himself, he will pass the remainder of his days. Accordingly, disguised as a sailor, he sought the woods of Lynn. Crossing the country, with its ledges and rough underbrush, he reaches a wild spot about two miles north-east of that village. Here pushing aside the tangled underbrush, he reveals the mouth of an extensive grotto,* entering which, he soon is in the dark passage deep within.

That day he began his life as a recluse. But even here, relentless Memory haunts him and that first night, as never before, did his past sins rise before him. The very walls seemed to mock and jeer at him. Hideous dwarf faces and ghoulish figures haunted every shadow. Wild, superstitious fear seizes him. Could these be the spirits of those whom he had caused to die, returning to take revenge? Fearful thought! He shudders and trembles from head to foot. The rocky depths echo and re-echo with shrill, scornful, elfish laughter. In vain does he try to master himself; in vain to laugh away his terror. He rises and gropes toward the entrance. The shrill mockery on every side increases. He sees the light before him. Even the cursed light which men enjoy is better than this dark vault of stone and its diabolical inmates. He is almost there,— when there is a crash and a roar, as if all Heaven's thunderbolts were hurled at the earth *en masse.* The floor of the cavern * reels like a ship's deck in a heavy sea. Craften, livid with terror, falls heavily against the rocky walls of the cave, But he is up again. On! On! He can now plainly see the trees and rocks outside the cave's mouth. But no, another terrific vibration of the earth. As he reels again, he beholds with starting eye-balls the narrow exit close up before him! A mass of rock had fallen and walled him in forever! A living tomb! A death attended only by his torturing, taunting memories. Only! What more fearful death, pray, than this — no hope, no faith; only fear, guilt, shame! On the other hand what more blessed a picture than that of the sin-burdened soul dying in the sweet confidence that his faith hath made him guiltless.

---

* This cave is now well known in Essex County as "Dungeon Rock." The tradition has it that it was the retreat of certain pirates who in those days frequented our coasts. Then it became the habitation of a solitary stranger, whom nobody knew and who had no further intercourse with the people than was necessary in getting the necessities of life. In 1658, *thirty four years before* the Salem witchcraft delusion, New England was shaken by an earthquake. It was during this convulsion of nature that the rocks at the cave's mouth fell, effectually entombing its hermit inhabitant. The finding of an ancient scabbard in a cleft of the rock and this legend of the hermit caused many in later times to believe that secret treasure was hidden there. With this in mind, and under active supernatural direction, a spiritualist and his son, about thirty-six years ago, began the work of excavating for the hid treasure. Father and son have since died at the work, the son but very recently being called away. The writer has taken the liberty to connect history and legend, although probably in fact they were in no way contemporaneous.

Where Miles Craften had gone no one in Salem ever knew. It was supposed that he had started upon a trading voyage down the coast in one of his smaller vessels, and had been lost at sea.

S. P. White.

The Decay of Literary Societies.

President's Address.

WITHIN the past few years how marked has been the decline of literary societies throughout the schools and colleges of the country. Not only has the interest taken in them waned, but in many cases societies of long years standing, and which had grown to be, as it were, a part of the mother institution itself, have died out altogether. In almost all cases this state of affairs has come about slowly and gradually, so as to be hardly noticeable at the time, but standing out clearly when the condition of the society is compared with that of a few years previous in its history. We of the present day are not likely to pay much attention to this circumstance; but if a student of twenty, or possibly ten, years ago were told that in the year 1889 the literary society of his Alma Mater, of which he was a member, and which from associations had become so dear to him, would no longer exist, he would have ridiculed the one suggesting such a possibility. And yet is not this exactly the condition in which we find many of these societies to-day? To make the matter clear, let us take old Philo for an example. Founded in the year 1825, it has enjoyed over sixty years of remarkable prosperity, and is to-day one of the most flourishing institutions of its kind in the country. Many of the noted speakers of to-day are willing to attribute to its influence the whole foundation of their success. But compare the condition of Philo to-day with that of past years. Men who were in this school a few years ago tell us that at times it was difficult to obtain seats at the weekly meetings, so large was the number of fellows who attended. But how does the report that we can give compare with this? If we can draw out forty men to a meeting, we consider that we are doing remarkably well; and in some instances meetings have been adjourned from having an insufficient number of men present to carry them through. Various plans have been suggested to remedy this condition of affairs, of which the most beneficial has probably been the revising of the constitution. But even this must be acknowledged to have remedied matters in only a slight degree. It has doubtless made the meeting a trifle more interesting to those who are in the habit of attending; but as to increasing the attendance, which is the main object sought for, it is doubtful if it has brought with it any perceptible change.

In view of these facts, one will naturally be led to ask why this is so, or why it is not possible that the literary society of to-day can equal, or even excel, that of past years. The reasons are not obscure, and let us glance at a few of the most perceptible ones. We must remember that school and college life is changing continually, and that the schools and colleges of the present day are vastly different in many respects from what they were a few years ago. Probably the most marked change has been that of the student's social life. The present age is one of luxury, and the student is not outside the range of its influence. The old college dormitory has given place to the society house or the private boarding house, where all the the latest modern improvements are to be had. With this change of residence have very naturally come other attractions, and the old debating society has come to be thought of as a thing of secondary importance. At many of our larger colleges a large majority of the students are society men, among whom there exists an intense feeling of rivalry and a continual strife as to which shall have the largest and best representation in college affairs. With this state of affairs private instruction has come to take the place of the instruction which a speaker not many years ago obtained from the college literary society; and as a good speaker is always eagerly sought after by the different societies of these colleges, the literary society, deprived of its accustomed fuel, has naturally become greatly weakened or passed out of existence altogether.

The increase of interscholastic and intercollegiate athletics is another cause of this decay. School and college rivalry must be given vent to: and since it would be hardly satisfactory, to say the least, that this should be given vent to in literary contests, athletics have been chosen as being by far the most preferable way that could be found. Now a rivalry that exists with another similar institution is of much more importance in the eyes of a student than that which may exist between factions of his own college, and in consequence his whole energy is bent towards the support of that which will promote the success of his college as a whole. This being the case, other interests would naturally come to be regarded as of minor importance, and the literary society thereby receives another loss to its supply of fuel.

While there are doubtless many other causes of less importance, which tend, in a more or less indirect way, to this decay, yet these two causes that have been mentioned are without doubt the most important and influential.

During the past year, an alumnus of this school, who is now a professor in one of our large colleges remarked that in his day there existed the greatest rivalry among two factions, in the school, and that this rivalry would culminate in the Philo elections at which every sort of "wire pulling" and scheming would be indulged in by both parties. He said that he was glad to see that all this had given way to a healthy spirit of rivalry with Exeter, a spirit which pervaded the whole school in common. While we students of to-day are all pleased to see this condition of affairs also, yet we cannot help wishing that we might have to-day a little of that old time interest and rivalry displayed by the members of Philo, feeling that not only Philo but the school at large would be in a measure benefited by it.

* * *

A Prophecy.

Third Prize Story.

It was eight o'clock on a beautiful summer's evening. I was leaning on my window casement, looking with admiration at our beautiful, ruddy neighbor Mars; being then the evening star in the fulness of his glory. As I admired and drank in his celestial beauty, my mind naturally reverted to an article I had been reading that day in a scientific paper, which showed the probability that this planet so much like our own is inhabited. One statement in particular had impressed me. It was, that as Mars is farther from the sun than we are, it would have been, in accordance with the nebular hypothesis, ready for human habitation sooner than the earth, and thus would also in all likelihood be in advance of us in civilization. Therefore, the article continued, it may be that they have learned that the earth is inhabited, and are now trying to open communication with us.

Thinking of these things, and looking intently at the brilliant point, I tried to imagine that people, strange, far-away people, were at that incomprehensible distance, trying vainly by the best means known to a wonderful civilization to talk to us, their nearest neighbors. Suddenly, while thus gazing and pondering, the star seemed to flash out larger and brighter, and at the same instant I felt a strange, strong impulse, a mighty longing, to leap from the earth, and fly to this far, far world. I said in response to the impulse, with an oppressive feeling of something awful about to happen, "I will," and then,—some strange exterior force seemed to seize onto my spirit, and urged me out of the body. I was lightly, very swiftly, raised up into the cool evening air, and flew on spirit wings.

with a speed comparable only to the speed of light from the fair earth, which one downward glance revealed spread out beneath me in the dim starlight, — a faint, enchanting picture of woods and lakes, mountains, rivers, and cities, fast receding and becoming invisible in the distance. Soon I had gone so far that the world seemed to be behind me, and I was alone, alone in the terrible immensity of space. There, on the right, shone the glowing sun, and there, straight before me, the gentle, beaming Mars, growing by the inconceivable rapidity of my approach, steadily and rapidly larger. First, I noticed at opposite points on the planet two large, shining patches of exceeding whiteness, which had rightly been surmised by astronomers to be immense ice fields around the poles, and which reflect the sun light more perfectly than the rest of the surface. Then I noticed two round, bright spots at different positions on its surface, which I recognized, as they grew larger and more distinct on my approach, as the two little moons of Mars. As I drew yet nearer, the main part of the orb lost its brilliancy, and slowly resolved into sea and land, and then land became distinguishable as mountain and valley, and large islands and inland lakes appeared.

Up to this time I had seemed to myself to be ascending toward the body in front of me, but now, of a sudden, our relative positions, as they appeared to me, changed, so that I felt (and the sensation caused utter terror) that I was falling head foremost at terriffic speed into this huge body now below me. I seemed to feel blood rushing to my head with bursting force. I made an attempt as though to shriek aloud, my sight grew dim, my mind dazed, and I passed into unconsciousness.

My first sensation as conciousness began to return was that of most perfect comfort, — of perfect comfort and quiet enjoyment in all the senses. I felt as I had often imagined I would feel if I were reposing on the billowy clouds of a summer's day, away from the care and noisiness of the earth, and surrounded only by balmy air, warm sunshine, and the broken, rolling masses of downy cloud. All the excitement and terror of my flight toward Mars had passed away, and my remembrance of it was as though it had happened in the far distant past. As one enjoys a morning doze, — enough asleep to be free from trouble and thought, and awake enough to be conscious of and enjoy one's ease and freedom, — so I lay, I know not how long, until at length, regaining more completely my senses, a sound of wind playing amid branches, of humming insect, and rippling stream caused me to open my eyes.

The sight which they looked out upon was one surpassing in exquisiteness of beauty all sights that I had ever before seen. I appeared to be lying in a natural arbor. Around me were bending branches, and some directly above me were overrun by a luxuriant vine. The foliage of both trees and vine was of such fineness and delicacy as to resemble lace work, and such shapes of foliage, so varied and wonderful, surely mother earth had never produced. Through the branches appeared patches of the blue sky, and yes, there, a beautiful little half globe swimming through the heavens so near, that it seemed almost within reach, was a miniature moon. And then I first thought that I was probably in Mars and this was one of its little moons.

I looked at the ground beside me, and beheld a rich profusion of flowers of rarest hues and forms, with strange grasses and herbs. Having noted these things, I turned toward the other side, and there, in an entrance to the natural chamber, was a man seated and looking away from me. He appeared just as the race of men with whom I had been familiar, but when he turned facing me just after I had noticed him, I saw a remarkably sweet and beautiful face, full of tenderness, and his voice when he spoke was delightful to hear. "My brother," said he, "the peace of God be with thee." I rose to a sitting posture and stared at the man, filled with terror and amazement as I now realized my whereabouts, and remembered what I had been through. He continued, "Do not be alarmed, I am indeed your brother, for I once lived on the earth, a man even as you. To you it has been granted before the time of death, to leave the body of flesh and to come to this distant land to behold the things that are soon to be upon the earth. I who have long since finished my life on earth, am now sent to show and explain to you, such things as may be seen here." "But," I broke in, "am I not dead? Shall I return to earth?" "Have no fear, your body is not dead, but in a state of trance, and you must soon return to it," was the reassuring reply. "But now will we together view some of the wonders of the civilization of this people."

And here let me say to my reader, that the things which we especially noted, and those only which I have space to describe here, are principally the inventions and discoveries of the Martians in the world of mechanics. Mars, I learned, is but a little in advance of the earth in her progress in these things, and her most wonderful discoveries, which I am about to describe, immediately followed that stage of development at which the earth has already arrived. And these wonderful things will doubtless be seen by many of us on our own globe.

When my guide had finished speaking, I went with him out of the arbor. Immediately he rose from the ground a little, and started to advance through the air. At the same time, I felt a desire to keep with him, and no sooner was the desire formed in my mind, than I was moving along by his side,—so perfect is the obedience of the untrammeled spirit to the will.

We had not gone far, while I was interested in looking at the beautiful, luxuriant country, when I saw near the horizon at a great distance some huge object, flying through the air. It seemed to be approaching with great swiftness, and I immediately spoke to my companion, asking what it was. He replied, "We will see." Accordingly we directed our course toward it, rising higher into the air. Soon I could distinguish immense wings moving steadily and with great regularity up and down. They did not seem like the wings of any bird I had ever seen, and their size and the power of their stroke were things tremendous. Moreover, as I became able to discern its shape, I was exceedingly puzzled to determine what kind of a creature it might be. It had a large fan-like tail, but I could see no head. The body between the wings was large and seemed square in shape. Above this part was, I thought, another large body or part of the same body, but I could not feel sure, for it was still at a considerable distance. But before I had time for closer observation we were near together. My guide took my arm and in a moment I found myself inside of it! Inside of it I surely was, but I seemed to be anywhere else, for what I saw was a small, richly-furnished room containing several people. I looked in astonishment at my guide who simply smiled. I stepped to one of the little windows in the sides of the room and gazed out. Yes, far below, lay the planet, smiling and resplendent in its golden robe of sunshine, and there, very near, was one of the immense wings, which I could now see was of human make. We were plainly in a flying machine, or aerial boat. I turned again and began examining more minutely the room and its inmates. The people appeared much like the inhabitants of earth, being perhaps somewhat smaller. Their faces were more refined and handsome than the average of my own race They did not seem to notice my companion or myself at all, and I soon perceived that we were invisible to them. The room was, I judged, twelve feet wide and fourteen feet long, and contained about a dozen people. It was provided with lightly constructed, but comfortable seats, and other things such as might go to furnish and adorn a parlor.

I inquired of my companion what was the power which supported and propelled this great car. For answer he first took me outside the room and showed me its make-up. We looked at the wings and saw the automatic valves which covered their whole surface, open and shut as the wings vibrated. At the rear we saw the great tail already mentioned, which guided the car up and down, and to either side. Underneath the car proper, was the machinery propelling the wings, and a box of some size in which it appeared the power was generated or stored. Next we went above the room and there I discovered that what I had indistinctly seen over the car when at a distance, was an oblong balloon, running lengthwise with the car and helping to support it.

After observing this my guide took me into a very small room with sides and front of glass, situated in front of the room before mentioned. Here stood the driver of the car with various levers and indicators before him. Remaining here where we could freely view the country and enjoy the sense of our rapid flight, my guide told me of the greatest discovery of the age, which had revolutionized mechanics, one result of which was the flying machine. "The great problem," said he, "in constructing boats for navigating the air has always been to obtain great motive power without great weight. This problem has at last been solved by the discovery of a new motive force as much superior to steam, as steam is to horse power. This power is generated in defiance of the commonly accepted fundamental laws of mechanics. The theory of it is this. The molecules of the air when violently agitated by certain musical chords, divide and sub-divide into infinitesimal particles, forming an etheric substance of extreme expansibility. This ether in tenuity compares with the atmosphere as hydrogen gas compares with platinum. From its great expansibility, a tremendous pressure of from ten to sixty thousand pounds to the square inch is obtained, according to the chord used. Yet all the apparatus employed in liberating it does not weigh seventy-five pounds. In the box below this car, is one of these 'liberators' as the apparati are called, and there is a pressure on some parts of the machinery of 30,000 lbs. to the square inch. Put your ear near the floor and listen." I did so, and heard sounding in regular time, a low, monotonous chord. "You hear," said he, "the sound of a few tuning forks and other metallic resonators which form the chord, liberating the power which moves this great car. That chord is kept sounding by a small fraction of the same force which it generates drawing a violin bow across two tuning forks, and the forks would keep sounding, and the machine moving to all eternity if matter were eternal." "What!" exclaimed I, "perpetual motion?" "Yes," he replied, "perpetual motion, and that is but a part of the value of this discovery as you will see. This etheric force, by means of a simple apparatus, can be converted into electricity in vast quantities. Part of the force generated in the box below is, upon touching one of their levers, thus converted into electricity, which provides both light and heat for the car as needed. These two forces going hand in hand, are man's chief servants, doing for him well nigh everything, faithful, unfailing, the first perpetuating itself and producing the second.

"The man who discovered and utilized this force, was one whom God raised up especially for that purpose, and who gave his whole life to research in this line. The man who is to do this same thing for the earth is already there and at work." As he was thus speaking I noticed an air-boat, similar to the one in which we were riding, approaching from an opposite direction. This led me to inquire concerning the speed of these cars, and the danger of collision. He replied, "The rapidity of this method of travel is not as great as that obtained by land travel, but is much pleasanter and safer. A speed of from thirty to forty miles an hour, measured by the standards of earth is the average rate, though this can be exceeded. Rapid land travel averages one hundred miles an hour. In air navigation, approaching cars can see each other at a long distance and so avoid accident. But besides this, all cars are required to fly at certain altitudes above ground according to the direction of their flight." Even as he spoke the car I had noticed sped beneath us.

By this time we had arrived over a more thickly settled country. In the distance lay the sea. Pretty villages and fine farms appeared and ere long, a great city on the sea coast. Here the car came to rest on a large platform built upon a high hill, evidently a place designed for launching air-boats. The people in the car went to an elevator and descended. My guide took my arm, remarking that we must hasten, and passing from the hill into the city, we sped quickly through its streets. The buildings were all large and handsome, and the streets much cleaner than the city streets to which I had been used. We stopped to examine nothing, but I noticed with amazement that though the streets were full of vehicles, there were very few horses. Nearly everything seemed to run of itself. I did not, however, ask my guide about it then, but hastened along with him, until we arrived at a very fine dwelling in the suburbs into which we entered. I must not stop to tell all I saw, but first mention what comforts this great discovery brought to the homes of the people.

First we went into a room in the rear of the house, which I perceived was a workshop. In it were saws of different kinds, a lathe, and other things, making up a nice private shop. Adjoining this was a smaller room, in which I saw for the first time a liberator of this etheric force. There was also the "engine," which utilized the force in the running of the machinery in the workshop, and the "converter," which produced electricity from the ether. Going into the other parts of the house, we saw that every room was lighted and heated by electricity. The temperature of any room could be regulated by simply moving an indicator on the wall. Kitchen work, especially, was lightened. If the servant girl wanted to heat an oven, she touched an electric button, and soon it was hot. If it was desired to do the washing, one button would set the water boiling, another would put washing machines in motion. If the boy of the family desired to develop his mechanical genius by making a sled, he could go into the shop, touch a button, the engine would begin to run, and he could saw and drill and turn and sharpen to his heart's content. In a building back of the residence were carriages such as I had seen in the streets, which I found upon examination were also run by this strange etheric force. There were several carriages of different sizes, and each one was so made that a small motor could be attached when desired, or taken out and used with another vehicle. Here was also an aerial boat, very elegant and comfortable, but much smaller than the one we had ridden in. "How is it," I inquired, "that these motors are owned by so many people, and that one family, as here, can be able to possess several? I should suppose that a fortune would be needed to buy but one.

Replied my guide, "Naturally one would suppose so. But immediately after a patent had been granted the inventor, the national assembly of the country in which the patentee lived, seeing the great value of the discovery and the benefit it would bring to the nation if the motor were placed within the reach of as many as possible, immediately bought the patent for a vast sum, began the manufacture of the motors and sold them to the people at cost. So almost any man who will save his money for a few years can buy one. But other than its first cost, he has its service for years at no expense."

"Let us now" he continued, "see how the Martians travel on land." Immediately we proceeded to what seemed to be the manufacturing part of the city, and entered a building where we saw a railroad train of four or five cars attached to a locomotive, which I learned was a new one just about to be tried. Its appearance was as different as possible from those with which I was familiar. In shape it was a short box-car, but at one end, where the motor was situated it was somewhat like a common engine cab, with open sides and windows in front. The other end contained several comfortable seats for the accommodation, I suppose, of the privileged passengers and railroad dignitaries.

Everything was ready for a start, the machinery was in order, those who were to attend at the trial were on hand. The initial force for starting the motor was yet to be generated. One of the gentlemen present had his little daughter with him. As the moment of starting came, the little girl, while all looked on, at the direction of her father pulled a bow once across a pair of tuning forks fixed in the liberator. For a moment there was silence, then, as sure as I live, the wheels began to turn, and that heavy train to move. Rapidly its speed increased, so that soon we were going faster than any train on earth ever went, and in a short time, we had, it seemed to me, even doubled that speed. It terrified me and made my brain whirl to look out. I noticed that even the Martians, though they appeared calm and used to such travelling. did not attempt to look out. After a time the engineer remarked to those in the car that the train had attained a speed of one hundred and thirty miles an hour. All the while, the bow which the little girl had pulled, being connected with the machinery, kept the chord sounding. And with no greater expenditure of force than what was exerted by the little girl at the start, the heavy train went at that tremendous speed, a distance equal to that between New York and Philadelphia. The financial expense of the journey was the cost of oil for the machinery — that, and no more.

Leaving the car with my companion, I found myself transported in an inappreciable length of time, out over the ocean and standing upon a long, low, convex platform moving rapidly through the sea, with people scattered around on it just as on a ship's deck. But I saw nothing which seemed ship-like about the object, and knew not what to make of it. But my guide standing at my side said, "This is a steamboat, or rather, that which has taken the place of the steamboat, and is indeed almost the only kind of craft used to-day. The idea of this kind of a vessel was conceived by an inhabitant of earth some years ago, and worked into a story." Looking again more closely at that upon which we were standing, I recognized a twin-sister to Captain Nemo's sub-marine ship, the "Nautilus." It was an immense long thing shaped like a cigar and planked on top to make a sort of deck. Through a large hatch-way in the centre, we went inside where we found everything most elegant and comfortable. There were no windows. All was lighted by electricity. And here indeed did etheric force show its superiority to steam.

Instead of the dozens of stokers wearing out their lives in a few years working in the fearful heat, there were three or four men tending to its great motors in a cool, clean, comfortable room. Instead of the noise of steam and the throbbing of the engines, the sound of music, keeping the machinery revolving, in motion rapid, but as noiseless as the flow of a great river, was all that was heard. Coming on deck again, I said to my guide, "The advantages of this motive power for propelling vessels are evident, but I do not so clearly see why they make all sub-marine boats." "That plan," replied he, "does away with yet other disadvantages in the old mode of sailing. It renders unnecessary more than two or three sailors for any ship besides making the terrible hardships of a sailor's life a thing of the past, and does entirely away with the great discomfort and danger attendant upon a storm. For as soon as a storm threatens, all leave the deck, and the awnings and railing are taken in. Then air is compressed in chambers made for that purpose, and when all is ready, water is admitted in other chambers in the bottom of the ship and the vessel sinks a few feet below the surface where it is safe from all storms however severe."

"Safe from storms, indeed," said I, "but in very great danger of collision with other ships, I should think."

"Not so," was the answer, "and the danger is avoided in a very simple way. Water is, as you know, "a great sound conductor. Each vessel has at its forward end a little room in which there are a microphone, arranged to perceive sounds sent through the water, with instruments to register the intensity of sounds thus received, and a number of small bombs which can be exploded as desired in front of the bow, producing a loud noise, but doing nothing else. When a ship is travelling under water these bombs are exploded at regular intervals; the sound is conveyed through the water to any ship within a range of five miles; the microphone of that ship receives the sound, and notifies the officer on watch that a ship is near. At the same time, from the register of the intensity of the sound it can be judged very nearly at what distance the other ship is, and each soon finds the other's exact location by telegraphic messages given by means of these bombs. This room is always below the water-line, ready to receive the signal of another ship. And now," said he, "there is one more thing to show you before you return to the earth. Come with me."

We rose from the the vessel, passing swiftly over sea and land, and entered that part of the planet shrouded in night. Here we proceeded until we drew near two great mountains standing opposite each other at no great distance. Each summit was capped by an immense iron arm extending toward the other. We approached no nearer, but stood in the darkness waiting. Suddenly, I saw a dazzling flash of light pass from one arm to the other opposite, and a peal like thunder rolled down the mountain passes. Stricken dumb with terror, I said not a word, but waited in fearful suspense. In a few seconds again came the terrible flash and the roar, and yet a third time, and then there was rest. My guide, reassuring me, said, "These manifestations, which appear so terrible in this black darkness and mountain solitude, are earth signals. The flashes are caused by repeatedly charging one of the arms with electricity, until each time it discharges its immense load to the opposite arm. When the earth has telescopes as powerful as are on Mars, she will see these signals, and communication will be opened between the planets. And now, you must leave. Farewell. May the peace of God abide with thee." Saying this, he placed his hand on my forehead, and consciousness left me."

I was leaning on my casement window and looking at Mars, just sinking below the horizon. As I looked, I thought I saw across its face a flash of light pass — once, twice, thrice. A rest, and then again it began — once, twice — and Mars had disappeared. Out on the solemn stillness of the night broke the sound of the village clock as it struck the hour of ten. H. L. W. SNELL.

The Plea of Ambition.

Second Prize Poem.

They say I am a cruel queen,
Who rules the earth with steel and blood;
That I have caused most dreadful scenes
In all the years since Noah's flood.

They claim that I am she alone
Who throws this peaceful world in ire,
And prompts bad kings to seek for thrones
Through seas of blood and scourging fire.

Yes, World: Ambition is my name;
A queen who reigns without commands,
But charms her sons with hopes of fame
To face the storms of other lands.

I am in man that quickening fire,
Which sends his soul in upward flights,
And makes his life one grand desire
To seek and scale some nobler heights.

I rouse the rich and cheer the poor
To greater deeds of righteous fame,
That each may leave this side death's door
Some works of more than earthly name.

I spur some men to still expand
The noble realms of classic lore;
While others walk great plains of sand,
Or sail the mighty ocean o'er.

I thrill young men for learned skill,
  Logicians for celestial phrase,
And teachers for unrivalled drill,
  That each may gain still greater praise.

I guide the artist's hand to draw
  Enchanting scenes of nature's charms,
And statesmen's minds, to seek for law,
  That shall protect the land from harms.

I cause the lyric muse to sing,
  The author's pen to write great books,
The preacher's heart to flow like spring
  Which comes to fill the little brooks.

I arm great men with magic sense
  To search the depths of wisdom's mind;
And orators with eloquence,
  That sweetly flows to bless mankind.

I lead the mortal eye to gaze
  Upon the vast and vaulted sky,
Where countless suns in splendor blaze
  To light the throne of the Most High.

I am the sun of vernal morn
  That keeps alive the human hearts,
And gives what saves man's life from scorn,
  And to each day new grace imparts.

I am the great exhaustless spring
  From which all charms of nature flow,
In lulling songs of choral ring
  And fervid rays of sunset glow.

Where'er I trod, in grandeur stand
  Majestic domes and lofty frames,
Where huge remains sublimely grand,
  Still mark the heights of ancient fanes.

But when I slept that slumber long,
  The years rolled on, but darkness came
And smote the earth with tears of wrong.
  Till I awoke in ransom's flame.

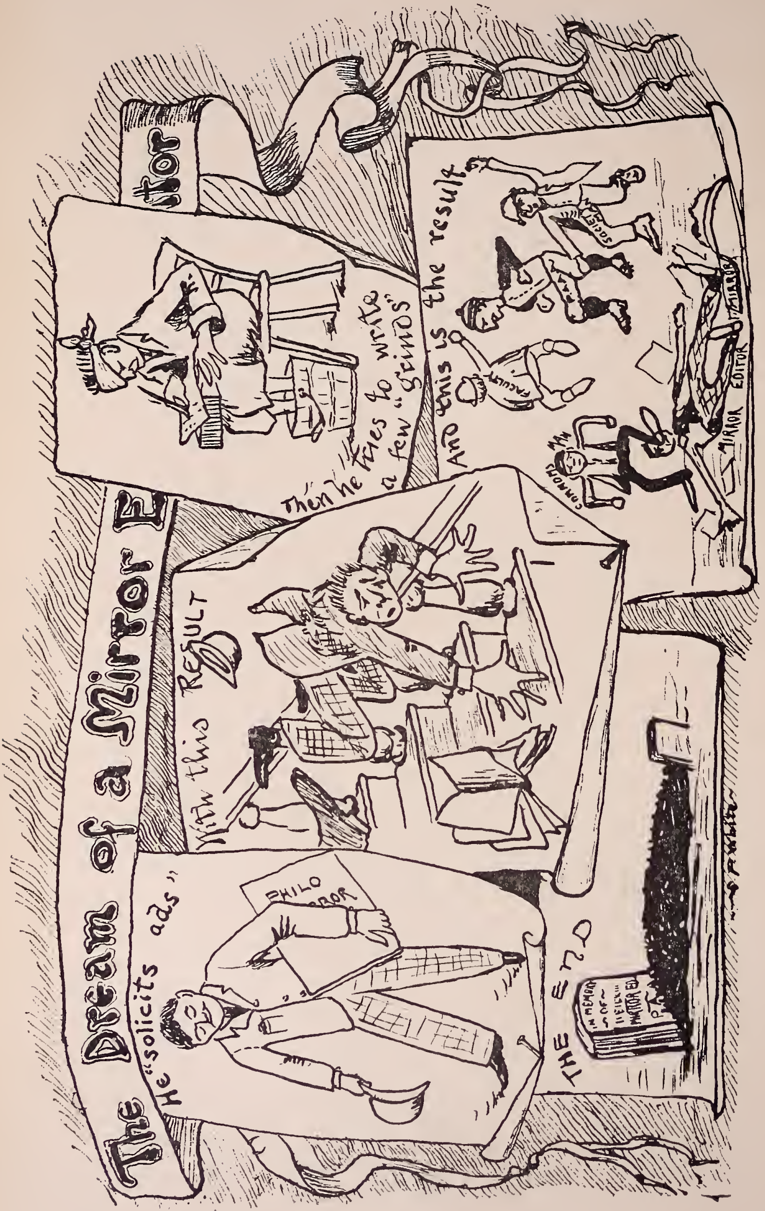
Then like great blasts from peak to peak,
  I gave the mighty freedom call
That made the nations boldly speak,
  And pour their blood for tyrants' fall.

Since then I've kept that glowing light
  Which fills the world with gladsome glow,
And leads mankind upon the height
  Before whose king all tribes shall bow.

Yes, Heaven, filled with light sublime,
  Where justice rules with spotless hand;
Thou wert my home before the time
  The stars all sang that morning grand.

But thou, Most High, a world didst make,
  And put great herds upon its face;
And, when man came, then for his sake,
  Didst send me here to lead his race.

But when my mission o'er shall be,
  And truth and justice reign on earth,
I shall return again to thee,
  O realm of my celestial birth.


The Dream of a Mirror E
itor
He "solicits ads"
PHILO
MIRROR
With this RESULT
Then he tries to write a few "grinds"
And this is the result
SOCIETY
FACULTY
COMMONS MAN
MIRROR EDITOR
MIRROR
THE END
IN MEMORY ~OF~ MIRROR ED

Editors' Review.

It is always a pleasure to return to "Old Phillips" in the fall, but this year it was more pleasant than usual for various reasons, chief among which was the fact that Dr. Bancroft had returned, and would again take his position at the head of school affairs; the applause which greeted him as he stepped into chapel the first morning, but feebly expressed the feeling of gladness which the fellows shared All rejoiced to see him again after his long journey. The Doctor's genial countenance glowed with health and good spirits, which he had gained amidst the beautiful and restful places of the old world during his eight months' vacation.

We were also glad to find that the reports concerning Professor Coy, which had been so freely circulated during the summer, were untrue. He still remains one of the "Andover Faculty" in spite of the inducements offered him by our sister academy at Exeter.

Two changes have been made in the Faculty this year, as Messrs. Norton and Kimball have both seen fit to leave us, the former to accept a position in the publishing house of Geo. S. Cline & Co. of Boston, and the later to become professor of Latin in the Wolfesboro' Academy. In their places have come Messrs. P. F. Jernegan, P. A. '85, Brown '89, and W. H. Terrill, Wesleyan '83.

The Philomathean Society, under the leadership of President Stearns, has developed wonderfully this term; a large number of new members have been added to the society, and among them are many who take an active interest in the society's welfare; the meetings have been more interesting than formerly, as the debates have been conducted in a quicker and more spirited manner. The time for the meetings was changed from 7.30 o'clock to 7 o'clock and it has been found that the attendance has increased a great deal by this change, many fellows have come who were unwilling to attend heretofore on account of the meetings closing at such a late hour. We hope that those who have not yet availed themselves of the advantages for literary improvement which the Philomathean Society offers will do so at once next term.

The Society of Inquiry has had an unusually interesting series of meetings this fall. The attendance has been good, and many evidences of the quiet, yet powerful work of the society have been seen and felt amongst the fellows of the school. To any who have not as yet attended we wish to extend an invitation; we feel sure that there is nothing which will so nearly take the place of your home church, and nowhere can you receive a heartier greeting, or words of greater encouragement and help, than can be had in the meetings of this good old society.

For the Y.M.C.A. this has been a prosperous and encouraging term. The work has been carried forward with even greater vigor and more thorough organization than in previous terms, resulting in good additions to membership and a larger attendance at meetings than has heretofore been obtained. Those members of the association who attended the Summer school at Northfield last July and the two delegates sent to Waltham in October have greatly aided the association by the inspiration and fresh ideas gained and imparted. A new line of work commenced this term is the Workers' Bible Training Class. This class may already be considered a success, and it is to be hoped will become a fixed institution in the school.

While speaking of the various school organizations, we cannot pass the Phillipian, which has become so important a factor in our school life. The form of the paper has again been changed, so that it now closely resembles the college dailies in general appearance. The circulation has increased somewhat, but it is not yet what it should be, as many of the fellows do not seem to appreciate the benefit that they would receive by subscribing to it. The paper has been more prompt than ever before in publishing events, and has often published those which took place only the evening before it was issued. Mr. Holmes and his associates have shown themselves well fitted for their positions, and have made their paper reflect great credit on themselves.

The Hare-and-Hounds and Cross-Country Club, which was organized last year, has evidently become a fixed factor in the school. It has about thirty members, all of whom have been quite regular in attendance whenever a run has been held, so that it has proved to be quite an enjoyable exercise for all who take part. The club owes much of its success to Mr. Pettee and Mr. Lyon.

The People's Course of Lectures this year has been one of unusual interest, as was shown by the increased attendance in spite of a slight advance in the price of seats. Although one of the lectures was rather poor, for the most part the entertainments were of a higher order than have usually been given in this course, and have been well enjoyed by those who were fortunate enough to attend. Perhaps the lectures most pleasing to the students were those by Col. L. F Copeland, Mr. Frank Beard, and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. The Bernhard–Listeman Club concert and the piano recital by Edward Baxter Perry also deserve special mention. Although the average attendance was larger than in previous years, we regret that more of the students do not avail themselves of the fine entertainments offered in this course.

The Tennis Club this fall was handicapped somewhat by the loss of the courts in front of the Academy; but upon the whole there has been as much interest as usual taken in the games. The tournament was well contested, Messrs. Anderson and Stearns again coming to the front; and had we played Exeter, they would have represented the school.

We were all disappointed at there being no foot-ball game with Exeter this fall, but still could not help feeling that the Faculty had acted wisely in not allowing any more games to be played with Exeter until some arrangements were made whereby the games could be held without resulting in a quarrel. Thinking we could find nothing more fitting, we present as our frontispieee the picture of the eleven, which, as will be seen by the appended scores, has only been defeated by the Harvard and Dartmouth 'Varsity teams. This success has been brought about by the hard and earnest work of each man on the team, and, above all, by the untiring efforts of our captain, Mr. L. T. Bliss, who has shown himself well fitted for his position, and has held the respect and confidence of the whole school. The second eleven have also been of inestimable value in practising the first, and deserve the thanks of the entire school. Though we have not met Exeter this year, we hope to meet next, and, with the same captain, look for a pleasing result. The managers of the eleven secured nine good games, and, above all, have managed affairs in such a way that a surplus of over four hundred dollars remains in the treasury.

The following are the scores of the team:

Sept. 27,	Phillips vs. Dartmouth,	4–39
Sept. 28,	Phillips vs. Boston Latin School,	15–0
Oct. 5,	Phillips vs. Cambridge High School,	51–0
Oct. 9,	Phillips vs. Mass. Inst. Tech.,	4–0
Oct. 11,	Phillips vs. Dartmouth,	4–20
Oct. 19,	Phillips vs. Harvard Second,	10–0
Oct. 23,	Phillips vs. Harvard 'Varsity,	0–41
Oct. 26,	Phillips vs. Yale '93,	14–0
Nov. 2	Phillips vs. Harvard 93,	34–7

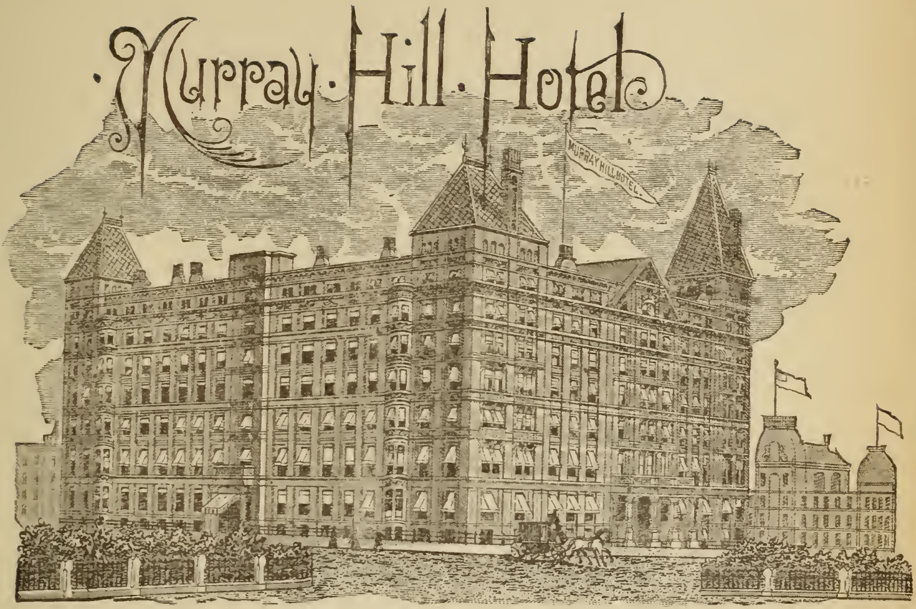
The Reading-room committee deserve great praise for the improvements they have brought about in and about the reading-room. Never before has the building presented so attractive an appearance either inside or out as it does now. Within. the room has been neatly painted and refitted. and without. the building has received a coat of fresh paint which has made it far more pleasing to the eye than it used to be. Quite a number of the prominent daily and weekly journals are kept on file. also many of the college papers and popular magazines and it has proved to be a pleasant help and source of general information to all the fellows in school.

We wish to express our hearty thanks to Messrs. Eaton. Pettee. and Terrill. who have kindly acted as judges on the award of the Mirror prizes. The first prize for stories was awarded to Mr. S. P. White, for the "Story of Essex;" the second to Mr. Ahlers, for "A Whaleman's Dream." Mr. Snell received third mention for his production entitled, "A Prophecy." "The Brook," by Mr. M. H. Foster won the first prize for poems. and "The Plea of Ambition," by Mr. More was given second place. We also publish a poem, entitled "The Spirits of Sun-down," written by Mr. M. C. Wells. We were rather unfortunate with our cuts, as we were unable for various reasons to publish the one which was drawn the best, consequently Mr. S. P. White's cut, entitled "The Mirror Editors," was given first place. We desire to thank Messrs. J. I. Chamberlain, M. H. Foster, and C. G. Osgood for cuts of theirs which we have used. Our thanks are also due to Messrs. Ahlers. Burr. and Stover for their contributions.

But few changes were made about the Academy or grounds during the summer; the fence so long used as a trysting place by Latin Commons men has disappeared, as have a few trees from the front of English Commons, but otherwise everything has been left untouched. About the town however, there have been many improvements. the most important being, perhaps, the introduction of electric lights in the streets ; some new residences have been erected, and many old ones remodelled, and at the time of this writing workmen are busy laying the main for the water system, which will doubtless be ready for use early in the spring. We are pleased to know also that the new building at Abbot Academy is rapidly approaching completion, and will soon be ready for occupancy.

As we wish our readers a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year" we desire to thank the Philomathean Society for the trust which it has conferred upon us. Although we have met with some disappointments, we have endeavored to make this book one worthy of the good old society which it represents.

Murray Hill Hotel



PARK AVENUE 40TH AND 41ST. STS,
NEW YORK.
HUNTING AND HAMMOND.

* * *

Located one Block from the Grand Central Depot.

* * *

The only *first-class* Hotel in New York City on both the American and European Plans.

It occupies the highest grade in New York, and is in the healthiest of locations.

Patrons of the Murray Hill Hotel have their baggage transferred to and from the Grand Central Depot FREE OF CHARGE.

DANIEL D. YOUMAN'S

Celebrated Hats.

NULLI SECUNDUS
D.D.
ICH DIEN
YOUMANS
180, 719 AND 1107 BROADWAY.
TRADE MARK.
NEW YORK HOTEL,
AND
ALBEMARLE HOTEL.
Copyrighted.

STYLE AND QUALITY UNEQUALED.

UMBRELLAS AND WALKING STICKS

OF THE VERY BEST MAKE AND STYLE.

180 Broadway near John St., 719 Broadway N.Y. Hotel, 1107 Broadway near 24th St

NEW YORK.

Foot-Ball Games.

ANDOVER versus EXETER.

As many inquiries have been made concerning the foot-ball series with Exeter, we publish the following summaries of the games, as given in the Phillipian, volumes I to XI inclusive. As near as we were able to learn. the first foot-ball game was played with Exeter in 1877, and resulted in a tie. Of those played since, Andover has won seven and Exeter four. Andover won five in succession and Exeter three. As intimated elsewhere, we regret that there was no game this fall, and so doubtless have lost the opportunity of recording another victory for P. A. In examining the make-up of the teams, it is interesting to note how many men, afterwards the best players in the country have prepared at Andover and Exeter, thus showing the high degree of excellence which the teams have reached.

NOVEMBER 2, 1878.

P.A., 1 Goal and 5 Touch-downs; P.E.A., 0.

P.A.		P.E.A.
Nickerson	Rushers	Baxter
Crocker		Baker
Richards		Hayford
Hathaway		Codman
Adams		Crawford
Flemming		Codman
Parrott	Half-tends	Byron
Courth		Carter
Parsons		Shattuck
Chickering	Tends	Hooker
Rogers		Carter

Referee: Mr. Reiley, P.A.

Umpires: Mr. Belknap, P.A. and Mr. Parish, P.E.A.

NOVEMBER 1, 1879.

P.E.A, 1 Goal and 4 Touch-downs; P.A., 0.

P.E.A.		P.A.
E. Byron	Rushers	Barry
Phillips		Lincoln
Haynes		Clough
Merrill		J. N. Howard
Towle		Strong
Bean		Roe
Doors	Half-tends	Jones
Kimble		Reid
Byron		Nickerson
Smith	Tends.	Barker
Hooker		Dutton

Referee: Mr. Jordan, P.E.A.

Umpires: W. Fleming, P.E.A. and W. B. Coit, P.A.

NOVEMBER 17, 1880.

P.A., 1 Touch-down; P.E.A., 11 Safeties.

P.A.		P.E.A.
Roe	Rushers	Noyes
Lawton		Phillips
Fuller		Peters
Howard		Towle
Flanders		Brooks
Tuttle		Merrill
Bremner	Half-backs	Howell
Jones		Reed
Lasell		Crocker
Strong	Backs	Barrett
Symons		Codman

Referee: Mr. G. C. Adams.

Umpires: W. B. Coit, P.A. and G. B. Stoughton, P.E.A.

NOVEMBER 12, 1881.

P.A., 1 Goal and 1 Touch-down; P.E.A., 0.

P.A.		P.E.A.
Meacham	Rushers	Brooks
Sheasly		Newport
Lockwood		Peters
Cochrane		Stewart
Harris		Ketchum
Parkhurst		Woodbury
Wilcox	Quarter-backs	Willard
Bremner	Half-backs	Bacon
Mills		Greene
Roe	Backs	Gleason
Bradford		Jones

Referee: Mr. Nickerson.

Umpires: Mr. Phelps, P.A., and Mr. Phillips, P.E.A.

NOVEMBER 22, 1882.

P.A. 3 Touch-downs ; P.E.A., 4 Safeties.

P.A.		P.E.A.
Bradford	Rushers	Cooley
Houghton		Merrill
Follet		Van Schaick
Cochrane		Brooks
Knowlton		Higgins
Wyman		Peters
Meacham		Marble
Jennings	Quarter-backs	Willard
Mills	Half-backs	Holden
Wallace		Greene
Alderman	Backs	Peabody

NOVEMBER 18, 1883.

P.A., 17 ; P.E.A., 6.

P.A.		P.E.A.
Odlin	Rushers	Herrick
Silverthorn		Gill
Segur		Moulton
Knowlton		Higgins, '85
Manning		Pike
Wyman		Peters
Grant		Higgins, '84
King	Quarter-backs	Clement
Stearns	Half-backs	Warren
Hurd		Holden
Alderman	Backs	Irving

Referee : Mr. Phillips, H.U. '86.

Umpires : Mr. Badger, P.A. ; Mr. E. Brooks, P.E.A.

NOVEMBER 15, 1884.

P.A., 11 : P.E.A., 8.

P.A.		P.E.A.
Bradford	Rushers	Cook
Carter		Tracy
Winters		Sinclaire
Weyerhauser		Higgins
Segur		Williams
Flemming		Cranston
Odlin		Bass
Cullinane	Quarter-backs	Wurtemberg
Germer	Half-backs	Harding
Dennison		Moulton
King	Backs	Morrison

Referee : Mr. Fletcher.

Umpires: Mr. A. F. Stearns, P.A.: Mr. Fillmore, P.E.A.

NOVEMBER 14, 1885.

P.E.A., 33 ; P.A., 11.

P.E.A.		P.A.
Bass	Rushers	Bradford
Fisk		Schillinger
Hanson		Winters
Horne		Odlin
Cranston		Flemming
Gotzain		Knowlton
Tracy		Brainard
Wurtemberg	Quarter-backs	Bancroft
Rice	Half-backs	Fitch
Harding		Germer
Morrison	Backs	Aldrich

Referee : Mr. Phillips.

NOVEMBER 13, 1886.

P.E.A., 26; P.A., 0.

P.E.A.		P.A.
Brooks	Rushers	Perrin
Rhodes		Aldrich
Frazier		Brainard
Horne		Hotchkiss
Cranston		Shaw
Willard		Haskell
Harding		Hamilton
Huntington	Quarter-backs	Bancroft
McPherran	Half-backs	Dennison
McClung		Mowry
Morrison	Backs	Graves

NOVEMBER 19, 1887.

P.E.A., 44; P.A., 4.

P.E.A.		P.A.
Brooks	Rushers	Preston
Kales		Bogart
Cranston		Crofton
Stickney		Haskell
Vail		Brainard
Knowles		Funk
Hill		Parker
Harding	Quarter-back	Graves
Morrison	Half-backs	Bliss
McClung		Merrill
Farquhar	Backs	Sprague

Referee: Mr. Phinney.

Umpire: Mr. Badger.

NOVEMBER 10, 1888.

P.A., 10; P.E.A., 0.

P.A.		P.E.A.
Gilbert	Rushers	Hill
Townsend		Bardwell
Upton		Stickney
Speer		Beattie
Coxe		Furman
Mowry		Erskine
Hunt		Heffelfinger
Owsley	Quarter-backs	Barbour
L. Bliss	Half-backs	Morse
C. Bliss		Graves
Sprague	Backs	Trafford

Referee: Mr. Phinney.

Umpire: Mr. Badger.

* * *

Grinds.

" He's not a " Heller." *Dr. Bancroft.*

" More of " Gravey " than of grave about them." *P. S.* '90.

" The first in war, the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of the girls." *P. A.* '90.

" Above all Greek, above all Roman fame."
Coy and Comstock.

" E'en Palinurus nodded at the helm." *Hinkey*, '91.

" Oh how sweet their pins do sing all in secrecy —
Glee Club.

" Learn to speak slow: all other graces,
Will follow in their proper places."
Wilkinson. '91.

" He shaves now." *Atha.*

" But 'he' does not." *Snell.*

"If the heart of a man is depressed with cares,
The mist is dispelled when a 'fem sem' appears."
"Freddie" Hollister.

"Praising what is lost makes the remembrance dear."
The Thayer Brothers since Boston lost the pennant.

"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity, finer than the staple of his garment." *Moré in debate.*

"Aye, every inch a King." *"Tripper."*

"He's tough ma'am, tough is Kid Marsh!
Tough and de-vilish sly."

"And we with Natures heart in tune
Concerted harmonies." *Glee Club* (?)

"What's in a name?" *Enquire of Ziepprecht.*

"The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease. (?)
Mirror Eds.

"Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit." *Stearns,* '90.

"Is there no hope?" the sick Prep said,
And "Commy" shook his Latin head."

"At me, when dunces laugh satiric
I take it for a panegyric.
Hated by fools and fools to hate.
My motto and my fate." *Mayers, P. S.* '90

"A sapper up of unconsidered trifles."
Mr. W. H. Babbitt, P. A. '91.

" And now am I, if men should speak truly,
Little better than one of the wicked."
Henning, '90.

" Perched and sat, and nothing more,
The 'Prep' who had had Latin before."

" Men are but children of a larger growth." *Sawyer*, '92.

" Still you keep o' the windy side of the law." *Brown*, '91.

" I rarely read any Greek, Latin, German, sometimes not a French book in the original, which I can procure in a good version."
Wells '91.

" He could distinguish and divide
A hair, 'twixt south and south-west side."
Noyes, '90.

" I would the gods had made thee poetical."
Bumstead,' 92.

" Good men in a cane rush." *Bancroft and Gile.*

" I shall leave large footprints on the sands of time."
Barrett.

" Maidens, beware ! This lord has his eye upon you."
Harrington, '90.

" I am so fresh that the grass
Turns pale with envy as I pass."
Conant, '92.

'90's canes are the exact size, as each mouth was measured."

"A good gray head, which all men know." *Bard*, '90.

"The cock often crows without a victory." '92.

"So soft, so nice; nothing in the world is worthy of his touch."
Grove, '92.

"Grand, gloomy, and peculiar." *Pomeroy.*

"We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe."
The Choir's Singing.

"Fashioned so slenderly, young, and so fair." *Dickson.*

"Uncertain, *coy*, and hard to please." *A Certain Prof.*

"Back again, but on my studies bent."
J. I. Chamberlain, '90.

"A babe, scarce left his mother's arms." *Williams, P.A.* '91.

"Can you trot me?" *Patterson*, '91.

"Alas! his course is run;
His Phillips life was short."
Roman, ex-P.A. '91.

What did you say? Who did you say?
Inquisitive Drury, '91.

Is the housekeeper in? *Morris at the Fem. Sem.*

"Playful as a kitten." *Rustin* '91.

"Lessons in boxing and foot-ball a specialty.' *Horton*, '93.

" My life is one dem'd horrid grind." *Shackford*, '90.

" I grew up a very ladylike sort of a gentleman."
Williams, '90.

" He had rather go without his dinner
Than read a word of French." *Fouse.*

" If I could only play tennis like a girl." *Woodruff*, '92,

" Oh, but I am a tough ! " *Rustin*, 91.

Where is my mustache ? *McMillan*, '91.

" Whose words all ears took [Perfect Definite] captive."
Addis.

" Purge and leave sack and live cleanly." " *Billy* " *Stevens.*

" He would not show his teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swore the jest were laughable."
Hinkey, '91.

" Ay, that 's a colt indeed." *Colt*, '92.

" He came rather late this year." *January*, '91.

" You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come ;
Knock as you will, there's nobody at home."
Grind-maker.

" The home of the barbarians." *English Commons.*

" It is folly to believe what men say." *Morris*, '92.—

Men's Outfittings.

FOREIGN NOVELTIES A SPECIALTY.

WEST STREET
WASHINGTON ST
RAY'S.
RAY'S.
NOVELTIES
IN MEN'S
OUTFITTINGS
SPECIALTY
SHIRTS
TO ORDER
RAY'S
RAYS
RAYS. BOSTON, MASS.
McCARRON SC.

Corner Washington and West Sts.,

"I have a scurvy, grinning laugh of my own."
Babbitt, '91.

"You may trust him in the dark." *Nettleton*, '92.

"L.C. Orchestra; Piano. Wells: Violin. Lee. For particulars address the manager." *Davis*. '90.

"Aemula necdum
Temporibus geminis canebat sparsa senectus."
Powell. '91.

"No author ever spared a brother." *Mirror Grinders*.

"Xerxes the Great did die,
And so must you and I." *Abbott*. '91.

'T is a pity he is not a Prep., when all his actions so befit one."
Warren, '92.

"Love is better than spectacles to make a man seem great."
Pierce, '91.

Boom tar-rah-rah — Bumstead. *L. C. yell.*

Cider! By heavens, No! *Berry House Boys.*

"His study was but *litel* on the Bible." *Anderson*, '91.

"Tarry at Jericho till thy beard be grown." *Mr. Terrill.*

" Ipse dixit," ergo, non disputandum sit.	*G. Bartlett.*
" At the end of his rope."	*McKeen at* 8.07 *o'clock.*
" Too old a bird to fly."	*Ketchum,* '92.

1000 YOUNG MEN WANTED.

We have turned away thousands of young men in the past few years on account of price. We have now decided to open a new department especially for young men, at less prices than in our men's department. We have built up one of the finest trades in the city, for gentlemen's work, and propose to now do the same with our young men's work. We are direct importers, showing goods not duplicated in the city. Our work is made by men and we guarantee perfect satisfaction. 10 per cent. discount for cash to all members. of the Co-operative Society.

FRANK D. SOMERS,

HIGH CLASS TAILORING, - - - - 5 PARK STREET, BOSTON

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

FOR ARTISTIC USE in Fine Drawings, Nos. 659 (The celebrated Crowquill), 290 and 291.

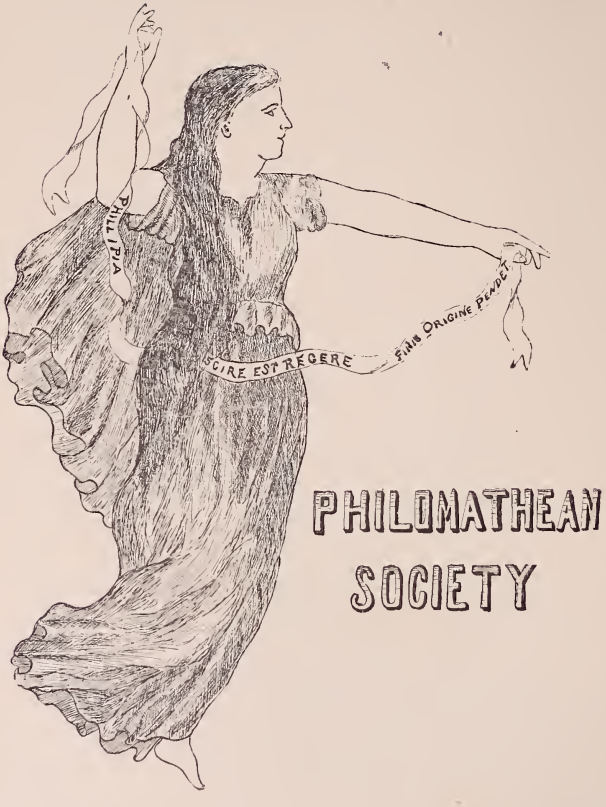
FOR FINE WRITING, Nos. 303, 604, and Ladies', 170.

FOR BROAD WRITING, Nos. 294, 389, and Stub Point, 849.

FOR GENERAL WRITING, Nos. 404, 332, 390, and 604.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS,
91 *John Street, N. Y.*

HENRY HOE, Sole Agent.


PHILLIPIA
SCIRE EST REGERE
FINIS ORIGINE PENDET
PHILOMATHEAN
SOCIETY

The Phillips Pot-Pourri.

THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

Scire Est Regere.

PRESIDENT.

A. E. STEARNS,	Amherst, Mass.

VICE PRESIDENT.

H. L. W. SNELL.	Saticoy, Cal.

SECRETARY.

AZEL AMES, 3d	Wakefield, Mass.

TREASURER.

A. G. CUMMINGS.	Andover.

MIRROR EDITORS.

G. R. ATHA,	Lowell, Mass.
S. W. TYLER,	Tylerville, Ct.
W. B. PARKER,	Norfolk, Neb.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

W. M. H. WADHAMS,	Wadham's Falls, N. Y.
R. WILKINSON,	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
W. H. BABBITT,	W. Brattleborough, Vt.
S. P. WHITE,	Wakefield.

MEMBERS.

Abbott, C. G.	Wilton, N. H.
Addis, A E.	Leeds.
Beard, W. S.,	So. Killingly, Ct.
Boardman, F.	Nutley, N. J.
Brown, A. M.	Davenport, Ia.
Brown, H. S.	Plainfield, Ct.
Bumstead, A.	Atlanta, Ga.
Campbell, G. A.	Steven's Point, Wis.
Canfield, H.	Andover.
Clark, E. L.	New Haven, Conn.
Conant, R. L.	Newark, N. J.
Cross, H. S.	Manasquam, N, J.
Curtis, C. J.	West Winsted, Ct.
Duley, W. A.	Wakefield.
Eaton, T.	Wakefield.
Fouse, G. C.	Washington, D. C.
Hinkey, F. A.	Tonawanda, N. Y.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winstead, Ct.
Hopkins, E. C.	Danielsonville, Ct.
Lampey H. A.	Laconia, N. H.
Mayers, J. A.	Barbadoes, W. I.
McCord, R. A.	New York, N. Y.
McCormick, V. C.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
McLaren, G. S.	Thompsonville, Ct.
More, J. O.	Monmouth, Me.
Nettleton, G. H.	Boston, Mass.
Noyes, G. R.	North Andover.
Noyes, H. B. Jr.	Mystic Bridge, Ct.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.
Perham, W.	Chelmsford.
Phipps, J. S.	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Powell, J. A.	Brooklyn, N. Y.

Robinson, C. A.	West Hebron, N. Y.
Rogers, W. H.	Washington, D. C.
Smith, C. G.	Williamstown.
Smith, L.	Auburn, N. Y.
Smith, L. B.	New York, N. Y.
Stillman, L. S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tarbox, J. W.	Nashville, Tenn.
Thompson, W. De F.	New York, N. Y.
Vaill, D. L.	W. Winstead, Ct.
Veazie, W. P.	Bangor, Me.
Warren, P	West Somerville.
Weyerhauser, F. E.	Rock Island, Ill.
Wells, H. O.	Kenilworth, Pa.
Williams, W. F.	Andover.
Williams, W. T. B.	Millwood, Va.
Yardley, S. S.	East Orange, N. J.
Ziepprecht, L.	Dubuque, Ia.

SOCIETY OF INQUIRY.

PRESIDENT.

W. S. BEARD,	So. Killingly, Ct.

VICE PRESIDENT.

G. A. CAMPBELL,	Milwaukee, Wis.

SECRETARY.

G. K. KING,	Calais, Me.

TREASURER.

G. E. LAKE,	Hampstead, N. H.

MEMBERS.

Abbot, C. G.	Wilton, N. H.
Addis, A. E.	Leeds.
Ahlers, L. A. E.	New Bedford.
Allen, P. R.	Walpole.
Atha, G. R.	Lowell.
Babbitt, W. H.	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
Bard, H. D.,	Orford, N. H.
Beard, E. C.	So. Killingly, Ct.
Bliss, L. T.	New York, N. Y.
Bliss, A. H.	New York, N. Y.
Boylston, G. P.	No. Duxbury.
Brown, A. B.	Dover, N. H.
Brown, H. G.	Plainfield, Ct.
Brown. H. W.	Dover, N. H.

Bryant, H. A.	Andover.
Bumstead, A.	Atlanta, Ga.
Burt, G. F.	Boston.
Chamberlain, J. P.	Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Chamberlain, J. I.	New York, N. Y.
Cheney, H. S.	Southbridge.
Clark, C.	Louisville, Ky.
Clark, E. L.	New Haven, Ct.
Clary, J. W.	Mattapan, N. J.
Cochran, T.	St. Paul, Minn.
Coffin, E. H.	Newport, N. H.
Conant, R. L.	Newark, N. J.
Condit, H. H.	Troy Hills, N. J.
Cummings, A. G.	Andover.
Curtis, C. J.	West Winsted, Ct.
Darling, S. B.	Somerville.
Day, E.	New Haven, Ct.
Dodge, F. P.	New York, N. Y.
Duley, W. A.	Wakefield.
Eastman, G. E.	Andover.
Eaton, T.	Wakefield.
Emerson, H. S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Farnam, C. H., Jr.	New Haven, Ct.
Gilmour, A. J.	Fulton, N. Y.
Grant, L. C.	Charleston, S. C.
Griffin, N. E.	Baltimore, Md.
Haley, G. B.	Wakefield.
Hall, D.	Dover, N. H.
Harrington, A. T.	Lyons, N. Y.
Haskell, H. B.	West Falmouth, Me.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Hooker, F. T.	Ontario Centre, N. Y.
Hooker, H. M.	Rochester, N. Y.
Hopkins, W. B.	Fruitland, N. Y.

Kimberly, J. C.	Neenah, Wis.
Lane, J. E.	North Hadley.
Lewis, J. A.	Hampton, Va.
Lyon, W. R.	Blairsville, Pa.
McCord, R. A.	New York, N. Y.
McCormick, V. C.	Harrisburg, Pa.
McLanahan, G. X.	New York, N.Y.
McDuffee, F. E.	Bradford, Vt.
McLaren, G. S.	Thompsonville, Ct.
Mayers, J. A.	Barbadoes, W. I.
Miller, W. S. A.	Carrington, No. Dak.
Moré. J. O.	Monmouth, Me.
Moseley, H. P.	New Haven, Ct.
Nettleton, G. H.	Boston.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.
Osborne, W. H.	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Osgood, A. T.	Rochester, N. Y.
Osgood, C. G., Jr.	Wellsboro', Pa.
Parker, W. B.	Norfolk, Neb.
Phipps, J. S.	Alleghany, Pa.
Pomeroy, E. S.	Troy, Pa.
Potter, J. T,	North Adams.
Powell, J. A.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Robinson, A. T.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Robinson, C. A.	West Hebron, N. Y.
Russell, S. M.	Bedford, Pa.
Ryder, R. O.	Andover.
Sawyer, E. S.	Dover, N. H.
Sawyer, J. C.	Dover, N. H.
Schnabel, L. H.	St. Paul, Minn.
Skinner, A. E.	Ottawa, Kan.
Smith, C. G.	Williamstown.
Smith, J. H.	Brewster, N. Y.
Smith, L.	Auburn, N. Y.
Smith, L. W.	Parsippang, N. J.

Snell, H. L. W.	Saticoy, Cal.
Stearns. A. E.	Amherst.
Stillman, L. S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tarbox, J. W.	Nashville, Tenn.
Taylor. J. H.	Charleston, S. C.
Taylor, J., Jr.	Southbridge.
Thayer, A. N.	Holbrook.
Torrey, J. P.	Harvard.
Tyler, S. W.	Tylerville, Ct.
Wadhams, W. M. H.	Annapolis, Md.
Walcot, W. S.	New York Mills, N.Y.
Warren, P.	West Somerville.
Wells, H. O.	Kenilworth, Pa.
White, S. P.	Wakefield.
Wilkinson, R.	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Williams, T. B.	Millwood, Va.
Williams, W. F.	Andover.
Winters, H. B.	Oswego, N. Y.
Weyerhaeuser, F. E.	Rock Island, Ill.
Yardley, S. S.	East Orange, N. J.

Y. M. C. A.

PRESIDENT.

L. C. GRANT,	Charleston, S, C.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

G. A. CAMPBELL,	Milwaukee, Wis.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

C. A. ROBINSON,	West Hebron, N. Y.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

S. P. WHITE,	Wakefield.

TREASURER.

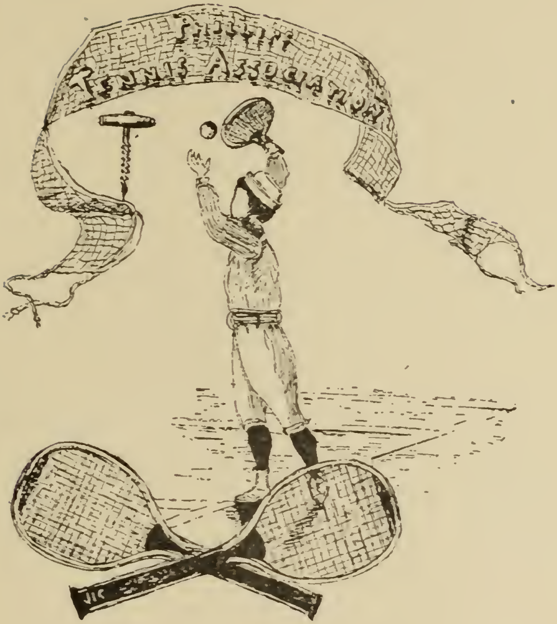
H. H. CONDIT,	Troy Hills, N. J.

MEMBERS.

Addis, A. E.	Leeds.
Bale, A. B.	Melrose.
Bartlett, G. G.	Philadelphia, P. A.
Beard, W. S.	So. Killingly, Ct.
Bliss, A. H.	New York, N. Y.
Boardman, F.	Nutley, N. J.
Brown, A. B.	Dover, N. H.
Bryant, H. A.	Andover.
Burt, G. F.	Jamaica Plain.
Condit, H. H.	Troy Hills, N. Y.
Campbell, G. A.	Milwaukee, Wis.

Chamberlain, J. I.	New York, N, Y.
Clary, J .W.	Mattapan. N. J.
Craig, W. T.	Falmouth.
Cummings, A. G.	Andover.
Darling. S. B.	Somerville.
Day, E,	Marblehead.
Dodge, F. P.	New York, N. Y.
Duley, W. A.	Andover.
Eaton, T.	Wakefield.
Emerson, R. W.	Orland, Me.
Fouse. G. C.	Washingten, D. C.
Grant. L. C.	Charleston. S. C.
Healy, G. R.	Wakefield.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted. Ct.
Horton. W. S.	Penn Yan, N. Y.
Lake, G. E.	Hampstead, N. H.
Lane, J. E.	No. Hadley.
Lewis, J. A.	Hampton, Va.
McDuffee, F. E.	Bradford, Vt.
McLaren, G. S.	Thompsonville, Ct.
McMillan, P. H.	Detroit, Mich.
Moody, L., Jr.	Ottumwa, Ia.
Nettleton, G. H.	Boston.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.
Patterson, D. L. S.	Troy, N. Y.
Perkins, C. A.	Boxboro'.
Robinson, A. T.	Brooklyn, Ct.
Robinson, C. A.	West Hebron, N. Y.
Skelton, E. W.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Skinner, A. E.	Ottawa, Kansas.
Smith, C. G.	Williamstown.
Snell, H. L. W.	Saticoy. Cal.

Taylor, J. Jr.	Southbridge.
Taylor, J. H.	Charleston, S. C.
Torrey, J. P.	Harvard.
Tyler, S. W.	Tylerville, Ct.
Wells, H. O.	Kenilworth, Pa.
White, S. P.	Wakefield.
Williams, W. T. B.	Millwood, Va.
Winters, H. B.	Oswego, N. Y.



PRESIDENT.
J. C. SAWYER.

VICE-PRESIDENT.
C. J. CURTIS.

SECRETARY.
W. A. DULEY.

TREASURER.
A. JOHNSON.

MEMBERS.

Ahlers, L. A. E.
Ames, E. W.
Anderson, J. N.
Babbitt, W. H.
Benner, C. M.
Brown. A. B.
Burr. C.
Burr. N. B.
Cassidy, D. D.
Cheney. H. S.
Clarke. J. H. C.
Coffin, E. H.

Colby, K. G.
Cooley, W. B.
Curtis, C. J.
Dodge, R. G.
Drury, F. W.
Duley, W. A.
Dwight, C. A.
Eastman, G. E.
Evans, J.
Farnam C. H.
Fiske, J. L.
Harrington, A. G.
Hollister, F. K.
Hooker, H. M.
January, H. C.
Johnson, A.
Jones, R. E.
Jones, T. O'C.
Josselyn, H. C.
Keeler, L. M.
Kimberly, J. C.
Lewis, J. A.
McCord, R. A.
Marsh, A.
Mills, M.
Morse, H. E.
Mosely, H. P.
Murray, G. Y. G.
Savidge, G. P.
Sawyer, E. S.
Sawyer, J. C.
Smith, C. G.
Stearns, A. E.
Stevens, W. F.
Stillman, L. S.
Stover, B. W.
Wells, B. G.
Weyerhauser, F. E
Winters, H. B.
Wood, A. D.
Woodruff, C. H.

CLASS OFFICERS.

P. A., '90.

Colors: Old Gold and Garnet.

"Finis coronat opus."

President,	H. D. Bard.
Vice President,	C. J. Curtis.
Secretary,	A. T. Harrington.
Treasurer.	H. S. Emerson.

P. S., '90.

Colors: Old Gold and Aquamarine.

"Tougt viel kostet viel."

President,	J. W. Tarbox.
Vice President.	L. C. Grant.
Secretary and Treasurer.	W. Perham.

P. A., '91.

Colors: Garnet and Light Green.

Εἰδῶμεν Εὖ Διάγειν.

President,	C. Burr.
Vice President,	H. W. Thayer
Secretary and Treasurer.	A. M. Brown.

P. S., '91.

Colors: Old Gold and Lavender.

President,	J. Evans.
Vice President,	R. A. McCord.
Secretary and Treasurer,	A. D. Wood.

P. A., '92.

"Virtute valemus."

President,	C. A. Perkins.
Vice President,	J. P. Torrey.
Secretary and Treasurer,	G. H. Nettleton.

P. S., '92.

Colors: Light Blue and Moss Green.

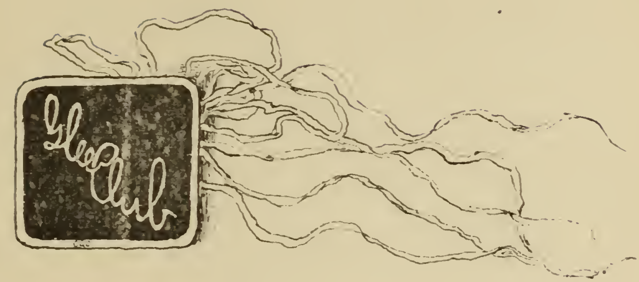
President,	C. A. Dwight.
Vice President,	W. B. Cooley.
Secretary and Treasurer,	G. P. Savidge.

P. A., '93.

President,	T. B. Williams.
Vice-President,	S. Dalzell.
Secretary,	J. C. Wells.
Treasurer,	A. H. Bliss.

P. S., '93.

President,	W. A. Pinchback.
Vice President,	G. Coglan.
Secretary and Treasurer,	M. F. Cowdery.



PRESIDENT.

A. E. Addis.

MANAGER.

R. W. Holmes.

FIRST TENOR.

J. N. Anderson,
J. L. Fiske.

SECOND TENOR.

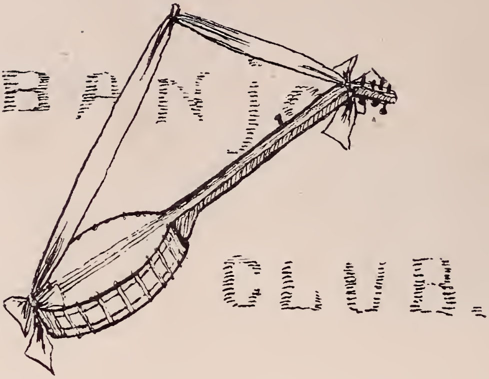
F. K. Hollister,
V. C. McCormick,
A. E. Addis.

FIRST BASS.

R. W. Holmes,
H. P. Cheney.
E. H. Coffin.

SECOND BASS.

L. Smith,
C. L. Williams,
D. H. Darling.



LEADER.

F. K. Hollister.

1ST BANJO.

J. L. Fiske,
F. K. Hollister.

2ND BANJO.

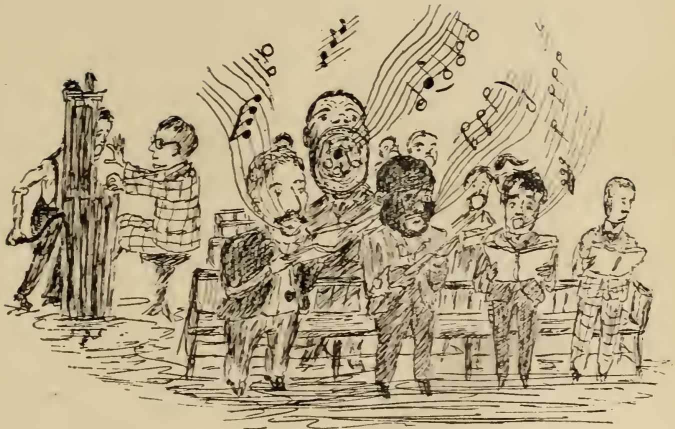
J. Evans.

GUITARS.

L. Smith,
A. T. Harrington.

MANDOLIN.

G. B. Case.



They Sing. They do!
They do: Boo Hoo!

ORGANIST.

A. T. Harrington.

AIR.

A. E. Addis,
G. R. Atha,
H. D. Bard,
W. S. Beard,
V. C. McCormick,
J. C. Moré.

TENOR.

J. N. Anderson, Jr.
J. L. Fiske,
F. K. Hollister,
J. A. Lewis.
S. P. White.

BASS.

G. A. Campbell,
H. S. Cheney,
E. H. Coffin,
D. H. Darling,
F. P. Dodge,
R. W. Holmes,
F. T. Hooker,
F. E. McDuffee,
W. Perham,
L. Smith,
C. L. Williams.

Ye Phillyps Orchestra

LEADER.

J. H. Taylor.

FIRST VIOLIN.

W. B. Candee,
A. G. Cummings,
H. G. Sanford,
M. Mills,
J. H. Taylor.

SECOND VIOLIN.

W. H. Wadhams,
W. B. Jennings,
F. W. Lee,
G. Weber.

FLUTE.

C. F. Mackay,
O. P. Nicolla.

CLARIONET.

A. T. Harrington.

CORNET.

C. Wells.

TROMBONE.

L. S. Stillman.

CELLO.

H. E. Tracy.

BASS VIOL.

L. Smith.

THE "BICYCLE."

CAPTAIN.

N. B. BURR.

1st LIEUTENANT.
C. BURR.

2d LIEUTENANT.
G. K. KING.

COLOR BEARER.

C. J. CURTIS.

MEMBERS.

Albree, R.
Belding, J. E.
Bill, F. A.
Brown, A. B.
Burr, C.
Burr, N. B.
Clark, J. H. C.
Coughlan, G.
Curtis, C. J.
Dalzell, S.
Drury, F. W.
Gilmour, A. J.
Holmes, R. W.
Jones, T. O'C.
Keeler, L. M.
Kimberly, J. C.
King, G. K.
Morris, I.
Noyes, H. B.
Page, P.
Patterson, M.
Potter, J. T.
Suydam, R. S.
Williams, C. L.

This 'DEAR Boy' NEVER PLAYS
AFTER The GAME.
H

"HARE AND HOUNDS."

PRESIDENT.

W. R. Lyon.

VICE PRESIDENT.

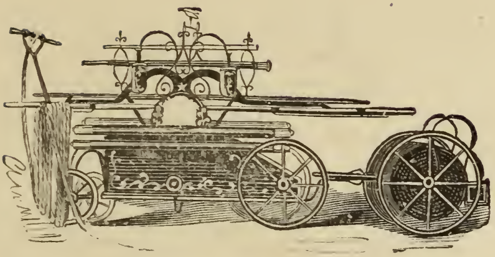
A. Johnson.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

J. F. McConnell.

MEMBERS.

A. Ames,
A. B. Bale,
H. D. Bard,
G. A. Campbell,
H. H. Condit,
A. F. Crosby,
M. F. Cowdery,
C. J. Curtis,
C. C. Field,
J. L. Fiske,
D. Hall,
W. S. Horton,
A. Johnson,
G. A. Kaven,
G. K. King,
W. R. Lyon,
J. F. McConnell,
H. P. Moseley,
W. Perham,
C. A. Perkins,
W. A. Pinchback,
A. G. Robinson,
J. P. Roman,
L. W. Smith,
L. Smith,
A. E. Stearns,
W. F. Stevens,
A. J. Wadhams,
J. C. Wells,
S. T. Willets.



PHILLIPS FIRE DEPARTMENT.

FOREMAN.

A. E. Stearns.

ASSISTANT FOREMAN.

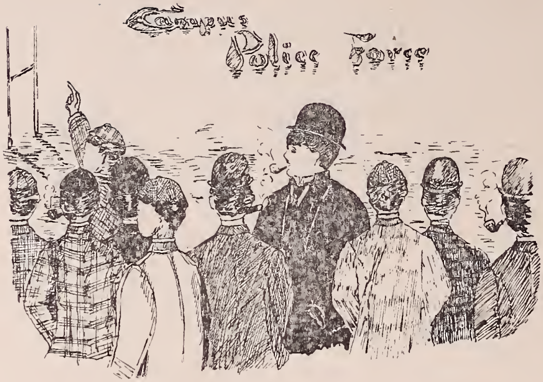
A. M. Brown.

LEADING HOSEMEN.

A. E. Addis,
N. Burr,
J. Ogilvie,
J. A. Powell,
F. DeP. Townsend.

SUCTION HOSEMEN.

F. K. Hollister,
A. Johnson,
J. H. Knapp,
J. C. Sawyer.

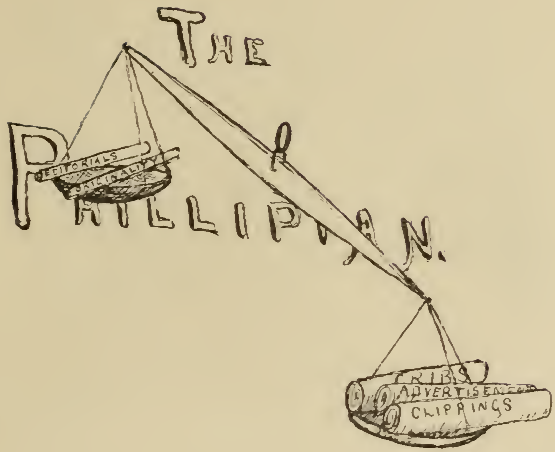

Campus Police Force

CHIEF.

C. Burr.

ASSISTANTS.

J. N. Anderson,
A. M. Brown,
D. H. Darling,
C. A. Dwight,
J. Evans,
P. McMillan,
E. S. Sawyer,
A. E. Stearns,
J. A. Powell,
B. W. Stover.


THE
PHILLIPIAN.
EDITORIALS
ORIGINALITY
CRIBS
ADVERTISEMENTS
CLIPPINGS

MANAGING EDITOR.

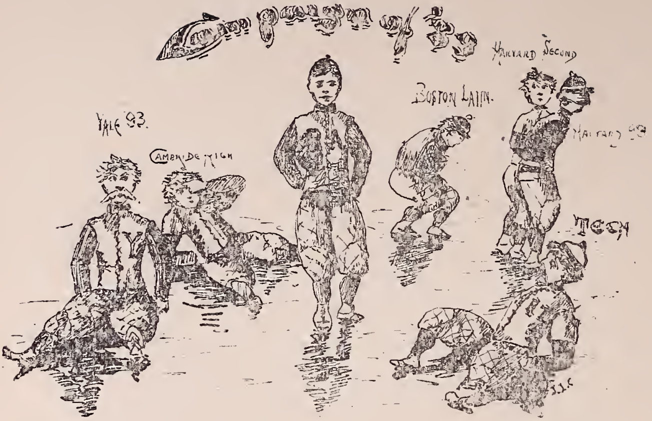
R. W. Holmes, '90.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

A. E. Addis, '90.

EDITORS.

J. C. Sawyer, '90.
J. A. Mayers, '90.
W. A. Duley, '92.
A. E. Stearns, '90.
H. L. Snell, '91.
C. A. Robinson, '90.
G. R. Atha, '91.


YALE '93.
CAMBRIDGE HIGH
BOSTON LATIN.
HARVARD SECOND
HARVARD '93
TECH

FOOT-BALL TEAMS.

First Eleven.

MANAGERS.

J. A. Sawyer, A. Johnson, H. D. Bard.

CAPTAIN.

L. T. Bliss.

Left.	RUSHERS.	*Right.*
P. F. Gilbert,	(end)	F. A. Hinkey.
F. de P. Townsend,	(tackle)	T. Cochran, 3rd.
J. Taylor, Jr.	(guard)	A. E. Addis.

F. E. McDuffee (centre).

QUARTER-BACK.

V. C. McCormick.

HALF-BACKS.

L. T. Bliss, A. M. Brown.

FULL-BACK.

C. J. Stone.

SUBSTITUTES.

S. G. Colt,
J. Ogilvie,
J. L. Leavitt,
E. V. Cox.

Second Eleven.

CAPTAIN.

W. F. Stevens.

Left.	RUSHERS.	*Right*
N. B. Burr.	(end)	E. V. Cox.
S. G. Colt.	(tackle)	J. L. Leavitt, H. J. Lowe.
W. Perham.	(guard)	J. Ogilvie.

C. A. Perkins (centre).

QUARTER-BACK.

S. W. Tyler.

HALF-BACKS.

W. F. Stevens. J. H. Knapp. P. H. McMillan.

FULL-BACK.

A. F. Stearns.

English Commons Eleven.

MANAGERS.

J. B. Neale. W. R. Lyon, H. L. Ellis.

RUSHERS.

Left.		*Right.*
H. A. Lamprey,	(end)	T. C. Phinney.
M. W. Jernegan.	(tackle)	J. B. Neale.
W. S. Horton,	(guard)	L. W. Smith.

C. A. Perkins (centre).

QUARTER-BACK.

H. S. Emerson.

HALF-BACKS.

T. Eaton, W. R. Lyons (captain).

FULL-BACK.

C. E. Park.

SUBSTITUTES.

L. Smith, R. W. Emerson, G. R. Healey.

P. S. '90 TEAM.

RUSHERS.

Grant.	(end)	Tarbox.
Candee.	(tackle)	Davis.
Mayers,	(guard)	Weston.
	Perham (centre).	

QUARTER-BACK.

Hollister.

HALF-BACKS.

Morse, Lyon (captain).

FULL-BACK.

Sargent.

SUBSTITUTE.

Page..

Spencer coaches the team with his inspiring eloquence, while Shaw furnishes whiskers for the shorn warriors.

Latin Commons Eleven.

MANAGERS.

J. A. Mayers. S. W. Tyler. C. D. Millard.

CAPTAIN.

H. B. Haskell.

RUSHERS.

Left.		*Right.*
L. A. E. Ahlers,	(end)	S. W. Tyler.
W. P. Veazie,	(tackle)	H. D. Bard.
H. B. Haskell.	(guard)	J. A. Powell.

A. B. Brown (centre).

QUARTER-BACK.

H. L. W. Snell.

HALF-BACKS.

D. Hall. W. B. Hopkins.

FULL-BACK.

H. S. Cross.

SUBSTITUTES.

C. D. Millard, H. H. Condit.

Blunt House Eleven.

MANAGER.

J. N. Anderson.

CAPTAIN.

N. B. Burr.

RUSHERS.

"Benzine" Wells.
"Sober" January.
"Never Flunk" Cassidy.
"Mike" Jones.
"Stuffy" Burr.
"Nanny-Goat" Burr.
"Butch" Anderson.

QUARTER-BACK.

"Blue Jay" Evans.

HALF-BACKS.

"Tuffy" Chamberlain,
"Mustachio" McMillan.

FULL-BACK.

"Pretty" Dalzell.

SUBSTITUTES.

"Prohibition" Drury acts as water carrier.
"Fat" Sawyer, "the sprinter," runs for the doctor.
"Tuffy" Yardley seats the Fem. Sems.

Salem Street Team.

MANAGERS.

Cox and Dupont.

CAPTAIN.

Cox.

RUSHERS.

Left.		*Right.*
Foster,	(end)	Case.
Schnabel,	(tackle)	Rustin.
Lineaweaver,	(guards)	Adams.
	Patterson (centre).	

QUARTER-BACK.

Willets.

HALF-BACKS.

Cox, Woodruff.

FULL-BACK.

Dupont.

SUBSTITUTES.

Camden, Fiske.

Morton Street Team.

MANAGER.

A. T. Harrington.

CAPTAIN

H. S. Cheney.

RUSHERS.

Left.	*Right.*
“Mac” Mackey,	“Masher” Coffin.
“Tripper” King,	“Captain” Cheney.
“Swipes” Thompson,	“Zip” Ziepprecht.

Robinson (“Crusoe”).

QUARTERBACK.

“Billy” Stevens.

HALF-BACKS.

“Culley” Babcock. “Mustachio” Chamberlain.

FULL-BACK.

“Chatterbox” Babbitt.

Kid Foot-Ball Team.

RUSHERS.

Left.	*Right.*
C. J. Duncan,	L. Hinkey.
A. H. Bliss,	R. T. Snydam.
H. W. Brown,	A. N. Thayer.

J. L. Smith.

QUARTER-BACK.

H. T. Johnston (captain).

HALF-BACKS.

H. W. Thayer, H. Anderson.

FULL-BACK.

W. A. Pinchback.

SUBSTITUTES.

H. M. Hooker, J. E. Belding.

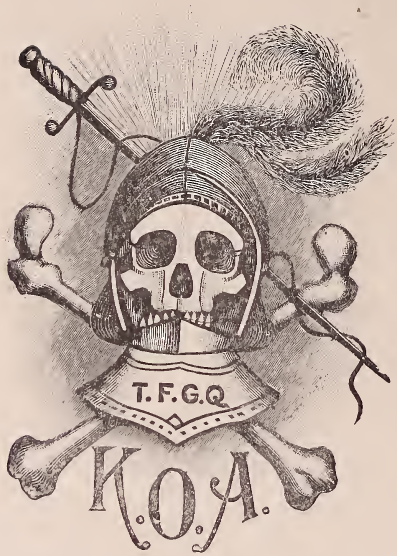
CHEERING STAFF.

LEADER.

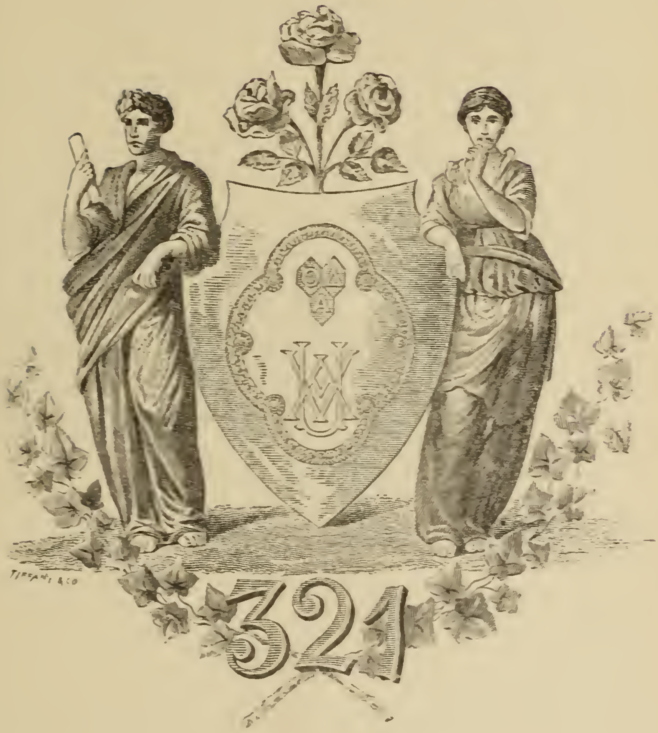
A. Johnson.

ASSISTANTS.

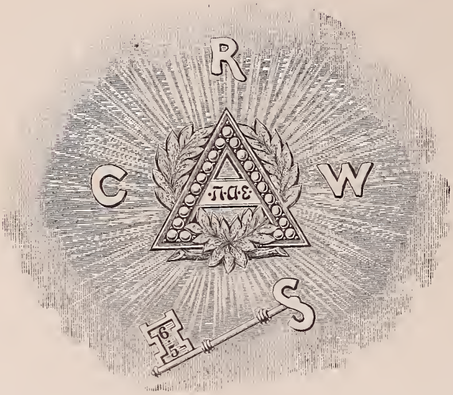
H. D. Bard.
A. T. Harrington.
A. E. Stearns.
S. S. Yardley.



Joseph N. Anderson,
Lawrence T. Bliss,
Calvin Burr,
Nelson B. Burr,
Samuel Dalzell,
Ralph W. Holmes,
Thomas O'C. Jones,
James C. Kimberly,
Phillip H. McMillan,
Edward S. Sawyer,
James C. Sawyer,
Letchworth Smith,
Alfred E. Stearns,
Benj. G. Wells,
William B. Cooley.


TIFFANY & CO
321

S. G. Colt.
J. Evans.
H. C. January.
G. Y. Murray,
S. C. Pierce,
F. deP. Townsend.
A. D. Wood.
S. S. Yardley.



Albert E. Addis,
George B. Case,
Thomas Cochran, 3d,
Arthur F. Cosby,
Charles H. Farnam, jr.
Fred K. Hollister,
Joseph L. Leavitt,
Vance C. McCormick,
Robert A. McCord,
Fred Rustin,
Leland S. Stillman,
Colver J. Stone,
Wm. S. Walcott,
Chauncey L. Williams.

Wanted: All men to refrain from alluding to my whiskers. -- H. L. Snell.

Richmond ⁂ Straight ⁂ Cut

No. 1 CIGARETTES.

Cigarette Smokers who are willing to pay a little more than the price charged for the ordinary trade Cigarettes, will find this brand superior to all others.

THE RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT, No. 1, Cigarettes

are made from the brightest, most delicately flavored and highest cost GOLD LEAF grown in Virginia. This is the OLD AND ORIGINAL BRAND OF STRAIGHT CUT Cigarettes, and was brought out in the year 1875.

Beware of Imitations.

And observe that the FIRM NAME, as below, is on every package.

Allen & Ginter, Manufacturers, Richmond, Va.

THORNTON BROS.

FLORISTS.

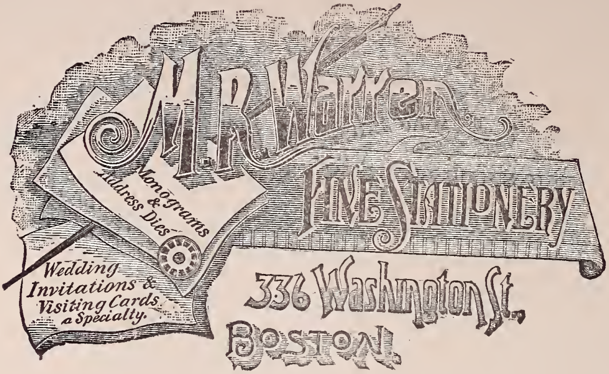
FANCY ROSES ALWAYS ON HAND.

Just received from Florence, Italy, a new and elegant collection of BASKETS for Funeral, Wedding, Birthday and Congratulatory Designs. The largest stock of choice Cut Flowers, Roses and Decorative Plants in New England. FLOWERS FOR FUNERALS A SPECIALTY.

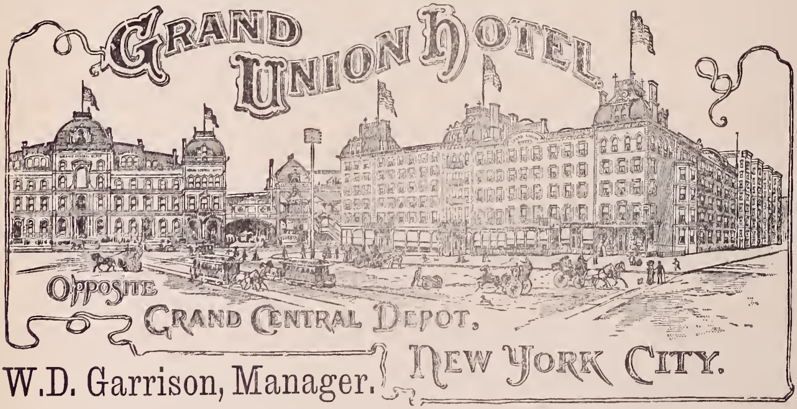
Greenhouse, 834 Broadway, Lawrence, Mass.

TELEPHONE 115—3.

Wanted: Some one to tell me what college I should choose.—A. E. Stearns.


M. R. Warren
Fine Stationery
Monograms & Address Dies
Wedding Invitations & Visiting Cards a Specialty.
336 Washington St.
Boston.

Engraving of all kinds neatly executed. Visiting Cards, Monograms, Address Dies; a fine assortment of Stationery for polite correspondence.


Grand Union Hotel
Opposite
Grand Central Depot,
New York City.
W.D. Garrison, Manager.

600 rooms at $1.00 per day and upwards. European plan. First-class Restaurant, Dining-rooms, Cafe and Lunch counter, *a la carte*, at moderate prices. Guest's Baggage to and from Grand Central Depot free.

ESTABLISHED 1838.

Geo. F. Hodgman, Pres. and Treas. | Chas. A. Hodgman, Vice Pres. | Geo. B. Hodgman, Secretary.

HODGMAN RUBBER CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

India Rubber Goods.

Headquarters for all kinds of First-Class Rubber Goods.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

MACKINTOSH COATS

AND CARRY IN STOCK THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT TO BE FOUND IN NEW ENGLAND.

A full line of Rubber Boots, Shoes, Clothing, Ladies' fine waterproof garments, and India rubber goods of every description.

---

32 SCHOOL ST., - BOSTON.

H. C. NOYES, MANAGER.

New York Office:
Corner Broadway and Grand St.

Factories:
Tuckahoe and Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

He has no equal; thanks for that. — Warren, '92.

C. A. W. CROSBY,

DEALER IN

WATCHES

Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware.

474 * WASHINGTON * STREET,

Opp. Temple Place, BOSTON, MASS.

Watches Cleaned, Repaired and Adjusted.

PAPER.

Beacon Hill Linen for fine trade, is the best paper made.
Commonwealth Linen, a medium priced fine grade.
U. S. Treasury Bond, toughest paper made, is very fashionable.
Carter's Type-writing Papers, "best and cheapest in the market."

PAPER BY THE POUND.—We guarantee our prices the lowest in America. Sample sheets of paper and envelopes from 10 cents per lb. and upward, with prices and number of sheets to a pound, sent on receipt of 15 cents. These papers are the correct sizes and finish, for fashionable correspondence.

SPECIAL OFFER.—On orders of $10 and over, we will prepay the freight charges to nearest railroad station. Club your orders with friends and take advantage of this. Agents and dealers should correspond with us.

ENGRAVED VISITING CARDS.—For $1.75 we send a copperplate finely engraved, with 50 cards. Estimates furnished for wedding and class-day invitations, Street Dies, Crests, and stamping. Samples free on application. All the work done on our premises. We employ only the best workmen and use the finest cards. We guarantee satisfaction.

Handsome boxes for Christmas gifts, of fine stationery, plain or illuminated, for 35 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, $1 to $2 each, sure to give satisfaction.

H. H. Carter & Co., 3 Beacon St., Boston.

He has great musical ability. —Duley, '92.

McCormick

THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Photographer for the Class of '90.

SCHOOL WORK A SPECIALTY.

His New Studio is located in Boylston Building, No. 657 Washington St. and Boylston St. Elevator at each end.

KING

—OF—

Clothiers!

The most perfecting and Lowest Priced Clothiers in Essex County.

JAS. F. LEONARD,

230 ESSEX ST., LAWRENCE.

Jos. Flood, Cutter.

I want some little boys to play with.—Lamprey, '90.

WE manufacture and import the best and most reliable Athletic, Gymnanium and Outdoor Supplies of all descriptions.

Our Tennis Rackets and Supplies are popular in every college in the land. Our AMERICAN TATE RACKET is counted by leading experts the best racket made in America.

Our agent will supply our Athletic Goods and Clothing promptly and satisfactorily.

Or you can write to us direct. Catalogue mailed free on application.

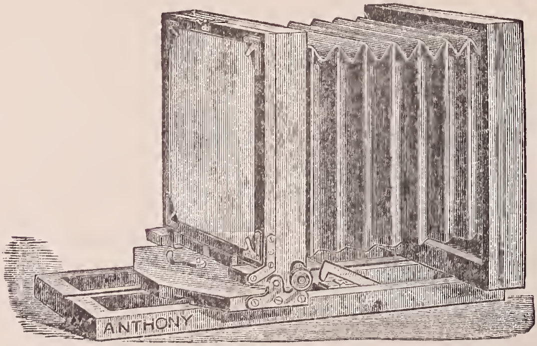
HORACE PARTRIDGE & CO.,

Outing Outfitters, 479 Washington St., Boston.

Anthony's Champion

Photographic Outfits

THE BEST OUTFITS MADE
OF THEIR CLASS.



Prices include a handsome Mahogony Camera, Fine Acromantic Lens, Double Dry Plate Holder, and Improved Folding Tripod.

For pictures, size 4 x 5, price $10; for pictures, size 4 1-2 x 6 1-2, price $12; for pictures, size 5 x 7, price $12; for pictures, size 5 x 8, price $12; for pictures, size 6 1-2 x 8 1-2, price $14; for pictures, size 8 x 10, price $20. Send for catalogue for Amateur Apparatus.

E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 501 Broadway, N. Y.

ALWAYS ON TIME!

NEW YORK & NEW ENGLAND RAILROAD

TRAINS FOR NEW YORK

Leave Boston 12.00 M., * 3 P.M., arrive at New York 6.30 P.M., *9.00 P.M.

* The 3 P.M. Train runs daily, including Sundays.

Dining cars. The shortest line. Always on time. New Parlor Cars and Coaches. Most convenient hours of departure and arrival at termini. For Philadelphia Baltimore and Washington without change, Leave Boston at 6 P. M., daily.

THROUGH PULLMAN SLEEPERS.

LEISURE HOUR MUSIC.

THROUGH the heat of Summer, the cool days of Autumn, and during the invigorating cold and the long evenings of Winter, MUSIC IS KING as an entertainer.

Make home sweet and happy by using: Whipple's Merry Making Melodies, $1. Osgood's Rhymes and Tunes, $1. Children's Songs, 35c. Emerson's Gems for Little Singers, 30c. Songs and Games for Little Ones, $2.

Of evenings, sing "Gospel Song Music" from: Praise in Song, 40c. Gospel of Joy, 35c. Singing on the Way, 35c.

Collections of Songs for refined Musicians, are Song Classics, $1; Song Classics, Alto, $1; Classic Tenor Songs, $1; Classic Bass Songs, $1; Franz's Album of Songs, $2; Choice Vocal Duets, $1.25; Kjerulf's Album of Songs, $1.50; Everest's Album of Songs, $1; M. V. White's Album. $2; Choice Sacred Solos, $1.25.

Music for Social Singing of the best quality, is in College Songs, 50c; the same for Guitar or Banjo, $1; Minstrel Songs, old and new, $2; War Songs, 50c. American Ballad Collection, $1; Good Old Songs We Used to Sing, $1.25; Old Folks' Tunes, 40c; Jubilee and Plantation Songs, 30c.

Any book mailed for retail price.

Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.

The plugger. — Burt, 91.

W. E. RICE

195 & 197 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE.

All the latest styles of Fine Stationery for polite correspondence.

Holiday Goods in Great Variety.

Blank Books, Wall Papers, Decorations and Mouldings. Contracts made for Interior Decorating. All work promptly executed.
Book Bindery connected with store.

BOSTON FOREIGN BOOK STORE.

LARGE STOCK OF BOOKS

In the Foreign and Ancient Languages. Foreign Periodical Agency. Tanchreitz's British Authors.

CARL SHOENOFF.

Catalogues on application.

J. A. LEITCH, M. D.,

BARNARD'S BLOCK,

ANDOVER, MASS.

Office Hours : Till 8.30 a.m., 1 to 3 p.m., after 7 p.m.

Watch me on first base. — Fiske, '91.

Connecticut Lamps.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

French, Puffer & Co.

389 Essex St., Lawrence, Mass.

REA & ABBOTT,

Provision Dealers.

J. C. REA.
GEO. T. ABBOTT.

OPP. BANK, MAIN ST., ANDOVER.

BENJAMIN BROWN,

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

For Ladies', Misses' and Children's wear. The celebrated Dongola Boots always on hand.

SWIFT'S BLOCK.

Main Street, Andover, Mass.

GEORGE H. PARKER,

Drugs and Medicines.

Fancy and Toilet Articles, Sponges, etc. Cold Soda with True Fruit Syrups. Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded.

Draper's Block, *Main Street, Andover.*

VISIT LECK'S STUDIO

For Fine Portrait Work!

ALL THE LATEST IMPROVED INSTRUMENTS.

FINE LARGE WORK A SPECIALTY. SPECIAL RATES
TO SCHOOLS FOR CLASS WORK.

STUDIO, 283 ESSEX STREET, - - LAWRENCE, MASS.

H. B. ROBINSON,

Manufacturing Confectioner.

Fine Chocolates and Bon-Bons. Ice Cream
and Ice Cream Soda.

No. 273 Essex Street - - Lawrence, Mass.

C. W. PARTRIDGE, D.D.S.,

DENTAL ❁ ROOMS,

461 Essex St., Lawrence, Mass.

The Ladies call him sweet. — McCormick, '91.

CHARLES E. KENT. ALEX. B. BRUCE.

KENT & BRUCE.

CRACKERS.

Lowell Street, Lawrence.

DYER & CO.

Pianos and Organs for Sale and to Rent.

Banjos, Guitars, Violins, &c.

337 Essex Street. LAWRENCE, MASS.

Bicknell Bros.
LAWRENCE MASS.

Manufacturing
RETAILERS
And Gent's
Outfitters,
469 & 471 ESSEX STREET
Lawrence.

JOHN H. GREER, Ph. G.,

Prescription Druggist.

259 Essex Street,

A Full Line of Toilet Articles. LAWRENCE, MASS.

W. H. ALLEN.

Leading Photographer.

First-class work guaranteed. Prices moderate.
Special attention to Class and
School Work.

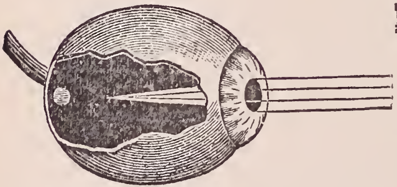
BICKNELL'S BLOCK,

467 Essex Street, LAWRENCE, MASS.

HUGO BEIL,

OPTICIAN AND JEWELLER,

MYOPIC, OR NEAR-SIGHTED EYE.



The myopic eye is one that is too long for its refractive system, and parallel rays focus in front of the retina, and as a concave lens makes parallel rays passing through it divergent, we can by using a lens of the right refractive power before the eye, carry the focus back onto the retina and thus give perfect vision.

Prize Medals, all styles, made to order. Watches Adjusted and Jewelry Repaired.

237 Essex Street, Lawrence, Mass.

Hush! I am a society man. — Crosby, '91.

S. W. FELLOWS,

—THE—

Old & Reliable Optician.

Remember that it costs no more to have your eyes fitted by me than to go to some inexperienced parties.

We also carry the largest line of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Diamonds. Repairing a specialty.

Prize medals and silver cups furnished in boundless variety at the lowest possible prices. Gold-headed canes and umbrellas.

265 Essex Street, Lawrence.

DR. W. A. GABELER.

DENTIST,

228 Essex St., Lawrence.

NEAR POST-OFFICE.

A. F. RYDER.

CITY DRUG STORE,

LAWRENCE, MASS.

COR. ESSEX ST. AND BROADWAY.

GEORGE PIDDINGTON,

ARTISTIC FLORIST.

Table and Stage Decorator.

CUT FLOWERS A SPECIALTY.

SCHOOL STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

GEORGE C. LYLE'S

RESTAURANT.

Lunch served at all hours. Also, a full line of Confectionery, Cigars, Tobacco, and Fancy Goods always on hand.

MAIN ST., ANDOVER.

H. P. WRIGHT,

DEALER IN

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS.

Warranted Genuine Waterproof Porpoise Shoes,
$3.00 per pair.

Repairing promptly done. MAIN ST., ANDOVER.

Very fast men. -- Curtis and Lyon.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY

Order Box at Marland House.

All orders left for us will receive prompt attention, this being the only Express Company at Andover which ships goods direct to New York City at one Charge.

OFFICE, ELM HOUSE,
ANDOVER.

FRED. C. WILBUR, Agent.

J. M. BEAN,

HAIR ✻ CUTTER.

Town Hall Block, Andover.

MRS. M. A. CALLAHAN,

ANDOVER, MASS.

Sewing and Mending

neatly done at moderate prices. The patronage of students is desired.

ABBOTT STREET, ✻ *BELOW MORRILL HOUSE.*

Where is my bath tub? — Cross, '90.

M. W. MORRIS & CO.,

Tailors,

465 Essex St., Lawrence.

☞Specialties in Graduating Suits.

T. A. HOLT & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods and Groceries,

Andover, Mass.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

W. A. DIGNAM, D.D.S.,

DENTAL ROOMS,

LAWRENCE, MASS.

295 ESSEX STREET.

E. SHEPPARD & SON,

Florists & Nurserymen,

Choice Roses and Floral Work of all Descriptions furnished at short notice.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION. **LOWELL, MASS.**

P. O. BOX 335.

HENRY McLAWLIN,

FANCY HARDWARE.

Also, a very fine assortment of Cutlery, Skates, Sleds and Toboggans, Horse Clothing, Glass, Putty, Lamps, Paints and Oils, &c.

BARNARD'S BLOCK. *MAIN ST., ANDOVER.*

E. H. BARNARD,

HOUSE, SIGN, AND CARRIAGE PAINTER.

GRAINING, GLAZING AND PAPER HANGING,

DEALERS IN PAINTS, OILS, WINDOW GLASS, WALL PAPERS.

ESSEX STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

COMMONS DINING HALL,

OPEN TO STUDENTS OF

PHILLIPS ACADEMY

FROM SEPTEMBER TO JULY.

Permanent Board, $3 per week. WILLIAM MARLAND, Proprietor.

Innocents abroad. — Hazard and Denmeade.

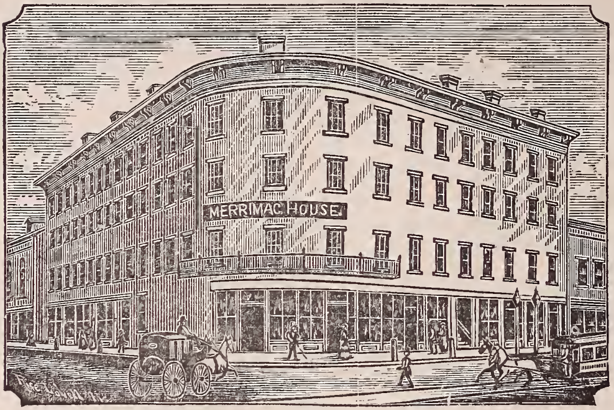
Prop. Music Hall and City
Bill Boards.

F. E. Partridge, }
W. H. Boody, } Clerks

Merrimac House.

A. V. PARTRIDGE, Proprietor.

LOWELL, Mass., U. S. A.



LOCATION, MONUMENT SQUARE.

CAR LINE FOR ALL PARTS OF THE CITY.

C. W. SCOTT, M.D.,

Surgeon and Homeopathic Physician,

49 MAIN STREET,

Office Hours, until 9 a.m.
1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p.m.

ANDOVER, MASS.

JOSEPH ABBOTT,

Pictures Framed to Order.

Curtains, Looking Glasses, &c.

PARK ST.

ANDOVER, MASS.

The oil king.—Kaven, '91.

Marion

BARRISTERS HALL
LOWELL, MASS.

Is the most popular Photographer this side of Boston.
Special rates for Class Work.

JOHN CORNELL.

COAL : DEALER.

Franklin Coal of Lykens Valley, Hard White Ash Coal, Free Burning White Ash Coal. Hard and Soft Wood. Hay and Straw.

CARTER'S BLOCK. *MAIN STREET, ANDOVER.*

SMITH & MANNING.

* * *

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.

* * *

Essex Street, Andover, Mass.

FRESH LILLIES OF THE VALLEY

ALSO FANCY ROSES, LIGHT AND DARK, AT
LOW PRICES,

At MRS. WATERMAN'S,

HIGH STREET. *ANDOVER, MASS.*

J. E. WHITING,

Watchmaker and Jeweller.

BARNARD'S BLOCK,

ESTABLISHED 1867. MAIN ST., ANDOVER.

BROWN'S ANDOVER & BOSTON EXPRESS.

Successor to Johnson's Express.

AGENT FOR THE ADAMS, NEW YORK AND BOSTON DESPATCH AND UNITED STATES.

We ship goods to all parts of the country as cheap as any Express, and do all kinds of errands personally in Boston.

BOSTON OFFICES: 34 Court Square, 77 Kingston Street, 105 Arch St., and 59 Franklin St.

ANDOVER OFFICE: Park St. Leave Andover 7.45 and 9.45. Arrive at 1.30, 4 and 5.45.

B. B. TUTTLE, PROPRIETOR.

CHARLES H. GILBERT,

DENTIST,

DRAPER'S BLOCK. *MAIN ST., ANDOVER, MASS.*

An unbound volume of Shakespeare. -- Hixon, '91.

O, CHAPMAN.

DINING ❁ ROOMS.

Fruit, Confectionery, Kennedy's Canned Goods, Blank Books, Stationery, Inks, Kerosene, Lamps.

Large Stock of Canned Goods.

Base Ball Goods, &c. Everything pertaining to Students' Outfits.

M. T. WALSH,

DEALER IN

STOVES AND RANGES

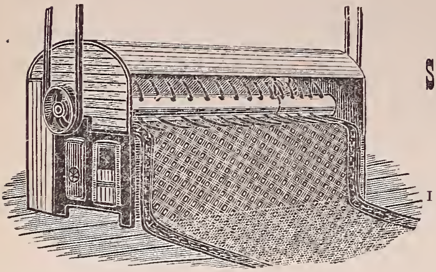
And Manufacturer of Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware,
Essex Street, Andover

Dr. G. W. LeDuke, Dentist,

439 Essex St., Lawrence.

Best Set of Gum Teeth, $10; Partial Sets, $1.50 and upwards; Temporary Sets, $5; Teeth reset on new plate, $4; Gold Filling, $1 and upwards; Silver Fillings, 25c; Teeth extracted, 25c; Gas administered for 50c. ☞All work warranted.

"For I am nothing if I am not critical."—Bryant, '91.



TREE'S

STEAM CARPET BEATING

—AND—

CLEANING WORKS.

133 Lawrence St.
Office, 473 Essex St.

Carpets taken up, beaten and laid. We thoroughly beat the carpet free from dust, and then steam them, and carpets will look better and wear longer than by any other way.

Feather Beds Renovated. **H. K. NOYES, Agent.**

C. A. LAWRENCE & SON,

Portrait and View Photographers.

181 Essex Street,

Ferrotypes of all styles. LAWRENCE, MASS.

Established 1847.

CHARLES L. CLARKE & SON,

Apothecaries,

COR. ESSEX AND JACKSON STS.,

Compounding of Physicians' Prescriptions a specialty. **Lawrence, Mass.**

How he grinds. — McCord, '91.

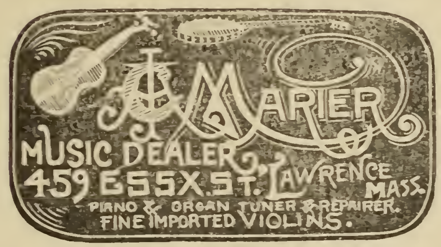
JOHN J. O'GORMAN & CO.,

TAILORS,

LAWRENCE. MASS..

201 ESSEX STREET.

Gatcomb ✶ Banjos.



A. MARIER
MUSIC DEALER
459 ESSEX ST. LAWRENCE MASS.
PIANO & ORGAN TUNER & REPAIRER.
FINE IMPORTED VIOLINS.

Gatcomb ✶ Banjos.

Go to J. E. Sears

—FOR A—

Fine Pair of $2.99 or Windsor $3 Shoes.

Repairing promptly attended to.

MAIN STREET, **ANDOVER, MASS.**

H. M. WHITNEY & CO.

PRESCRIPTION ✻ DRUGGISTS

Fine Cutlery, Toilet Articles and Appliances.

297 Essex Street. Lawrence, Mass.

THE MANSION HOUSE,

ON THE HILL

NEAR PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

OPEN THE YEAR ROUND.

In the summer season the house is cool and delightful. During the cold weather it is kept warm and comfortable throughout with hot water.

TERMS $2 50 per day, $12.50 to $17.50 per week.

C. L. Carter, Proprietor. Andover, Mass.

J. F. RICHARDS, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

Main St. and Punchard Ave.,

ANDOVER, MASS.

HENRY P. NOYES,

Furniture and Upholstering.

PARK STREET, ANDOVER.

W. J. Sullivan, M.D.,

295 Essex Street,

Residence, 273 Haverhill St. LAWRENCE.

No author ever spared a brother.—Mirror Editors.

E. PIKE,

LAMPS AND STOVES,

Park Street. ANDOVER, MASS.

T. J. FARMER,

DEALER IN

Fresh, Salt, Smoked and Pickled Fish,

OYSTERS, CLAMS AND LOBSTERS. ALSO, ALL KINDS OF FRUIT IN THEIR SEASON.

3 Central Street. ANDOVER, MASS.

WILLIAM FINDLEY,

DEALER IN

Fish of all Kinds. Fresh, Salt, Smoked, Pickled.

Lobsters, Clams, Oysters, and Fancy Fish of all Kinds in their Season.

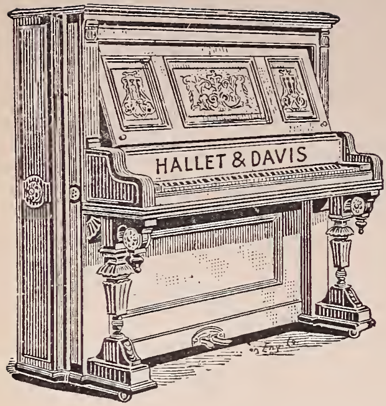
MAIN ST. ANDOVER, MASS.

DR. C. G. CARLETON,

301 ESSEX STREET,

LAWRENCE, MASS.

☞TELEPHONE No. 100.



KENNELLY & SYLVESTER,

Have a large assortment of New and Second-Hand

Pianos and Organs

For sale or to let, or sold by instalments. Violins, Banjos, Guitars. Large assortment of Sheet Music and other Musical Merchandise. Tuning and Repairing promptly attended to.

256 ESSEX STREET

LAWRENCE, MASS.

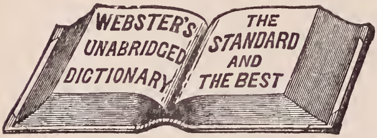
CHARLES E. ABBOTT, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

43 MAIN ST., ANDOVER.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED

WITH OR WITHOUT PATENT INDEX.



Besides many other valuable features, it comprises

A Dictionary of the Language

containing 118,000 Words and 3000 Engravings,

A Dictionary of Biography

giving facts about nearly 10,000 Noted Persons,

A Dictionary of Geography

locating and briefly describing 25,000 Places,

A Dictionary of Fiction

found only in Webster's Unabridged,

All in One Book.

Webster excels in **SYNONYMS** which are appropriately found in the body of the work.

It is an invaluable companion in every School, and at every Fireside.

IT IS THE STANDARD
Authority in
The Government Printing Office,
and with the
United States Supreme Court.
Recommended by the
State Supt's Schools of 36 States,
and by
Over Fifty College Presidents.
For supplying Schools,
Every State Purchase
has been of Webster.

The London Times of England,
Says: It is the best Dictionary of the language.

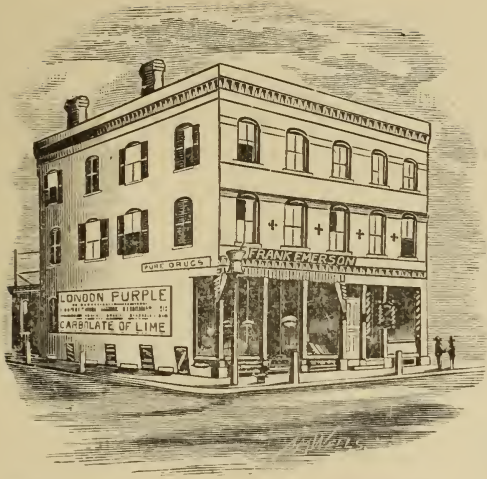
Hon. Geo. Bancroft, the Historian,
Says: It is superior to all others.

Toronto Globe, Canada, says:
Its place is in the very highest rank.

Similar testimonials have been given by hundreds of the best American and European Scholars. **GET THE BEST.**

The work now has **3000** more Words and nearly **2000** more Illustrations than found in any other American Dictionary. Sold by all Booksellers. Illustrated Pamphlet free.

Published by G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.



Established 1876.

SPECIALTIES.

Physicians' Prescriprions and a competent person always in attendance.

Now is the season when you should have by you the best compound to cure and prevent chapped hands, lips face, etc., that preparation is Emerson's Glycerine Lotion. Hundreds of customers have said that "it is a specific excelling all similar remedies."

I have a good assortment of Holiday Goods which we are always pleased to show; these ariicles shall be sold at the lowest prices.

We shall especially appreciate your favors in this line; call and examine goods and prices, also ask for a sample bottle of Emerson's Glycerine Lotion. When you have once used it, we are sure of you as a customer for it.

FRANK EMERSON,

122 BROADWAY, - - - SOUTH LAWRENCE.

ZENAS FOLGER,

DEALER IN WATCHES, FINE JEWELRY,

SPECTACLES, CLOCKS, &c.

567 Essex Street, Lawrence, Mass.

Next to Horse Railroad Station.

G. W. COLBURN & CO,

PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTURERS AND GILDERS.

Holiday Goods of all Descriptions.

Engravings, Photographs, Etchings, Stationery, Fancy Goods, &c.

281 Essex Street, * * Lawrence, Mass.

W. E. STRATTON,

TEACHER OF THE BANJO, GUITAR AND MANDOLIN.

Fine toned Victor Banjos, Washburn Guitars, and Mandollns for sale.

AT ANDOVER TUESDAYS.

For further particulars inquire of Allan Marsh, Morrill House.

Lowell, Mass.

DR. C. E. TINKHAM,

DENTIST,

373 Essex Street.

LAWRENCE, MASS

CHAS. E. SCHEFFLER,

Registered Pharmacist,

59 Essex, Cor. Franklin St.,

LAWRENCE, MASS.

JOHN N. COLE.

Bookseller and Stationer.

Printing and Engraving

Andover, Mass.

P. J. Hannon,

Tailor and Furnisher.

Main St., Andover.

AGENT FOR TROY LAUNDRY.

O. A. JENKINS & CO.

SUCCESSORS TO

BIGELOW & CO.

HATTERS TO NEW ENGLAND COLLEGES.

Heath's London Hats

CANES AND UMBRELLAS.

We make a Specialty of Mackintoshes.

407 Washington St., Boston.

FURNISHER FOR P.A. CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

SIGIL. PHILLIP. ACAD. ANDOV. MDCCLXXVIII

NON SIBI

FINIS ORIGINE PENDET

PHILO MIRROR

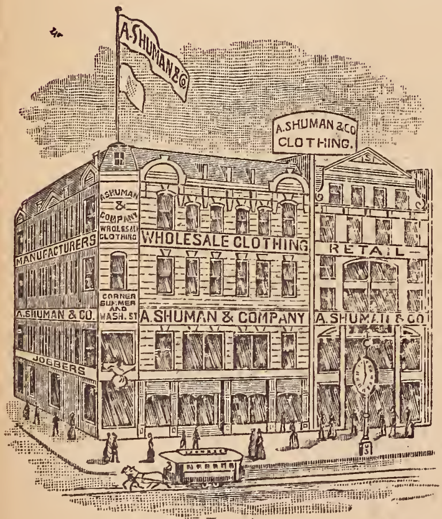
Winter Term 18

"SCIRE EST REGERE"

A. SHUMAN & CO.

We Invite Your Inspection of Our

LARGE AND VARIED STOCK OF CLOTHING


A.SHUMAN&CO
A.SHUMAN &CO
CLOTHING.
A.SHUMAN & COMPANY
WHOLESALE CLOTHING
MANUFACTURERS
WHOLESALE CLOTHING
RETAIL
CORNER SUMMER AND WASH. ST
A.SHUMAN & CO.
A.SHUMAN & COMPANY
A.SHUMAN & CO
JOBBERS

For Young Gentlemen's Wear,

Manufactured by us from Fine All-Wool Fabrics, of both Domestic and Foreign make. All our garments are made in style equal to

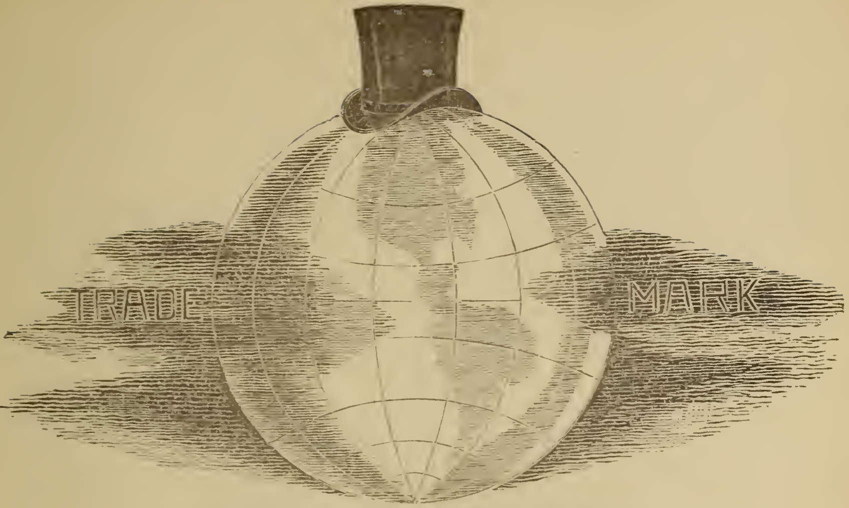
Custom Production

and a perfect fit assured.

A. SHUMAN & CO.,

MANUFACTURING CLOTHIERS,

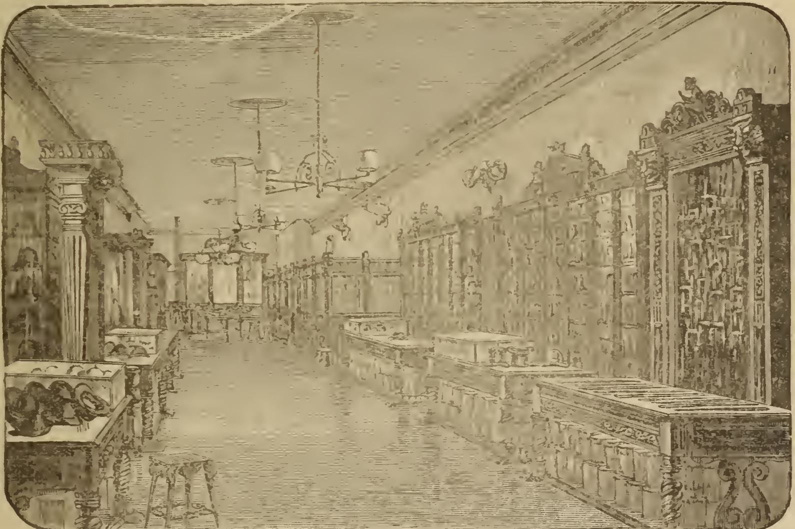
WASHINGTON, COR. SUMMER ST., BOSTON, MASS.



COLLINS & FAIRBANKS.

CELEBRATED ✻ HATS.

Styles Correct. Quality Unequalled. Sole Agents for Henry Heath's and White's English Hats.



381 WASHINGTON ST., OPP. FRANKLIN, BOSTON, MASS.

French Flannels,
French Madras,
English Cheviots,
—AND—
Pure Silk Shirtings.

From these goods we carry in stock or make to special order

For Travelling Shirts,
For Railway Cars,
For Steamer Wear,
For Hunting,
For Yachting,
For Office Coats,
For House Coats,
For the Bath Room,
For the Sick Room,
For Ladies' Blouse Waists,
For Boys' Shirt Waists.

Lawn Tennis

Coats, Shirts, Trousers, Caps, Belts and Sashes.

NOYES BROS.,
Hosiers, Glovers and Shirt Makers,
Washington and Summer Sts.,
BOSTON, U.S.A.

Pajama Suits,

(For sleeping, &c.,) made in a variety of designs from the following materials.

Spun Silk, (best quality),
Silk and Woolen Flannels,
English Oxfords and
French Flannels,

AT NOYES BROS.'

New English Long Cravats,
The London Puff Cravats,
The New Ascott,
The Derby.

Special Club and College colors always in stock,

AT NOYES BROS.'

Bath and Blanket Wraps for the Nursery, for the Sick Room, for the Bath, for Steamer Traveling, for the Railway Carriage, for Men, Women, Children and the Baby. $2.75 to $35.00.

AT NOYES BROS.'

LADIES' & MEN'S

Special London Made Mackintoshes,

The Latest London Styles now ready. Special garments to order, at Noyes Bros.'

English Study Jackets,
English Dressing Jackets,
Smoking Jackets,
House and Office Coats,
Long Gowns and Wraps,

AT NOYES BROS.'

NOYES BROS.,
Hosiers, Glovers and Shirt Makers,
Washington and Summer Sts.,
BOSTON, U.S.A.

Men's Outfittings.

FOREIGN NOVELTIES A SPECIALTY.

WEST STREET
WASHINGTON ST.
RAY'S.
RAY'S.
NOVELTIES IN MEN'S OUTFITTINGS
SPECIALTY
SHIRTS TO ORDER
RAY'S
RAYS
RAYS, BOSTON, MASS.
McCARRON Sc.

Corner Washington and West Sts.,

BOSTON, MASS.

TIFFANY & CO.,

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS,

UNION SQUARE - NEW YORK.

PARIS
Ave de l'Opera 36 bis.

LONDON
5 Argyll Place, W.

Received Eighteen Awards at the Paris Exposition, 1889, for their Artistic Designs and Superior Workmanship.

Exclusive Designs furnished on application for Class Cups, Class Rings, Alumni Badges, and other College Emblems and Trophies; also Invitations for Class Dinners, Commencement Exercises, &c.

F. L. DUNNE

TAILOR

—TO—

THE P. A. CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

MY SPECIALTY.

The largest and best assortment of the most Correct London Styles.

Constantly in receipt of the Latest London Novelties.

338 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

(Established) **Brooks Bros.,** (1818.)

Broadway, Cor. 22d St., New York City.

CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS READY-MADE AND MADE TO MEASURE.

SPECIALTIES FOR SPRING AND SUMMER, 1890.

English Tweeds, Fancy Scotch Mixtures, Gray Diagonals, Black and Blue Rough Cheviots.

Evening Dress Suits of Cloth and Newer Materials, Tuxedo Dress Sacks.

Inverness Cape-Coats, Light-Weight Ulsters.

Overcoats of Scotch goods and Broad-wale Diagonals. Strapped Seam Covert Coats.

Fancy Vestings of Cashmere and Marseilles.

Flannels and Serges, White and Fancy, for Tennis, Yachting, Etc.

Ready-made garments of our manufacture are in the best shapes and free from any stiffness of appearance; while all noticeable patterns are limited to small quantities.

Our Furnishing Department contains the latest novelties in Gloves, Scarfs, Underwear, etc.

Rules for self-measurements, with samples from either our custom or ready-made department, will be sent on application.

Our location, one block from Madison Square, is convenient to the leading Hotels and easy of access from the principal Railway stations.

HALE & LAYCOCK,

MERCHANT TAILORS

THE LATEST NOVELTIES.

19 Bosworth Street, Boston, Mass.

Under Horticultural Hall.

☞ SPECIAL PRICES TO STUDENTS.

NO OTHER LIFE POLICIES

As liberal, cost as little money, no others as cheap,
give as much for the money, as
those of

The Travelers

Of Hartford, Conn.

The best either for Family Protection or Investment of Savings. Non-forfeitable, world-wide.

LOWEST CASH RATE.

Huyler's

Bon Bons and Chocolates.

Novelties in Fancy Baskets and Bonbonnieres
suitable for Presents.

863 Broadway. NEW YORK CITY, N. Y. 150 Broadway.

ORDERS BY MAIL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

D. TOY

TAILOR TO THE

HARVARD CO-OPERATIVE.

PARLORS, 71 BEACON ST.

OPPOSITE PUBLIC GARDEN, BOSTON.

Agent for Winchester, Son & Flowers; Whittaker & Co., and Hill Brothers, London, W.

G. W. LORING & CO.,

BOSTON, MASS.

Florists.

We keep a large stock of all the choice flowers in the market and the best.

ROSES.—American Beauty, La France, Papa Gontier, Catherini, Mermet, The Bride, The Cook, Perle de Jardin, and all Hybrids in their season.

We make a specialty of Decorating for Dinners, Receptions, Weddings, and all kinds of designs.

Orders by mail, telephone, or telegraph, will receive prompt attention, as we are always prepared for all kinds of work. *We solicit your trade.*

Very respectfully,

G. W. Loring & Co.

69 Tremont Street, Tremont House.

NEW YORK, $3.00.

FOR FIRST-CLASS LIMITED TICKETS.

FARE REDUCED.

FALL RIVER LINE.

Express Trains connecting with Steamers at Fall River in 80 minutes, leave Boston from Old Colony Station at 6 p.m. daily, (Suudays excepted) due in New York at about 7.30 a.m. Connection to Brooklyn and Jersey City by Annex Boat. Steamers

Puritan and Pilgrim

In commission. Steam heat in staterooms. An orchestra on each steamer throughout the year. Baggage checked from hotel or residence to destination. Returning Steamers leave New York at 5 p.m. daily, Sundays included. Tickets, staterooms, etc. secured at the line office, No. 3 Old State House, and at the Old Colony Station, Kneeland St.

J. R. KENDRICK,
Gen. Manager.

L. H. PALMER,
Agent, 3 Old State House.

GEO. L. CONNOR,
Gen. Pass Agt.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND

RAILROAD.

Mid-day Express between Boston and New York, leave either city at 12 m., arrive at the other at 6 p. m. Daily, Sundays excepted. This train is thoroughly equipped with Parlor Cars and Coaches, of the most improved construction, and between Boston and Hartford it carries a Dining-car, on which are served meals comprising all the delicacies of the season, either upon the table d'-hote or a-la-carte plan. This train makes sure time between the two cities. Its arriving and leav-time is covenient for ladies and suburban residents and for the theatres.

The New England limited between Boston and New York.

Leaves either city at 3 p.m. Arrives at the other at 9 p.m. Daily, including Sundays. The popular train, "Always on time," carries Dining-car between Boston and Williamantic. Meals served at the option of the traveller, either table-d'hote or a-la-carte plan.

An especial feature of this train is its run between Boston and Willimantic, a distance of 86 miles without a stop. The Parlor Cars are celebrated for beauty and comfort, and the Passenger Coaches are the finest that can be found on any road.

The Boston and Washington Express, through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars for Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond Charleston, Savannah, and Jacksonville, Florida, leaves Boston at 6 p. m., daily, including Sundays. This is the only train running from Boston by which passengers can go through the above-named points without change of cars.

Due Philadelphia 6.40 a.m., Baltimore 9.45 a. m.. Washington, 10.45 a.m., Richmond 2.38 p.m., following day, Charleston 5 a.m., Savannah 6.44 a.m., and Jacksonville 12 m., second day. Only 42 hours from Boston to Jacksonville.

Tickets, berths in Sleeping-cars chairs in Parlor-cars, secured

OFFICE,

322 Washington Street, Boston.

DEPOT,

Foot of Summer St., Boston.

CHARLES HOWLAND,

General Manager.

A. C. KENDALL,

General Passenger Agent.

Daniels & Badger.

The style and quality of our goods is acknowledged to be superior to any in the market. We offer you the opportunity of buying them direct from the manufacturer at prices much less than can be found in regular retail stores.

WAREROOMS,

125 SUDBURY STREET, -:- 138 FRIEND STREET.

BOSTON.

FACTORY AT CAMBRIDGE.

DURANT & ROGERS,

Established 1846.

Manufacturing ✦ ✦ Jewelers.

Class Rings made to order. Novelties and
Exclusive designs.

25 CENTRAL, COR. MIDDLE ST., LOWELL.

GEORGE C. ROGERS,

OPTICIAN.

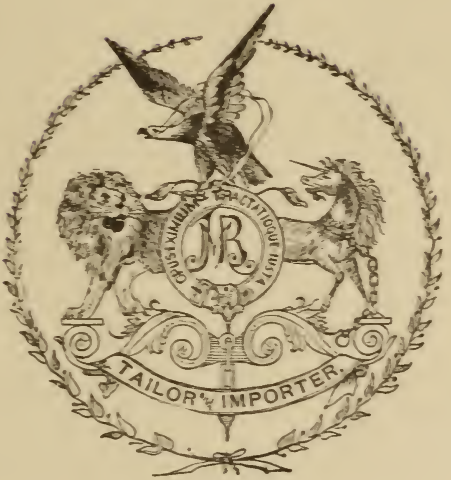
GRADUATE OF THE BUCKLIN SCHOOL OF OPTICS, NEW YORK.

WEAK EYES A SPECIALTY.

25 CENTRAL, COR. MIDDLE ST., LOWELL.

Joseph M. Bradley.

Tailor and Gent's Furnisher


OPUS EXIMIUM TRACTATIOQUE IUSTA
JMB
TAILOR & IMPORTER.

LATEST DESIGNS IN SEASONABLE WOOLENS.
HATS AND FURNISHINGS.

AGENT FOR SCRIPTURE'S LAUNDRY.

Call & Tuttle

Tailors.

13 Summer St. Boston.

Earnestly desire that you call and examine our fine fabrics for the season's wear.

W. E. STRATTON,

TEACHER OF

BANJO + GUITAR + AND + MANDOLIN.

Fine toned Victor Banjos, Washburn Guitars and Mandolins for sale.

AT ANDOVER TUESDAYS. LOWELL, MASS.

For further particulars inquire of Allan Marsh, Morrill House.

G. P. RAYMOND,

COSTUME PARLORS,

3 Pemberton Sq., Boston.

Costumes for Masquerades, Old Folks' Concerts, Private Theatricals, Tableaux, &c.

VOL. XXXVII. NO. 2.

Scire est Regere.

THE
PHILO. MIRROR.

MARCH 1890.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία.

ANDOVER:
PUBLISHED BY THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY OF
PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

The Andover Press, Limited
Andover, Mass.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

The Monuck Tribe. - - - - - - - - - 5

My Vacation. - - - - - - - - - 9

The Treasure of the Montezumas. - - - - - 16

On the Death of a Child. - - - - - - 20

Our Need of a Literary Monthly.—President's Address, - 21

The Message. - - - - - - - - - 24

The Phantom Ship. - - - - - - - - 29

An Apparent Success. - - - - - - - 32

Plugopsis. - - - - - - - - - 36

Editors' Review, - - - - - - - - 39

Dedicated to the Phillipian. - - - - - - 49

Athletic Records. - - - - - - - - 50

A Midnight Cat-astrophe, - - - - - - 51

Grinds. - - - - - - - - - - 55

A Metamorphosis. - - - - - - - - 65

The Phillips Pot-Pourri. - - - - - - 67

Editors.

CHARLES A. ROBINSON,

HENRY P. MOSELEY,

GEORGE R. NOYES.

THE MIRROR.

VOL. XXXVII. MARCH, 1890. NO. II.

The Monuck Tribe.

First Prize Poem.

OH, far away in western mountain land,
Along the banks of never failing streams,
Where waving forests sang sweet choral songs
And lowland herds and bison freely roamed.
Once dwelled the Monuck Tribe in joy and peace.
Their wondrous tales all Indian tribes well knew.
How they from two supernal beings had sprung.
Yes. whom the West Wind and Sun had brought
From distant realms in yonder spirit land
To chase. in those fair, happy hunting grounds,
Prepared for them by Osso and the Sun,
With moorlands filled with brant and beavers fat;
With mountains full of roes and handsome deer;
With woodland fowls and game and fishing pools;
With rivers smooth to paddle their canoes.
And there they lived and hunted far and wide.
In those enchanted plains, a thousand years
Protected by the West Wind and the Sun.

Alas, the West Wind took a journey far
In Jeebi land, the realm of spirit great.
Then quickly came the East Wind in great rage
And smote the Monuck land with fearful plagues,
The fish became vile snakes, the water blood,
The moorland beavers monsters wild and fierce;
While frightful ghosts were round their huts by night,
And savage creatures hunted them by day,
And none their groans did hear till late one night,
The moon had mounted high in cloudless space
And all was quiet, — serene and calm the sky,
When low-land cries and shrieks like thunder-roar
Aroused the tribe from its reposing sleep.
Then yonder mount was seen in smoke and flame;
It burned, it quaked, it rocked, it howled and roared.
'Twas awful; all the woodlands shook with fear,
The rivers and the brooks, awe-struck, stood still,
The trees affrighted, lowly bowed their heads,
The North Wind ran and hid in Arctic land,
The moon and stars across the heavens fled,
And wrapped in fright, the Monucks, dying lay;
Save Maska, their brave chief, who calmly said
"Be quiet, my children, and I'll find the cause,"
And quickly started for the burning mount.
"Come back! Come back! Oh, Father brave, Come back!"
In tears they cried; but on and on he sped
Through willows thick, 'mid gloom and rolling smoke.
Just then the fearful night began to part,
And gladdening pleasure filled their trembling breasts,
As they beheld from yonder eastern hills,
The morning breaking forth in golden rays.
The burning mount became as quiet as day,
And still they cried "Come back, Oh Father brave!"
But not a whisper came from Maska, bold,
Till when the sun had sunk in western sky
And midnight gloom was resting on the plains,
Then came the good old chief with mournful tales.
"What news! What news! Oh Father brave, tell us!"

"But hark," he said "What means that swelling roar?"
Again they paused and heard from far away,
The beating drums and tramp of marching troops.
Great Maska bold arose, and speaking said,
"My children, hear the words of your good chief.
The Spirit Great blessed us a thousand years,
With gardens, hunting-grounds, and fishing-pools;
And Osso taught us how to fish and chase,
To raise tobacco, yellow corn and beans;
But they are gone, they've left us all alone
The White Man's spirit and the East Wind came.
And drove them far away with scourging fire,
The Monucks doom has come, his end is near,
His council fires, his dance, his chase must cease.
Strange men have come to steal his law and home,
Who'll go with me to meet the strange man's face?"
Then quickly rose three thousand warriors brave
And said "Good chief, we'll follow where you lead."
"Ha! quick, my children, bring your knives and bows!"
And to the plains the woodland dwellers ran,
But there they found, drawn up in long array,
A host of white-faced men, with hairy chins,
And yellow silken flags above them waved.
A swelling shout arose from those long ranks
And on they came, their swords in hand to charge
Upon the Red Man's few. But they their ground
Most nobly stood, against those clashing blades
And piercing spears, thrust on by skilful arms.
The whole day long the fearful slaughter raged,
And mingled cries and groans of friends and foes
Resounded far and wide among the hills.
Six times the White Man's ranks fell back and fled,
Six times brave Maska wounded, bleeding fell,
Six times he rose, and cheered his gallant men,
To hold their ground and free their native land.
But when the sun had left the bloody fields,
A Monuck came and said, "Oh chieftain hear!
The White-faced men have killed your son, your wife,

And all the rest with them in blood do lie."
"Oh Spirit Great! My child! My wife! My race!
Good-bye, oh children dear, good-bye!" he said
To his remaining few; then sought the wild.
And when upon the lofty Mount he stood,
And saw his home still wrapped in rolling flame,
His broken heart began to bleed and faint.
In vain the woodland birds their songs did sing
To calm his pains and lull his mind to sleep.
In vain the stars from far did come to breathe
New strength, new life to Maska's dying limbs.
In vain the silent moon in grandeur rose
And sent her gentle rays to soothe his soul,
For his old mortal frame did moan no more.
And there he died upon that mountain top.
The South Wind sang his sad interment hymn.
And there he sleeps within that rocky cell,
Where mountain fowls alone behold his tomb,
And there will sleep, in slumber calm and deep,
To rise when graves and seas give up their dead.

My Vacation.

Second Prize Story.

In my nineteenth year I entered college in New England. I had never been out of this section of the country, except when I went to Europe with my parents several years before. I had longed to spend a while in the South, and particularly in Virginia, but had never done so. In college I had a classmate from Virginia. My desire to know about his state increased my interest in him, and soon we were friends. He used to spend his vacations with me, and by his manly, chivalrous, and courteous bearing soon won the friendship of my parents, and that of my sisters and their friends in particular.

When our Junior year was nearly ended Hugh invited me to spend my entire vacation on his father's farm, Glenwood, in Virginia. Of course, I readily accepted. This was my greatest wish. An opportunity to spend a summer among people my fancy had idealized was highly prized by me. Late in June we started. After several days travel we were landed, about midnight, at Crofton, the station near his home. A little negro, bearing the famous name Napoleon Bonaparte Smith, met us with a carriage. Although Bony, as he was called, had waited three hours for us, his store of good humor was not exhausted. He began at once to tell "Mr. Hugh" of everything he could remember, and assured him that he had given his horses the best care in his absence, and declared they were "de eye-sore ob all dat saw'd 'em." We retired at once on reaching the house, and soon were lost in dreams.

Late next morning I was called to go to breakfast. I had been ready for some time, and had been looking at the beautiful landscape from my window, and listening to a voice of unusual sweetness, coming from the flower-garden, which was not in sight on account of the porch. At the table were Mr. and Mrs. Neville and their two daughters, the younger of whom was just from school for her vacation. Mr. Neville was a tall, fine-looking old gentleman of the old school, while Mrs. Neville was none the less noticeable for her dignity of appearance. All possessed most excellent manners — excellent even when compared with those families of that state whose manners are famous. The conversation turned to school life, in which all joined; Mr. Neville giving incidents of his school life at Oxford, England. When Hugh's younger sister began to speak I discovered that she was the owner of the voice I had heard. This was one of the oldest families of the state, and proudly traced their lineage to English ancestry of noble blood. Here was a personification of my idea of Southern gentility and hospitality.

The vicinity was one of the most beautiful and interesting parts of the state. Thirty miles northward lay historic Harper's Ferry, and westward Winchester, less than "twenty miles away." Within sight ran the Shenandoah, from which the valley is named; while on the right were the Blue Ridge Mountains, with the Twin Sisters in full view. Far to the westward the Alleghanies were an uneven ridge of blue.

The house was a century old, but the charms of those old days had not fled with the years. It was situated upon a slight knoll, just beyond a grove of majestic old oaks, which also bore the impress of ages. The yard, consisting of about five acres, was a lovely green turf, and sloped gently toward the grove. Ornamental trees were profusely, but with artistic effect, scattered over the entire yard. A large porch extended across the front, with its roof supported by huge Doric pillars, in front of which a fountain of sparkling water flowed continually. Such was the place where I was to spend my vacation. My thoughts were of nothing but chivalry, love, and the like, so nearly did everything correspond with my fancies of Southern life.

A few days had passed, when the Nevilles and I were to spend the evening at Sagebrook, another of these charming old places. Hugh and I went on horseback; the rest in the curious old family carriage, — an heirloom of the last century, — with Bony perched on the little seat behind, to open gates. That evening I was formally introduced to their society, and from then my pleasures began. The time was pleasantly spent. Hugh gave me into the hands of his younger sister, Louise, who promised to see that I enjoyed myself. Whether it was the influence of her presence alone, or that of all, I did not know: but I left that evening with nothing definite in my mind save the figure of a beautiful brunette, a little above the average height, with a pretty mouth and eyes sparkling with merriment. I went to sleep only to imagine myself engaged in a tournament, in which I overcame my opponent, thus winning this beautiful creature. In the morning my dream was gone; but opposite me at the table was seated the embodiment of the being of my fancy, Louise.

"I must go to see 'mammy' this afternoon," said Hugh at breakfast, promising to take me to see her also. We went, and on reaching her house in the little village, she met us at the door. She had expected he would come. Rarely do mothers receive more joy in seeing their children than did this dusky old nurse on seeing Hugh. Her eyes bespoke her feelings: for with tears of joy in them she stood, patting the well-formed head of him whom she still called "my baby." As was her wont to give her "baby" something, she soon had a neat little table set, and before us placed some strawberries from her garden. Hugh afterwards told me how much he loved his old mammy, and of her many expressions of love for him. I then began to see how these two totally different people had become bound up in each other.

The first Sunday after our arrival, religious services were not held at the regular chapel, but at an old-fashioned chapel which was the first built west of the Blue Ridge. It was now going to decay, but was used once a year to maintain the right to the land which comprised the cemetery. Louise was my guide in looking through the grounds before time for church. She proudly pointed out the names of many who were famous in colonial times.

This service is memorial in many ways. In church they are seated in the exact places, and with the same surroundings, of their fathers. The hand of improvement or alteration seems to have died with their fathers; for here things are just as they left them, even to the queer little pulpit, which is reached by a narrow stair-case, and accommodates but one person at a time. Without are the graves of their dead, among which they may walk and think of their achievements. In one corner is the plot which contains the graves of their Negro servants who had won special favor from their masters, and who highly prized the thought of being buried among "de quality."

I had not been at Glenwood long when I discovered that Hugh's elder sister Susie had two rival suitors, both of whom lived in the vicinity — one at Roseland farm, the other at Silverdale. They were equally eligible, and any young woman would have considered herself fortunate to gain the attention of either. Silverdale and Mr. Neville were fast friends, while Mrs. Neville was constant in her praise of Roseland. Poor Susie felt that she could not let both opportunities go by, but, between the conflicting opinions of her parents, was unable to decide upon either. The young men were not insensible to the nature of the situation, but neither would withdraw in favor of the other. It became evident that it would result in a question of honor; but how this could be done was the question. Although neither of the men was a coward, and their society still retained many chivalrous ideas, duelling was discountenanced. Nor would Susie have permitted it if she were to be concerned in it.

Every summer the single young men give a tournament, which consists in taking rings with a lance, on horseback, while going at full speed. Here was an opportunity to settle their difficulty. In fact, it was almost the rule that a marriage was the result of every tournament. Silverdale challenged Roseland to contend with him for Susie's hand, to the effect that the one defeated should cease paying her his attention. Roseland accepted the challenge. These proceedings were kept a profound secret until the day of the tournament, when it was unintentionally told.

The day for the tournament at last came, when all who were interested met at the chosen place. The most successful knight would crown the "queen of love and beauty." They gave the names by which they were to be called during the day, many choosing names from Medieval times, while a few chose the names of their estates. Among the latter class appeared the rivals, as Roseland and Silverdale. After a speech filled with chivalrous allusions the game began in earnest. The fine horsemanship of the knights in brilliant dress, the gay trappings of the horses, the many beautiful faces among the ladies in lovely costumes, made a picture that satisfied my wildest fancies. Louise was more beautiful to-day than ever. She and I were seated watching the performance, when it was announced that only one ride more was left to each knight. The attention of all was now drawn more closely than ever. Silverdale was ahead, with Roseland only one behind him. These two were the last to ride. Between them lay the honors of the day. Both had ridden with a determination which in itself almost ensured success. Immediately it was rumored that they were competing for Susie's hand. No, it was not mere rumor; for the day before Roseland said carelessly to his hostler, "Give my horse the best attention, for with him, to-morrow, I gain or lose a wife." This was not intended for other ears; but when his master seemed to be sure to lose, he said, "He nebber will marry dat lady." This needed no interpretation, and spread as on the wings of the wind. All eyes were riveted upon the contest now. Silverdale's ride came first. Upon it hung his future. With his usual seriousness, he examined every particular before beginning his ride. His beautiful grey horse seemed to catch the spirit of its master for never did an animal do its duty better. When the dust cleared away it was seen that Silverdale had taken only one ring. Roseland mounted with apparent less concern, rode to the starting point and whirled upon his ride. A few moments of awful suspense followed. Roseland returned with both rings and thus tied his rival. Again and again they tried without altering the situation. The third time, Silverdale caught only one, Roseland taking both, having done so three successive times. He rode back amid shouts of applause and was proclaimed victor.

The defeated knights hastened to him to do him honor, and accept him as their chief. A procession was then formed, headed by the victorious knight, which moved toward the stand occupied mainly by ladies, and where the "queen of love and beauty" would be crowned. It was evident that Susie was to be the one. She began to blush furiously and watched their approach with evident confusion. When the column reached the stand, the herald announced Miss Susie Neville as queen. Roseland then raised a wreath of flowers with his lance, and placed it upon the flushed brow of Susie. Silverdale was a witness to this, which meant his loss, yet with a spirit of a true knight he determined to abide by the results of the day. At the first opportunity he gave Roseland his hand, and wished him such success in all his undertakings. We now prepared to go home and get ready for the ball in the evening.

It was late when we met at " The Moorings " that evening. Our host and hostess were elderly people, but they retained the charms of their younger days. This place seemed especially suitable for the close of such a pleasant day. The yard was brilliantly lighted, and seats were arranged under the trees. Roseland and Susie led the dancing in the old fashioned parlor, while many spent the evening out of doors. Louise and I had become quite good friends by this time. After a waltz, I took her for a stroll around the yard. I had never recovered from my impression at Sagebrook, and that evening I determined to declare my love to her. It was generally understood that Susie would become engaged to Roseland that evening. The spirit of the day seemed to pervade the entire company. Elderly people were recalling their romance of by-gone days, while Cupid's golden arrows were falling thick and fast among the young, though Roseland alone had the formal right to offer his hand. Under these circumstances, if my passion had been only a fancy, I might have been excused; but it was not fancy.

The Nevilles were among the last to leave. While waiting for them, Louise and I were strolling up and down the yard. I had my horse by the bridle ready to start. A spell seemed to hold me near her. At last I broke it by telling her I had truly learned to love her, and asking if she could return it. She was silent a moment, then, looking up, appearing more lovely than ever, said, " I am sorry, Harry, but I cannot." In a moment I was riding down the shady old lane toward home. The bright, full moon looked down and seemed to say, " Fool that you are to thus destroy the pleasures of the few days that remain." To this chiding, I heartily resigned myself. To-morrow at last came after a sleepless night. All were bright and cheerful. Save a flush in Louise's cheeks when we met at breakfast, everything was apparently the same as usual. A few more days at Glenwood, and Hugh and I were on our way to college. My pleasure had exceeded my greatest expectations. I had never imagined I should love Hugh's sister, to say nothing of being rejected on the spot.

The next year I graduated and entered business with my father. Not many years have passed since then. Last winter I visited Virginia again. Of course I went to Glenwood. Everything was quiet. shut up in the embrace of winter. No birds among the leafless boughs. the hills that were so beautiful before. were now a dull grey. The Blue Ridge had on its winter cap of snow and all nature seemed cold and rejecting. Not so however. with the people whose hospitality was not at all affected by the reign of winter. This time there were no public chivalrous displays. but a ceremony instituted from a higher source was witnessed. in which I joyfully remember repeating, "I. Harry, take thee. Louise. etc."

That afternoon. we dined with Susie. who was now the head of a new branch of that aristocratic family which boasts the blood of Pocahontas. As we left that evening for our New England home. the grand old oaks at Glenwood seemed to sing an anthem more joyous even than when the gentle winds blew softly among their leaves when Louise and I walked there so oft. that happy vacation.

The Treasure of the Montezumas.

Third Prize Story.

This strange story which I am about to relate, I can scarcely expect any of my readers to believe; yet I feel that if they are not able to give credence to it. it may still possess some interest for them. With such hope I enter upon my narrative.

Some years ago while travelling in Mexico, I made the acquaintance of a queer old man who had studied deeply into the history of the land of the Montezumas, and had gathered much knowledge from the traditions and stories of the people. As our acquaintance ripened, a strong friendship grew up between us, and he confided to me many of the most precious secrets which he had gleaned. In the course of one of our conversations, he asked me if I had ever heard of the treasures of the Montezumas, collected long before the landing of the famous Spanish conquerors. I replied that I had heard of them, but regarded it as one of those many pleasing, yet incredible stories of the people. Thereupon he went into the details, and proved conclusively to me that an enormous treasure existed *somewhere*, amassed by five generations of Montezumas, and laid aside as an offering to their gods. It seems from his story that many, many years ago, a certain king conceived the project of building an enormous temple, the pillars and altars of which should be of precious metal, and had dedicated a vast amount of gold and silver to this purpose, and had laid a charge upon his descendants to continue the work of amassing treasure, so that in the sixth generation the work of building might be commenced. He furthermore laid a terrible curse on him who should desist from the work or appropriate the treasure for any other purpose. This treasure was placed in the temple of the high priest, at some distance from the royal city of Mexico, and near the great mines on the coast.

My friend brought forward many arguments to prove his assertions, and furthermore, showed me some relics excavated near the place where he said the treasure city of the king lay, and for ages had lain, beneath the lava, ashes, and sand, which had in turn been poured over the site. So certain was my aged friend of the correctness of his information, that I agreed to make trial with him by excavating on a small scale at first, and to await developments. In order to obtain workmen for this purpose, it was necessary for me to go to a neighboring town.

I started out at evening on account of the heat of the day. Before leaving, my friend had warned me to beware of sink-holes, which were quite numerous in that vicinity; but as I had considerable confidence in my own ability to look out for myself, and since I did not fully realize the danger, I walked along rather carelessly. Half-way to my destination, without the slightest warning, I felt myself falling, and almost before I knew it, I was borne swiftly along beneath tbe surface of the earth by the resistless force of one of those underground streams. It is useless for me to try to describe my feelings; no pen ever guided by mortal mind could possibly portray one second's thought; it is something which we may feel, and yet be powerless to describe. To try to stem such a torrent, would have been madness, and I had often heard that when near the ocean, or some place where the stream rises to the surface of the earth, people have been saved. I know not how long I may have been borne along in this way; it seemed an endless time. At last, with amazement, I felt my feet touch bottom. I stood up, and even in this terrible condition, I felt curious to know in what kind of a place I was, and how I happened to find a resting-place. I recollected having a waterproof match-box with me, which when I started from home was half full. Drawing this forth, I lighted one of the matches. The air was perfectly good, and the match burned brightly. The place where I had stopped, was as far as I could tell by the feeble light of my match, a broad opening, and the spot upon which my feet rested, felt much like pavement.

For some time I groped about in the darkness, and at last coming upon a higher plane, found myself entirely out of the water. At my right I soon discovered what proved to be a flight of stone steps. I ascended, and soon found myself in some large building, for, upon again lighting a match, I could see on both sides huge pillars of stone. Advancing with my dim light, I soon discovered what I immediately recognized as an altar, upon which lay, as if used but yesterday, a sacrificial knife and four or five torches. I applied a match to one of these and found it good ; soon it cast a lurid light over the altar and other objects near at hand. Many relics of heathen worship appeared on all sides ; on one side of the altar lay, upon a huge marble slab, the remains of some unhappy victim of their horrid rites, and among the bones a huge knife, similar to the one which I had at first discovered, plainly showing how the victim met his death. Passing from this huge room, which must have been a hundred feet square, I entered a smaller one, behind the altar, where the sacrificial robes, for so I regarded them, hung. In this room was a ponderous trap door, which I should never have discovered had it not been open. Descending through this opening, the light of my torch seemed to be reflected on all sides.

Making a closer examination, I soon discovered huge rectangular blocks of shining metal, which I immediately knew to be gold. For a moment, all thoughts of my own wretched and hopeless condition vanished. I was the possessor of what represented millions of dollars. Lifting my torch, I saw countless numbers of these blocks. I was paralyzed by the sight, and could only think of the immense wealth which glistened in front of and around me.

Then the utter hopelessness of my condition burst upon me : Should I never see my friends again ? Should all this vast treasure remain jealously guarded beneath the depths of the earth ? Such thoughts in numbers crowded upon me. Soon, hope found a place in my breast, and I resolved not to succumb without a struggle. Leaving the treasure which I had already recognized as that of which my aged friend had often told me, and of which I had at the very moment of my misfortune been thinking, I set about preparing a raft from some tree trunks which I found at the side of this underground stream, which it had probably brought from some far-off mountains. With the aid of a brazen sacrificial axe, I succeeded in forming a kind of raft upon which I placed as many of the precious blocks of gold as it would carry.

Hunger now began to attack me, and knowing that to stay would be certain death, while to follow the course of the stream held forth a hope, however small it might be, I decided once more to trust myself to the dangerous water. One thing gave me hope. I knew that I was not far from the sea, and this hope lent me new strength. For more than an hour after setting forth, I glided swiftly on, yet safely, when suddenly ahead of me I heard a dull roar, which I knew could not be the sea. Faster and faster sped my frail raft, and I became aware that I was approaching some mighty fall. The dull, heavy roar grew louder and louder, and I clung to the raft, giving myself up for lost. I know not how the next few minutes passed, I was conscious only of falling from a great height and of being submerged for some time in the seething waters at the foot of the fall. When I began to realize what had happened, I noticed that my raft was demolished, and that only two logs remained, to which I was clinging. The gold was lost, but I was safe, at least for a time.

For several hours more, I was whirled along, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, I was drawn down beneath the black surface, and then suddenly shot up from the waves into the clear light of day. I had reached the ocean. Such was my state of exhaustion that I fainted, and was picked up by some fishermen several hours after, in an unconscious state. Under their kind treatment I soon recovered, but when I tried to relate my adventures to them, they thought me mad.

A day or two after this, I returned to my old friend's house, and after having related my story, had the satisfaction of being believed.

We have succeeded in interesting a certain capitalist in our plan of excavation, and operations have already begun. My friend and I feel quite certain that we shall some time possess the treasure of the Montezumas. However, time will tell.

On the Death of a Child.

Second Prize Poem.

Only a clasp of the dimpled hands
Over the hair with its golden strands;
Only a little breath drawn with a sigh,
A slight passing quiver, a twitch of the eye.
Sinking so slowly to that last, long rest,
Like a weary babe on its mother's breast.
What does it matter? Ah! nothing, you say; —
Only a little life passing away!

Only a little life — yes, that is all:
A few fleeting moments, now past recall.
Only a little life, peaceful and fair,
Happily innocent, free from all care,
Knowing no evil, untouched by all strife, —
O God! that we also might live such a life,
Nobler, and purer, and nearer to thee!
Only a little life — *ah, that it might be!*

C. W. Burling.

* * *

Our Need of a Literary Monthly.

President's Address.

During the past few years there has been a remarkable increase in the interest taken in college and school literature, and consequently the number of publications has rapidly multiplied. Although Andover is not a college, yet a comparison of her publications with those of the majority of colleges would result most favorably. But we cannot expect to keep our well-earned reputation for merit in this direction, if, while Literary Monthlies have been started all around us, we still depend on the Phillipian and Mirror to publish all the literary work that is done in the school.

Now, perhaps at first it may appear to some that with these two publications there is no need of a Monthly; but after a little consideration, it seems as though it would be evident to all that they do not, nor can they be made to. supply the wants of the school. Since the Phillipian publishes scarcely anything that would find a place in a Literary Monthly, it is readily seen that our having an excellent semi-weekly paper, decreases in no way our need of a monthly. The Mirror, owing to its coming out but once a term and the additional fact of its being limited in the kinds of productions it publishes, does not adequately fill the need.

But, at this point, some one will say. "it is a difficult matter now for the Mirror editors to find enough material to fill a magazine appearing so seldom as once a term, and how much harder it will be to obtain enough matter to publish one coming out every month." On the other hand, there are two reasons which seem to prove that it would be easier. In the first place, as the editors of the Monthly would hold their positions just as Phillipian editors do, there would always be competition in getting on the board, and this would furnish much material. There is scarcely any competition from a literary standpoint in obtaining a Mirror editorship, as a man is rarely elected on account of his literary ability alone. Secondly, a Monthly would keep up a constant interest, instead of the intermittent enthusiasm, which a magazine appearing so seldom as the Mirror must of necessity produce.

Now, if it has been shown that there is need of a Literary Monthly, let us see how our object can best be gained. The following plan suggests itself, which seems as though it might easily be put into execution. Before proceeding any farther, let me apologize for suggesting a change in the Philo Mirror, a publication which has taken so important a part in the school, and been so powerful an organ of the society. Far be it from me to depreciate any of the good work it has done in the past, or even is doing at the present time; but it does seem as though the time had gone by when it could do its most effective work.

But to resume, the plan would be to have the Monthly take the place of the Mirror as the production of Philo; or perchance, if it should not be thought best to dispense with the Mirror altogether, let it be published once a year, and instead of its present form and contents, let it be modelled more after the college annuals.

The interests of the school would be much benefited by changing the Mirror to a monthly, as a Literary Monthly, instead of being of interest only to a few, closely connected with the school, would be of more general interest than the Mirror, and would be exchanged all over the country, and thus do much in bringing Andover before the eyes of the public. This last point is of no small importance, for we know how much its literary productions do for the prosperity of an institution of this kind.

The first editors of the Monthly would have to be chosen by the society, but afterwards, if it seemed best, the board elected could be given power to fill out their own number. As new members of the board would always have to be chosen from the members of Philo, we see the magazine would remain in the hands of the Philomathean Society. There is every reason to believe that a Monthly would be a success financially, as the Mirror is, and men in advertising would much prefer making their arrangements for a year than for one term. Exeter supports a Literary Monthly, and surely there ought to be no reason why we cannot do the same.

Now unless Philo makes this change there is much danger that a Monthly may be started springing from some other source than the society, which we would have just reason to fear would make the publication of the Mirror impracticable. The Mirror has been a source of much power to the society, and of how much more power a Monthly would be! It seems as if Philo ought to improve this opportunity of strengthening herself, and at the same time insuring herself against the loss which would be occasioned if a Monthly should be started in any other way than by the Society.

The Message.

First Prize Story.

Far over the sea, whose ever tossing waves sighed and frothed for the time to come, when they might bear the burden of men upon their bosoms; in a land of great mountains and broad rivers, of unexplored forests and unfathomed lakes, — a storm spent its fury.

Black were the clouds, wrangling and rolling and speeding on toward the west, as if to catch the sun ere it set. The wind howled loud in the tops of the trees, shrieked and moaned, as if so many demons were playing on their great branches. The clouds in their flight seemed to take shape, and buffetted one another as they came together, spitting fire and roaring like dragons and goblins. There was a great flash, all was covered with a flood of light; — then came a crash, as if the pillars which held up the heavens had fallen, and the sound echoing and re-echoing through the vaults of the skies, grew fainter and fainter. The sun had fled from the dreadful scene and all was dark, save for the darting flames of fire, which the wind licked up with a sigh from a burning oak, that fell crashing to the ground. The whole earth trembled at the rage of the elements.

In a cave bordering upon a pool, into which a brook, maddened by the scene, plunged headlong, a panther crouched in dread, while the dismal howl of a distant pack of wolves came now and then through the moan of the wind.

Near the fallen oak and lighted by its flames, stood a lofty elm, in whose hollow trunk a figure dimly could be seen. The flickering blaze, gleaming brighter, showed the form of a stately Indian, standing erect and wrapt in his mantle of skins. The glare now fell directly upon his visage, revealing proud and haughty lines, and yet, about his mouth there hovered an expression of irresolution and weakness.

"Oh, why have I been exiled from my tribe to wander alone in this wilderness? Oh, hated chief, if e'er I return, I will avenge myself! Not an arrow shall fly from my trusted bow, until one has found its way to your heart. I am not the man to forget! Ha, I will avenge myself! Yet what good does this do me now? To curse my chief will not put me in a better plight. Do the heavens even, with their tempests and their fury, send destruction upon Wappiwanna?"

With such thoughts as these, he stepped from his shelter into the forest. The storm had passed, the clouds were fast following the sun, and the trees bending towards each other, asked one another what harm they had received. The wind blew fresh and cool upon the Indian's heated cheek. His teeth relaxed their hold upon his lower lip. His frowning brow soothed into wrinkles, which by long accustomed knitting, had marked their lines upon his face. His mood had changed, and speaking to a little brook which rippled by the way, he said, "O water, why are you so happy, ever dancing along, and singing to yourself sweet songs? Why should not I also be happy? And O you mighty trees, stretching your branches to the skies, although you have just passed through a tempest, yet your leaves seem to laugh together." While he spoke, the moon broke through the clouds. He sat down to rest on a rock covered with moss and drenched with rain. "Wherefore have I come into this forest, and whither am I going? My hunting time upon the earth is nearly at an end. Shall I, wandering from my tribe and prowling here 'mid forest glen by night, lest I be seen, find the Happy Hunting Grounds hereafter? O Great Spirit, Ruler of the Universe, help thy wandering child to do yet some service for his tribe. Make swift my arrow and sure my aim, that by my deeds I may reach at last the Happy Hunting Grounds."

As he lifted his face from his hands and was about to rise, a mighty thunder filled the air. All nature started, the very earth trembled for fear, when, with a sudden flash of lightning, there sprung from out an ancient oak, a chieftain equipped in his warlike gear. Wappiwanna immediately knew by some instinctive sense, that this was Tarenyawagon the Great, founder of his race.

"Tarenyawagon the Great!" he cried, trembling and falling prostrate on the ground. "Wherefore have you come to curse me more?" "Nay, be at peace," the great chief said, "Stand up my child, your father will not harm you. I am not come to curse you when in trouble, nor yet to mock you for your folly; but when I heard your cry, I came from the Happy Hunting Grounds to see what ailed my child." "Oh great and mighty chief! I have done much that to a warrior of the Adirondack tribe is not becoming, and, cursing my paternal land, have left it, here to wander. If pardon I may obtain for so offending, I would return unto my tribe and there, it may be, honor it." "You have said well, my son, and as befits one of your race. Return straightway unto your people, deal not in vengeance, and live a better life. Before you go, mark well my words, for I will make of you, for your repentance' sake, a prophet of the tribes. Proclaim you among the nations, this, the message of the Great Spirit. Let your words ring out from the hill-tops; yea, let the brooks and the trees murmur it, and the very birds fill the air with its song, until from the mountains of the North to the rivers of the South, from the shores of the East to the waters of the West, it shall be heard. For so saith the Creator of the tribes: —

'Oh, all you nations! are you not brothers? have I not made you and given you pleasant lands, in which to dwell, and hunting grounds where you may show your skill at bow and file? Then be at peace with one another, remembering that I am Father of you all. Lay aside your warlike weapons, smoke the pipe of peace which I have given you, and loving one another, dwell in happiness. If you heed not my words, and continue in your strivings, wranglings, and contendings, I will send my wrath upon the nations, I will destroy all your forests, I will barricade your rivers, and fill your plains with men of other races. You shall have one common enemy, against whom you will have to fight together. He shall not be as strong as you, nor yet so cunning, his skin shall be paler than yours, and a beard shall cover his visage. Yet he shall chase you from forest to forest. He shall become master over you, and fill your land with his dwellings. Therefore, see to it my children, that you cease your combats and quarreling, lest I send this curse upon you. But, even then, when these enemies have come from different climes, you shall have a chance to repent your evil doings.

'If you dwell in peace with him, learning his customs and his manners, and becoming a brother to him, listen to his teachings of the better land that follows, where the Great Spirit directs the whole creation, and believe in what he tells you of this Spirit's loving mercy, how He sacrificed His Son for your salvation, — I will prosper all the nations.' Now speed you to your tribe, and there begin your mighty mission. Nor let any man prevent you. Turn not aside, until all the nations have heard it. Stop not for pleasure nor for vengeance, lest you perish, and your tribe, never receiving this great message, be destroyed also, leaving but its name behind to mock you." So saying, he vanished in the clouds.

Wappiwanna picked up his bow at his feet, where it had fallen, and turned to retrace his footsteps. All the landscape was now covered with the golden light of the sun, hastening on to the heights of heaven. His heart was light as he sped through the primeval forest; the massive trunks of the trees covered with moss and their great roots tangling themselves in the ground, as serpents in the prairie grass. The floor of the forest was covered with autumn leaves sacrifices of the night's storm, each leaf beautifully colored, as if young cherubs, pupils of the great Master, had been painting on them the pictures of sunsets. On he hurried, by the brooks and the trees still singing their song of rejoicing, until he reached the fallen oak, still smouldering and fuming with rage at the heavens' striking him, because he thought himself better than the elm standing close by, in which the Indian had found his shelter.

Wappiwanna clenched his fist and muttered, "Cursed night! Would that I might — " But there he stopped himself. "What! will I so soon forget my mission, and linger here, over this smoking log, where I myself might lie but for the mercy of the storm!"

Once more he pursued his journey and coming to the brow of a hill, looked down into the valley, where the smoke from the wigwams rose higher and higher, as if to reach the rugged peaks of the surrounding mountains, behind which the sun was fast sinking to rest, sending long shafts of light with their accompanying shadows upon the barren cliffs and large boulders. Speeding on, he descended into the gloom by a well known footpath between the rocks and fallen trees, every step becoming more familiar, as he drew nearer to his tribe.

"Ho, Wappiwanna! Piwanna! Wanna . . . !" cried a well-known voice, that echoed and re-echoed among the crags and rocks, "What, back again so soon?" "Yes, even so soon. But I come not of my own will, I have been sent." "By whom?" "The Father of our tribe, Tarenyawagon the Great." "And wherefore did he send you here? You, who swore you would not return, or if you should, 'twould not be as a friend, but to seek vengeance?" "I will tell you later of my lot; but now to the chief."

The two Indians glided along through the forest's darkness in a winding narrow path. All was silent, save the rustling of the bushes, through which they stealthily wound their way. Suddenly the forest ceased, and they came into an open plain. "There's the chief!" said Wappiwanna's companion, gliding away. In the dimness, the stately form of the proud chieftain could be seen pacing to and fro. "I have not shot a single arrow; I must be avenged," mutters Wappiwanna. He hastily draws an arrow from his sheath, puts it to the string, takes deliberate aim, and it is gone. "Oh my mission!" he exclaims; but it is too late. The arrow has found its mark, and lies imbedded in the chieftain's breast. A loud peal of thunder rends the heavens; a flash; a cry; and Wappiwanna too lies dead.

The moon bursts through the clouds and sends its rays through the overhanging forest trees direct upon his form. In his hand, with the grasp of death, he holds his fatal bow; upon his lips is the unuttered message.

An Arrow.

* * *

The Phantom Ship.

Third Prize Poem.

[The Phantom Ship, or Flying Dutchman, commanded by the ghost of Captain Vanderdecker, and manned by a ghostly crew, was believed by the ancient mariners to forbode destruction to whatever vessel and crew it appeared.]

In Amsterdam a sailor lived,
Well known the wide world over,
For in his youth, 'tis said, he was
A wild and daring rover.

He loved to sit and spin his yarns
Of strange and foreign lands;
But mostly were his stories told
Of wild piratic bands.

When but a boy, his story ran,
He left his friends and home,
And started out to see the world,
O'er ocean's depths to roam.

In haste he joined a gallant ship
Bound for the Spanish main;
Full many a galleon had she sunk,
Full many crews had slain.

And soon the ship, the harbor cleared,
O'er briny billows bounded;
While sea-gulls, circling overhead,
Their harsh, wild voices sounded.

The helmsman, at the captain's word,
Her course to southward steered,
While liquid mountains, close astern,
Their white-capped summits reared.

For many days they coursed the main,
And heaped the hold with treasure;
So much there was, so fast procured,
They had not time to measure.

One day, becalmed upon the sea,
From land far out of sight
The sailors lay upon the deck,
Or watched the sea-gulls' flight.

When night descended from the sky
And rested on the deep,
The swift-winged sea-birds ceased their cries
And all was hushed in sleep.

But when the moon her mellow light
Shed dimly o'er the ocean,
A ship advancing, all sail set,
Bore down with rapid motion.

The sailors, at the helmsman's call,
Had gathered on the deck;
For well they knew, if they were struck,
Their ship would be a wreck.

Still onward came the unknown ship,
And on her deck were seen
The ghostly figures of the crew,
By the moon's uncertain gleam.

Across their bows, a shadow,
Passed that vessel of the dead,
Till far away in the darkness
The phantom ship had sped.

And soon, arising from the north,
  Down swept a wintry blast;
The billows, swelling by its force,
  Rose higher than the mast.

When morning dawned upon the scene,
  Each face was blanched with fear;
For, dead ahead, they saw the coast
  Its hostile crags uprear.

And as they neared the fatal shore,
  Borne on by wind and wave,
Each man prepared to save his life;
  The ship they could not save.

But soon she struck upon a reef,
  The breakers swept her deck;
And now that brave, but fated ship
  Lay on those shores a wreck,

And he alone of all the crew
  In safety reached the land,
Who told this tale, which I tell you,
  Of that brave and fearless band.

An Apparent Success.

Fourth Prize Story.

I WANTED to climb a Pyramid. My travelling friend did also. Both of us imagined a Pyramid one of the greatest wonders of the world. The fact that the Pyramid of Cheops, at Ghizeh, had in its youthful days looked down upon Abraham and Moses, Joseph and the Hebrew sufferers of Goshen, made us feel a certain respect for its antiquity. We did not stop to study minutely its history — whether or not it had been built by Cheops or Chephren, or whether it had been constructed on scientific or astronomical principles; nor, indeed, whether or not the Egyptian Pharaoh added a new layer of stone each successive year of his reign. Neither did we stop to consider very carefully the present condition of the ancient regal tomb, marred as it is by the "tooth of time"; nor pause to compute its base-area, which explorers tell us exceeds thirteen acres. What we wanted to do was to climb it, stand on its lofty apex, and view the rich and variegated scenery about it. Of course, climbing a pyramid is not such a difficult undertaking at the proper season; but then we had come to Egypt in the summer, and every attempt at sight-seeing was discouraged by our lazy and indolent natures, as well as by our acquaintances who were most interested in us. The dragomen, on the other hand, urged us to make the attempt. Night after night they would rap on our door, and ask us when they could show us out to the Pyramids. When we answered them discouragingly, they became so anxious to escort us that they almost warranted our safe return, by offering to issue Life or Accident Insurance Policies on the spot. The day we went to see "Howling Dervishes" our donkeys had carried us along the streets of Cairo at such a rate that we had what might be called a warm bath in nature's tub. Now the question was, could we take a donkey ride four times as long, and come back alive? I confess I had my doubts. My college friend felt more confident of success. If we were to make the trip, it was necessary that we defer no longer, as our time allotted for seeing Egypt was fast passing away. Our hotel was near the Ezbekîyeh Gardens, and many a pleasant hour had been spent in and about that charming park. Days passed and the Pyramids remained to be seen. One day my friend announced that he had made plans to go in a carriage. I asked him why he wished to take a conveyance rather than ride donkeys. He remarked that it might be a pleasanter way of going, as possibly friends might join us, and so keep us company. That night he went out and left me alone. I never knew exactly where he directed his steps, but I have always had strong suspicions since we climbed the Pyramid.

A day was agreed upon, and about three o'clock in the morning my chum awoke me, and said that the ladies were ready, and that the carriage had been standing some time before their door, just around the corner. I was sure I could not enjoy myself; but I decided not to break my engagement, and went along with the party which my fellow-traveller had gotten up.

After coffee and rolls, we four mounted a large vehicle, and with an elderly sister as chaperon, in true Oriental style, rolled off toward Ghizeh. The drive out was charming, but not half as enjoyable as coming home. The distance seemed short to us, although the atmosphere along the rising Nile was somewhat damp and chilly to one riding. Not a moment passed without a word spoken by some one. Before we reached the colossal tombs which we were so anxious to see, we got to know each other pretty well. Two of our company had before climbed the Pyramid, so only three of us wanted to ascend.

As we drove up the hill, about twenty-five Arabs came running towards us from all directions, begging to be allowed the privilege of escorting us, or rather dragging us, up the mountain of stone. The Sheik stood before, and, instead of bargaining with individual Arabs, we made arrangements with him. My friend and his female admirer prepared for the ascent. I let them go ahead. The Arabs surrounded us on all sides. Finally, five were allotted to help each one of us, and we began to ascend.

It was just twilight. We did not know how long it would require us to make the ascent; but we were anxious to reach the summit before, or at least by, sunrise. Our friends had all advised this, for two reasons — one on account of the intense heat of the morning sun, and the other because the most beautiful view of the surrounding country is only obtainable in the morning at sunrise. If we could do this, our undertaking would certainly be a success. We struggled on and up, taking sometimes three, four, five, or even six of these long steps successively without resting. An Arab at each side, and one or two behind to boost us up, besides several to carry water and refreshment for our happiness along the way, — in all fifteen attendants, — were those connected with our party as we went higher and higher. Occasionally the wind would annoy and delay us by blowing off some one's hat; but an eager Arab boy was always on hand to rescue it before it finally reached the bottom of the long stairs.

When we tired of climbing, and wanted to rest, we would sit down upon some favorable step and discuss the magnitude of this marvellous building. As we glanced horizontally along its facial slope, and tried to realize its immense size, our eyes seemed to be entirely deceived by its appearance. Our sense of vision seemed unfit to grasp its monstrous size; for what was really seven hundred and fifty feet in length looked to us only two hundred. Our judgment was corrected, as we climbed on and on and evidently reached no nearer the top. We began to reflect that, although we had been deceived by its horizontal measurement, there was no doubt but that it was fully four hundred and fifty-one feet high, and that the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle is longer than either of its sides. We finally came to a resting-place which the Arabs told us was just half way. This announcement was very discouraging to us, as the eastern horizon had for some time given tokens of an approaching sun. We were almost decided, as we stood and talked over the probabilities, that there was no use in trying; the sun would reach the apex first. In this we were wrong; for just after we took our last step, having reached the summit, and were opening our guide-books to read what might be seen, we beheld the disk of old "Shems" just peeping over the Arabian desert. We had been successful, after all; and the view which had been so minutely described to us before starting called forth expressions of praise from all of us. On the east of us lay the rich and fertile valley of the Nile, with the hills of Mokattan beyond, over which, extending indefinitely for miles towards the Red Sea, were the sand dunes of the region around Sinai. To the northeast stretched the delta of the Nile, lined with date-bearing palms. The magnificent city which we had left at early dawn appeared close by our feet. To the west, as far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but sand. Such a contrast! All along the river a beautiful green, while to the west there was nothing but the burning sands of the Libyan Desert. Life and death in magnificent contrast! Several minutes, perhaps the larger fraction of an hour, were spent at the top, taking in the surroundings.

My companions were becoming interested in each other, and seemed to feel their separation from the rest of the world. Our band of Arabs wanted to show their agility for climbing by running down Cheops and up Chephren, another immense Pyramid two hundred yards distant. This feat they said they had performed in twelve minutes for travellers who had paid them to test their skill.

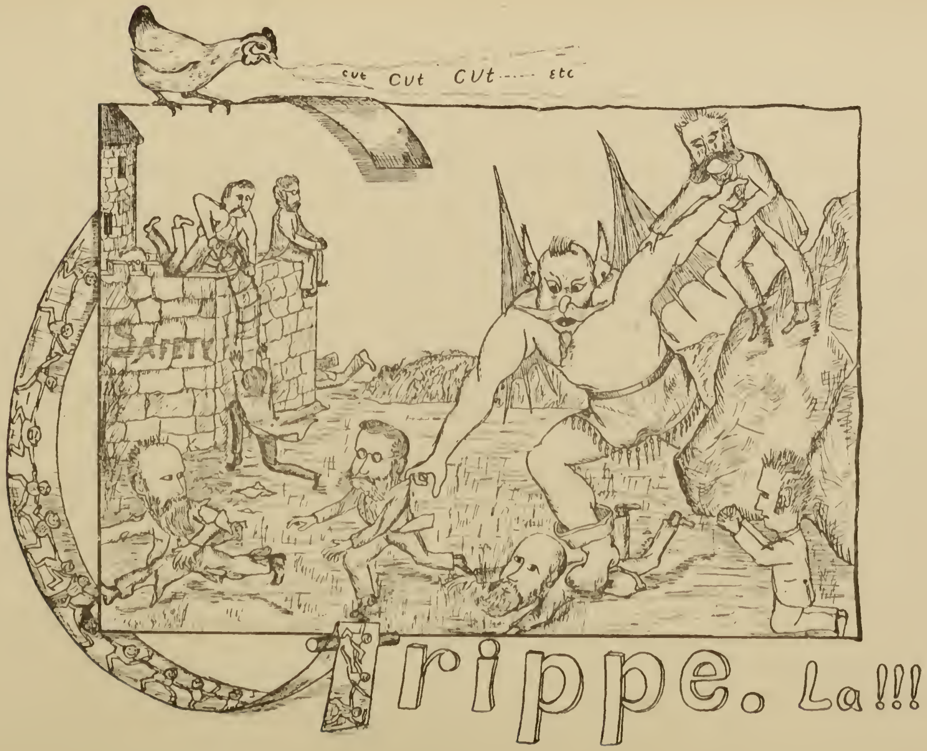
After descending and examining carefully the kings' and queens' chambers, we breakfasted in rich style and with eager appetites, on the steps of the hotel. A visit to the Sphinx, where my friend and his lady admirer became so very much interested — for some unaccountable reason — in hieroglyphics that we wondered if any evil had befallen them, finished our explorations at Ghizeh.

The ride home was simply charming, as the road to Cairo is lined with shade-trees on either side. It also brought out further developments in the case of my friend; and, as time seems to verify my early predictions, I may safely say that our visit to the Pyramids was, at least in his case, *an apparent success.* Misri.

Plugopsis.

To him who, in the love of plugging, holds
Communion with her in the depth of night, she speaks
A various language. For his sadder hours
She has a Virgil, or an Iliad,
Or a Trigonometry ; and she steals
Away his temper ere he is aware. When dreams
Of recitations descend like a blight
Over his spirit, and sad images
Of the horrid flunk, which brings an "E,"
Make him to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Then goes he forth and mounts his trusty steed,
Which oft has borne him on its winged feet
Through the Avernian groves, across the Styx,
Thence a day's journey, twenty parasangs,
To Sardis, where he meets the awful *ἄν*.
But here his faithful horse avails him nought;
The *ἄν*, more fearful than the $2\pi R$,
Makes his hope of future recitation
Much less vivid, and his mood despondent.
Then a still voice comes: "Yet a few more flunks,
And thou shalt know this ancient school no more ;
Perfect hecatombs shall not assist thee,
But the long-haired Faculty will fire thee."
So plug, that when thy summons comes to stand
Before the scornful Prof., thou shalt meet him,
Not horror-stricken, like the sweet young prep.,
But calmed and encouraged by that confidence
Which only skilful horsemanship begets.
Then shalt thou boldly rush, and sit thee down
To undisturbed repose and pleasant dreams.

H. S. E.


cut Cut CUt..... etc
SAFETY
Grippe. La!!!

Editors' Review.

No change has taken place in our Faculty during the term; but everything has moved along smoothly, with the exception of an unusual amount of sickness. "La Grippe" proved himself to be no respecter of persons, but attacked both Faculty and students alike. With the exception of this interruption at the opening of the term, and a few attacks of measles later, the school routine has passed away with the customary degree of harmony. Messrs. Jernegan and Terrill have been thoroughly initiated, and have won the good graces of the fellows, both in and outside of the class-room.

In choosing a frontispiece, we tried to select something closely connected with and of interest to the school, and we feel that no better selection could have been made than the present one. The fact that every member of the Faculty is with us this year was one reason for our choice; but the principal one was, because we knew that nothing would be more appreciated and highly prized by our readers, especially by the students, who in after years, upon looking into these familiar faces, will have pleasant recollections of their school life here at "Old Phillips."

The Philomathean Society has enjoyed a very prosperous term under the management of President Curtis. Her success is partially due to the "boom" she received last term under President Stearns. We have been glad to see that the old spirit which once was alive in Philo has been revived during the last term, in a measure at least. The meetings have been not long and tiresome, but short and interesting. This has been shown by the good attendance, and the interest taken in debate. In one other way, Philo has made marked improvement, and that is, the questions for debate have been fitly chosen, and ones about which nearly every member knew more or less. Philo has also been blessed with an addition of many new members (forty more being enrolled this term than last), to which her success has largely been due. President Curtis has preserved the dignity of the chair, and the order observed at the meetings has been exceptionally good. Although Philo has made a great advance over last year, she still seems to be unable to reach a certain class of fellows who ought to be among her number. The attendance is not half what a school like this ought to sustain. We cannot expect great ends to be acquired in the twinkling of an eye, but hope that Philo is fast recovering from the period of repose, and has a bright future before her.

For the Society of Inquiry, this has been perhaps the most fruitful term in several years. There seems to have been an unusual amount of deep devotion and consecration among the members and their labors have abundantly been rewarded as several fellows have come out for the first time on the side of right. This is the kind of religious spirit we need here in Phillips Academy, and the more of it we get, so much the more will the school be prosperous. The singing has been better carried on, owing to the new Hymn-books which have been adopted. This always has a tendency to draw in the fellows and make the meetings more interesting. The good done by the society is felt by the whole school, and from the testimony of those who are in college and come back, we find that this is not really appreciated till we are away from under her influence. May she always be abounding in her good work.

The Young Men's Christian Association has had a comparatively prosperous term. The work has been of that quiet, imperceptible kind which undoubtedly brings about the most good. One important work which she has accomplished has been to keep up the Bible Training Class. The fellows in it have been devoted and regular in attendance, and the great religious movement which has been going on can be traced largely to the personal work of these fellows. She has sent several delegates to various conventions, who always return with new energy and put new vigor into the society. We hope she will always continue to prosper as she has in the past.

During the fall term the Reading-room Committee received great praise for the many and wise improvements which were made about the building; but we are again called upon to congratulate the committee on keeping up the good work during the winter term. Perhaps the most important repairs have been made this term, in the way of fitting the room with gasoline, which has been conducted from the Academy building at considerable expense. The former method of lighting was disagreeable and unsatisfactory, and of which there was just reason for complaint, but a sufficient number of burners have been placed about the walls to light every nook and corner. We are glad to see that men were put on the committee, who had not only financial ability, but were able to have an eye for business, by paying up old debts and by making much needed improvements in and about the building. Another creditable feature of the room is that one can find nearly every paper or magazine he would desire, while every college of any importance is represented in at least one periodical. These repairs have meant work for the committee, and it is hoped that if there is need to call upon the school for financial support, that an appreciation of their labor will be shown by willing contributions.

After the members of the two Senior classes had given up nearly every hope for the customary sleigh-ride, the much-desired snow came, although near the end of the term. The moon in all her fulness shone upon '90, making the night perfect. Upon reaching Lowell, a sumptuous feast was served at the American House, after which toasts were responded to by Prof. McCurdy and members of the class. After having spent a most enjoyable evening, the classes returned, congratulating themselves on the manly conduct of their members and the success of a night profitably spent.

The few outside attractions which it has been our privilege to enjoy during the winter term, have been the following:

A very instructive lecture on "The Proposed Excavations at Delphi," was given by Mr. Lawton, a gentleman well known by his articles on classical subjects in the Atlantic Monthly. Mr. Lawton, in his lecture, gave us a fine description of Delphi, ancient and modern, also a good idea of the work of the Archaeological Institute of America.

Carl Baermann gave the second piano recital held under the auspices of Abbot Academy. The entertainment was a rare treat for all lovers of music. The Niotus Minstrels afforded another pleasant evening.

As might be expected, the concert of the Glee and Banjo Clubs was *the* entertainment of the term. In every way the concert was a success. It is a great pleasure to us to publish a photogravure of each club, of which we are all proud, as they have caused Phillips to be as well represented in a musical line as in other ways.

Being fully aware of the lack of interest taken in competing for the various prizes which the Mirror offers, we made an unusual effort to arouse more zeal among the members of the school in trying for these prizes. We distributed the customary amount for prizes to the best advantage possible; and not only this, but we tried to stir up fellows personally, and bring before them what these prizes really mean. Although in a measure our efforts were rewarded, and a willing response was given to the demands of the

Mirror, yet the competition was not what it ought to have been. We do not wish to reflect upon what was submitted to us, as it was remarkable in that quality did to a great extent compensate for quantity; but we wish to bring before the school the matter in its true light, hoping that our successors will find no difficulty in receiving the support which is their due.

We would extend our most hearty thanks to Messrs. Gile, Wells, and Jernegan, who kindly acted as judges; and we would acknowledge the interest which they have taken in our work.

The first prize story is the one entitled "The Message," awarded to W. H. Wadhams; the second, to W. T. B. Williams; the third, to W. P. Veazie. J. O. Moré received the first prize for poems, for the one entitled "The Monuck Tribe"; C. W. Burling, the second; and W. P. Veazie, the third. P. F. Gilbert took the first prize for his cut on "La Grippe"; J. I. Chamberlain, the second. We would not fail to express our thanks to the following men, who willingly responded to the needs of the Mirror outside of prize cuts: L. B. Smith, McBirney, Gilbert, J. I. Chamberlain, and Evans. D. L. Vail was given the prize for the best single grind, which occurs last in the list. We are indebted to J. W. Bumstead and L. W. Smith for a good collection of grinds, and in other ways to T. Cochran and H. S. Emerson.

Exercise, this term, has necessarily been sought in-doors, owing to the lack of snow and ice. Yet the few opportunities were well improved, and several interesting games were played between the different hockey teams. For the most part, however, one was compelled to exercise in the "Gym."; and all those who had the *will* to exercise found the *way*, despite the many current complaints about "our wretched Gym." We are glad to say that the facilities for exercise at the Gymnasium have been increased this year, and that the improvements have been appreciated by the fellows; and that very few have made any complaints about our limited accommodations, but rather have sympathized with the school in their great need, and even demand, for a better Gymnasium.

Mr. Dole, the boxing teacher, has made two visits to Andover this winter, as last; but his classes were not as successful as last year's, as seen in the tournament.

The base-ball men have been unusually faithful in their training under Mr. Pettee and Captain Stearns; and if the same spirit is kept up unceasingly till the day of the Exeter game, we have every reason to expect to have a team which will do credit to themselves and the school on that eventful day.

One of the few things which have had a tendency to break the monotony of the long winter months, has been the meetings of the Senior Club, on Saturday evening. Every fellow who availed himself of the opportunities for literary improvement which the Club offered, feels that the benefit derived has been, or at least will be, of untold advantage to him. The parliamentary practice alone was of great value. Every member also feels greatly indebted to Prof. Coy, who devoted so much of his time and energy to make the Club a success, which he has every reason to believe he fully accomplished.

In reviewing the various organizations we would not fail to make mention of one in which every man in school who can be justly called by that name, has a great interest, that is the Phillipian. Owing to the fact that during the winter term there is less going on than during any other term of the year, it is a difficult matter to sustain the paper without publishing items not directly connected with the school. Yet this fault has reason to be criticised very leniently, as the paper has been unusually free from such defects, if they can really be called such, which has been largely due to the personal efforts of Mr. Holmes. Only in two respects, and these are slight, can a criticism justly be made. We have noticed now and then, some little item which has to be corrected in the following issue. This is due to slackness on the part of the under editors. We have also been disappointed in reading but few Yale and Harvard letters, which were so frequent last year. We trust that when '90 leaves the school, she will still retain some of that creditable love for her "Alma Mater." Notwithstanding, we can safely say that the school realizes that the Phillipian is the most important of our school organizations, which has held the high respect of both Faculty and students during the term, and it is hoped that this respect may always be hers.

As very few of our athletes came back this year, it was expected that the tournament would be a failure; but, much to the contrary, the majority of the events were well contested, and the result gave much encouragement for a good representation in the spring tournament with Exeter. The tournamant was made more attractive by excluding boxing and wrestling from the tournament proper, and by adding two new events, fencing and rope climbing; the former being especially entertaining. The most important event, however, was putting the shot, by Mr. Perham, who broke the school record.

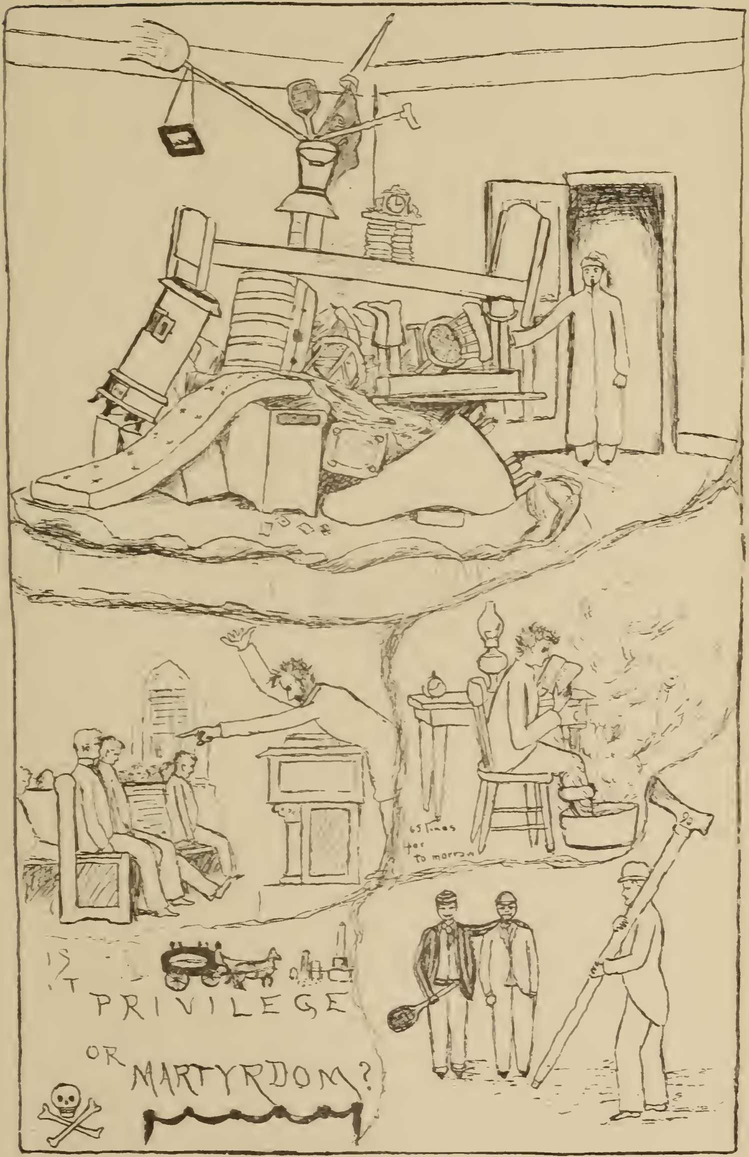
ORDER OF EVENTS.

Light Weight Sparring, Cassidy, '92.
Middle Weight Sparring, N. Burr, '91.
Bantam Weight Wrestling, Hazeltine, '93.
Heavy Weight Wrestling, Foss, '92.
Middle Weight Wrestling, Hopkins, '92.
Fencing, Thompson, '91.
Club swinging, Anderson, '92.
Rope Climbing, Foss, '92.
Running High Jump, 5 ft. 2 in., Dickson, '90.
Putting the Shot (16 lbs.), 34 ft. ½ in., Perham, '90.
Parallel Bars, Dickson, '90.
Hitch and Kick, 8 ft. 8 in., Grant, '90. Ames, '91. Postponed.
Fence Vault, 6 ft. 8½ in., Lyon, '90.
Tumbling (exhibition), Emerson, '92.
Horizontal Bar, Anderson, '91.

AWARD OF PRIZES BY JUDGES.

Mr. Pettee, Lieut. Wadhams, U. S. N. Mr. Terrill.

In closing, we would say that we deeply appreciate the honor and responsibility we have received at the hands of the Society. We have devoted heart and soul to the work, and have spared neither time nor money in trying to retain the former standard of the Mirror and make it an attractive and interesting volume. We trust our efforts are rewarded, and will receive the hearty approval of the school.


65 lines
for
to morrow
IS IT
PRIVILEGE
OR
MARTYRDOM?

Dedicated to the Phillipian.

The Phillipian, a paper of world-wide fame,
Is published by editors of very great name.
The first one is Holmes, the editor-in-chief,
He writes editorials and of clippings is thief.
Mr. Addis comes next, who once filled first seat,
And as business manager cannot be beat.
He has something to say in every new number
But what he presents us is mostly waste lumber.
J. Alick Mayers keeps his eye on School Street,
So the news from the Fem. Sem. is sure to be fleet.
"Jim" Sawyer and Stearns are both in the race,
To see which in the paper will fill the least space.
Phillipiana is Jim's favorite share,
While "Al" makes base-ball and the theatre his care.
Duley is politician for the whole board,
But his opinions are often wholly ignored.
"Robbie" adds new lustre to each brilliant member,
And without him we'd be almost as dull as November.
Snell stands for high morals and keeps us in line;
Notwithstanding all this, our ethics don't shine.
We've four infants on whom future laurels depend,
Taylor, McLanahan, Vail, and Townsend.

Athletic Records.

EVENT.	RECORD.		NAME AND CLASS.	WHEN AND WHERE MADE.
100-yards Dash		10 1-4 sec.	Germer, '88, S.	P. A. Campus, Oct. 21, 1885.
220-yards Dash		25	Foss, '91	P.E.A. Campus, June 12, 1889.
120-yards Hurdle		19 2-5	Grant, '90, S.	P.E.A. Campus, June 12, 1889.
Quarter-mile Run	1 m.	5	Selfridge, '81	P.A, Campus, Oct. 29, 1879.
Half-mile Run	2	17 3-4	Curtis, '90	P.A. Campus, May 30, 1889.
Mile Run	4	56	Curtis, '90	P.E.A. Campus, June 12, 1889.
3-Mile Run	21	1-2	Foster, '79	P.A. Campus, June 14, 1879.
Three-legged Race (100 yds.)		14 1-4	Ahlers, '91 & Hall, '90	P.A. Campus, May 30, 1889.
Sack Race (50 yds.)		12	Orvis, '82, S.	P.A. Campus, Nov. 3, 188[illegible].
Fat Man's Race (100 yds.)		14 4-5	Holland, '90, S.	P.A. Campus, May 30, 1889.
Fast Bicycle Race (1 mile)	3	18 3-4	Hallock, '90	P.E.A. Campus, June 12, 1889.
Slow Bicycle Race (100 yds.)	2	30	Hartley, '82, S.	P.A. Campus, June 16, 1880.
Throwing Hammer (16 lbs.)	77 ft	1 in.	Gates, '86	P.A. Campus, May 31, 1884.
Putting Shot (16 lbs.)	34	1-2	Perham, '90	P.A. Gymnasium, March 15, 1890
Throwing Base Ball	348	6	Aldrich, '88, S.	P.A. Campus, Oct. 21, 1885.
Throwing Lacrosse Ball	270		Bradford, '83	P.A. Campus, June 6, 1883.
Kicking Football	175		Odlin, '86	P.A. Campus, May 31, 1884.
Standing Broad Jump	11	9 1-2	Cartwright, '89	P.A. Campus, May 30, 1889.
Running Broad Jump	18	7	Germer, '88, S.	P.A. Campus, Oct. 21, 1885.
Running High Jump	5	5	Holmes, '90	P.A. Campus, May 30, 1889.
Standing High Jump	4	8 1-2	Lund, '86	P.A. Campus, June 6, 1883.
High Kick	9	2	Brainard, '89	P.A. Gymnasium, March 16, 1887.
Fence Vault	6	8 3-4	Cartwright, '89	P.A. Gymnasium, March 16, 1889.
Pole Vault	8	11	Cartwright, '89	P.E.A. Campus, June 12, 1889.

A Midnight Cat-astrophe.

It was one awful night, a bitter night,
  The wind howled, roared, and blew,
And Darkness donned her darkest wings
  As o'er the earth she flew.
The pitiless rain came down in sheets,
  And the great trees bent their tops;
While the sky above seemed to moan and sigh,
  As it shed its huge tear-drops.

On this awful night, this bitter night,
  When the elements held their sway,
Through the gloom, the rain, the dark, and the wind,
  Two tom-cats made their way.
Their gleaming eye-balls shone forth with delight,
  As they perched on the old back fence:
The signal was made by a thunder's crash,
  For their sweet music to commence.

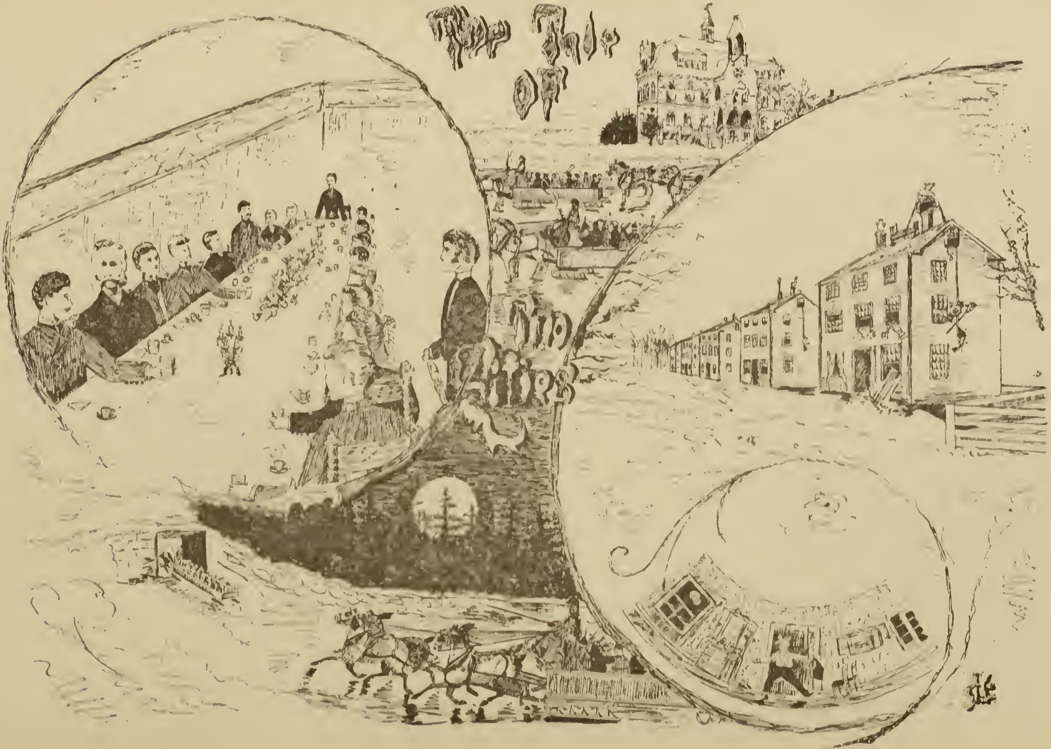
In a room in a house that stood hard by,
  In two nice, soft and cozy beds,
There lay sleeping two youths of wondrous grace,
  With no thoughts to trouble their heads.
But suddenly one awoke with a start,
  And his face was a face forlorn;
"Curse it," said he, "will those plagued tom-cats
  Keep their music a-going till morn?"

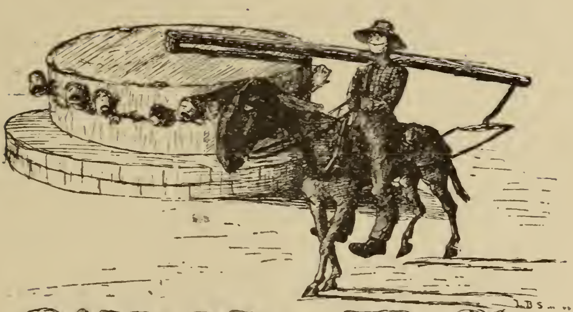
The storm increased and likewise the howls,
  As he lay thinking in his cot,
'Should he wake Fred up, or stand it alone'—
  When lo! a bright flash and a shot.
The howls then ceased as they had increased,
  And the seconds passed one by one;
When Fred was revealed by a lightning-flash,
  At the window, holding a gun.

Those tom-cats now are at peace with the world,
  They have gone where the good cats go;
And they lie buried under a willow tree,
  Through whose branches soft zephyrs blow.
Their death is recorded in tom-cat lore,
  And how sadly they met their fate;
And under is added by way of praise,
  'They died game at any rate.'

Nemo Nullus of Autopia.

* * *


The Tale of
Two Cities



GRINDS.

"We never get discouraged till the sound of the grinding is low."

Mirror Editors.

"Oh where, oh where has my little Craig gone?
Oh where, oh where can he be?
He 's locked in his room
With a big stiff broom,
And out of the window comes he."

As sung by Lamprey, '90.

In what respect is the Philo Mirror superior to other Mirrors? Besides reflecting itself, it makes others reflect.

"Though the grinder's mill grinds slowly,
It grinds exceeding small;
Though with patience it stands waiting,
It grinds alike for all."

"Help me, Cassius, or I sink." *Farnam in Exam.*

"That still small voice!" *C. J. Stone.*

There was a young fellow named Noyes,
Who decidedly lacked equipoise;
For when he recited
The class he delighted
With his smile and deep-sounding voice.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made on; and our little life is rounded out with sleep." *Hall*, '90.

"My cheek was bare of adolescent down.
When first I sought the academic town."
Sawyer, '90.

Prof. — "Give an example of a variable quantity."
Middler. — "Our recitation hour."

What is the difference between the Campus and a Commons' Boarding-house waiter? One is a daisy level, and the other is a lazy d——.

Principal Officers of Philo.

Ballot-box passer,	"*Infant*" *Clarke.*
General substitute,	*Wilkinson.*
Recruiting agent and general roper-in,	*Duley.*
Motion-seconder,	*Ziepprecht.*
Authority on parliamentary law,	*Miss Williams*, '90.

McDuffee had a little horse
And it was black as ink:
And every time he tried to rush,
Back to his seat he'd sink.

Had the following events taken place in the Winter Tournament, the winners would undoubtedly have been those mentioned below:

Ten-hour talk (no stops).	*Snell*, '91.
Blowing match,	*Foss, Jr.*
Kicker,	*Henning*, '90.
Standing broad grin,	*Bartlett*, '91.
Running long hair,	*Odom*, '92.
Breath contest,	*Warren*, '92.
Putting 5-inch words,	*R. L. Conant.*

The girls are all in love with me,
And often try to catch me;
But I'm so very proud, you know,
It's very hard to match me. *Pierce.*

We have not lost, nor do we ever expect to lose the freshness of our youth. *The Ames Brothers.*

"There were sounds of revelry by night." *Blunt House.*

"Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still."
Hollister.

Next thing to a crank. *Condit*, '91 *when he gets beside himself.*

"Large bodies move slowly." *Odom*, '92.

Little lines of Virgil,
Little flunks in Greek,
Have made his manner humble,
And his spirit meek. *The Middler.*

"Thou art a female, Arnold Grove! I know it by the trill, that quivers through thy piercing notes.

NOTICE.

All persons desirous of sending their sons to Phillips Academy should apply to

J. ALICK MAYERS,

SCHOOL PRESIDENT.

Cecil F. P. Bancroft, Ph.D., Prin.

"You Cassius has a lean and hungry look; does he think too much?" *McLaren*, '92.

Who just let forth that piercing yell.
Who threw that stone into my room?
Who is it makes us think that —
Has just received a sudden boom?
That's Sam Russell.

The Bony-part of Phillips. *Hayward*, '90.

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing." *Coffin*, '92.

"I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home." *Bumstead*, '91.

"The missing link." *R. L. Conant.*

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen." *Dandy-Lyon.*

I come from Cambridge City
And I sing a "Ha'ved" ditty,
I'd like, by gash.
The "Fems" to mash,
But they look on me with pity.
Fiske, '91.

"He trudged along unknowing what he sought, and whistled as he went, for want of thought." *Walcott*, '91.

The evergreen of '92. *Andrews.*

"How many men each day you'll see.
Of such there is no dearth,
Whose only mission seems to be
To take up room on earth." *Belding*, '91.

Men that can't sing and will sing should be sent to Sing Sing.
Chapel Choir.

"If, or, and therefore,
Why, how, and wherefore." *Perham*, '90.

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to taste."
The cry of Commons' men at the presentation of a square meal.

"Enough and *too* spare." "*Fat*" *Patterson and Lane.*

"Mightier than the pen." *Mr. Marland's Pigs.*

An apron and a big knife,
And a huge piece of steak;
Then, you just bet your life,
A butcher I would make.
J. N. Anderson.

"The Fems." smile, and so do I. "*Sunshine*" *Brown.*

O give me A's my teacher kind,
Thou guide of youthful soul and mind:
And plus A's too, I do implore,
For without A's my heart grows sore.
Shackford, '90.

Likes to be well armed. *A Fem. Sem.*

Has the reputation of lying, in bed and elsewhere.
Ketchum, '92.

Apt to blow up the magazine. *Mirror Eds.*

The following is taken from the Phillipian of June 24, 1889: "It has been decided that the Phillipian next year shall be changed in *form* to correspond with the Yale News." It neglected to mention *reading matter* also.

"I scorn to flit on the wing of borrowed wit." *The Grinder.*

How pleasant is Saturday night,
When we've tried all the week to be good.
Senior Club.

"The Smith, a mighty man was he." "*Slugger*" *Smith.* '92.

I have been here now three years.
And experience much I have;
But I am, indeed, so very green
That they call me little "Gav."
Campbell, '90.

"Let all those who are absent, please raise their hands."
Mr. Jernegan.

"Tho' lost to sight, to memory dear
Thou ever wilt remain." *Horton*, *ex*-'93 etc.

"Thou place of dreary noises." *English Commons.*

Whene'er you stick on recitations' burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those awful "ers."
A. Stone.

I have been to Greece and Athens.
And the whole wide world around;
I've seen many wondrous, curious things,
And in knowledge I abound. *Dickson*, '90.

His chilly rushes made the whole class shiver. *January*, '91.

"Grace is in all her steps, heaven in her eyes; in every gesture dignity and love." *The Fem. Sem.*

"With measured tread and slow." *Patterson*, '91.

"Step after step, the ladder is ascended,
Cheer up, O Middler, thy course will soon be ended."

"A freak of nature." *Fouse*, '92.

"Short, but sweet." *Cooley*, '92.

"I must to the barber's; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face." *Mills*, '91.

If dirt were trumps, what hands we'd have!
Hinkey and Tucker.

Prof. G—: "How many ends has a straight line, Henning?"
Henning: "Two."
Prof. G—: "Correct."

"Thou famous man,
Greatest sailor since the world began."
Ahlers, '91.

"Rus in urbe." *Abbott*, '91.

Rest, rest perturbed spirit, rest! *Gilman*, '90.

Persons of sedentary habits. *The Faculty.*

Great fame is troublesome. *Gilbert*, '90.

"The Prep. is proud because he knows so much,
The Senior humble, (?) 'cause he knows no more."

"Both were young, but one was beautiful."
The Wadhams Brothers.

"Ille caper meus est," "That 's my kid." *Babbitt*, '91.

"Not to know me, argues yourself unknown." *Cosby*, '90.

"Comb down his hair. Look! look! it stands upright."
Bryant, '91.

"Logic is logic: that's all I'll say." *Grant*, '90.

"Not fortune's worshipper nor fashion's fool."
Woodruff, '92.

"Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live at ease."
Wadhams, '92.

"Milk for babies." *Comstock's Latin Book.*

"Big name, big frame,
Big voice, and beetling brow." *Zieppredht.*

"A noble brow, dashing eyes, and firm-set mouth. There he sits in silent grandeur." *Dodge*, '90.

"When I found my room stacked, I felt like striking some one three consecutive blows in rapid order." *Craig*, '90.

On either side he would dispute, confute, change hands, and still confute. *Wilkinson*, '91.

"Have ye e'er heard of gallant like —"
Sam. Swan Yardley.

He calls for "peace, peace," but there is no peace.
Addis, '90.

Needed — An amanuensis.
Brown, Historian of the class of '90.

A shriek was heard in our orchestra as Candee drew across the intestines of the agile cat the tail of the noble horse.

"A fig for care, a fig for woe;
If I can't pay, why, I can owe."

Cassidy, '92.

"Infinite riches in a little room." *Nettleton*, '92.

"When this one and St. Peter at the gate of heaven meet,
The crank will slap him on the back, with 'Ah there, Pete.'"

McLanahan. '92.

A Metamorphosis.

A noble class, one splendid night,
Do hear, O Seniors, do hear!
Went far away, their heads upright.
Do hear, O Seniors, do hear!

The moon rose high, the sun sunk low.
Go on, O Seniors, go on!
And all the boys are walking slow.
Go on, O Seniors, go on!

The Middlers went through all the rooms,
Stay gone, O Seniors, stay gone!
And swept the floors with handsome brooms
Stay gone, O Seniors, stay gone!

But when the night its face had turned,
Come back, O Seniors, come back!
The matchless class with songs returned.
Come back, O Seniors, come back!

"Oh dear! oh dear! what can this be?"
Don't swear, O Seniors, don't swear!
"My bed, my all, has gone to sea."
Don't swear, O Seniors, don't swear!

The Seniors ran to Middlers' beds,
Beware, O Middlers, beware!
And nicely merged their guilty heads.
Beware, O Middlers, beware!

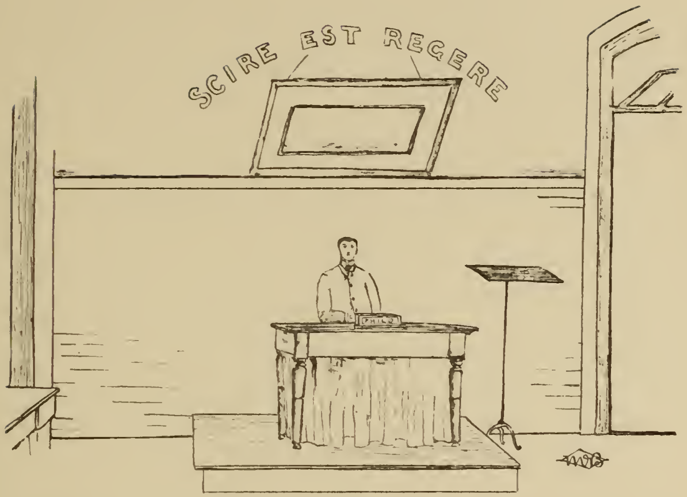
The Middlers dreamed of ocean shocks ;
Dream on, O Middlers, dream on !
Their boats were dashed against the rocks.
Dream on, O Middlers, dream on !

Then came the morn in fervid glow,
Awake, O Middlers, awake !
And all the Middlers' heads hung low.
Awake, O Middlers, awake !

Alas ! to judgment seat they came,
Don't cry, O Middlers, don't cry !
And each must answer for his name.
Don't cry, O Middlers, Don't cry !

They one by one to "Banty" swore
Cheer up, O Middlers, cheer up !
The Seniors' rooms to stack no more.
Cheer up, O Middlers, cheer up !

The Phillips Pot-Pourri.



PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

PRESIDENT.

C. J. CURTIS, '90,	West Winsted, Ct.

VICE PRESIDENT.

W. B. CANDEE, '90 S.	Syracuse, N. Y.

SECRETARY.

C. G. SMITH, '90,	Williamstown.

TREASURER.

R. WILKINSON, '91,	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

MIRROR EDITORS.

C. A. ROBINSON, '90,	West Hebron, N. Y.
H. P. MOSELEY, '90,	New Haven, Ct.
G. R. NOYES, '90,	North Andover.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

W. S. BEARD, '90,	South Killingly, Ct.
J. O. MORÉ, '92,	Monmouth, Me.
W. A. DULEY, '92 S.,	Andover.
G. S. McLAREN, '92,	Thompsonville, Ct.

HONORARY MEMBER.

Stearns, A. E., '90,	Amherst.

MEMBERS.

'90.

Addis, A. E	Leeds.
Campbell, G. A.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Chamberlain, J. I.	New York, N. Y.
Chamberlain, J. P.	Seneca Falls, N.Y.
Cheney, H. S.	Southbridge.
Cochran, T., 3d	St. Paul, Minn.
Cross, H. S.	Manasquan, N, J.
Cummings, A. G.	Andover.
Dodge, F. P.	New York, N. Y.
Eaton, T.	Wakefield.
Harrington, A. T.	Lyons, N. Y.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winstead, Ct.
Johnson, A.	Belfast, Me.
Lamprey H. A.	Laconia, N. H.
Lane, J. E.	North Hadley.
Smith, L. B.	New York, N. Y.
Taylor, J. H.	Charleston, S. C.
Thompson, W. de F.	New York, N. Y.
Williams, W. F.	Auburndale.

S.

Grant, L. C.	Charleston, S. C.
Lyon, W. R.	Blairsville, Pa.
Perham, W.	Chelmsford.
Tarbox, J. W.	Nashville, Tenn.

'91.

Atha, G. R.	Lowell.
Babbitt, W. H.	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
Brown, A. M.	Davenport, Ia.
Condit, H. H.	Troy Hills, N. Y.
Fiske, J. L.	No. Cambridge.
Hinkey, F. A.	Tonawanda, N. Y.

McBirney, G. D.	Chicago, Ill.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.
Powell, J. A.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Skinner, A. E.	Ottawa, Kan.
Smith, L.	Auburn, N. Y.
Stillman, L. S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
S Tyler, J. W.	Tylerville, Ct.
Veazie, W. P. W.	Bangor, Me.
White, S. P.	Wakefield.
Yardley, S. S.	East Orange, N. J.

S.

Abbott, C. G.	Wilton, N. H.
Ames, A. 3d	Wakefield.
Fouse, G. C.	Washington, D. C.
Hopkins, E. C.	Danielsonville, Ct.
McCord, R. A.	New York, N. Y.
McCormick, V. C.	Harrisburgh, Pa.
Noyes, H. B. Jr.	Mystic Bridge, Ct.
Townsend, F. deP.	Melrose.

'92.

Ames, E. W.	Wakefield.
Andrews, A. L.	Meriden, Ct.
Bale, A. B.	Melrose.
Brayton, W. L. S.	Fall River.
Bumstead, A.	Atlanta, Ga.
Canfield, H.	Andover.
Conant, R. L.	Newark, N. J.
Darling, D. H.	Somerville.
Hooker, F. T.	Ontario Centre, N. Y.
Lewis, J. A.	Hampton, Va.
McLanahan, G.	New York, N. Y.
Morris, C. S.	Louisville, Ky.
Morrison, P. B.	New York, N. Y.
Neale, J. B.	Kittanning, Pa.
Nettleton, G. H.	Boston.
Pardee, A. D.	Germantown, Pa.
Plummer, G. H.	Akron, O.

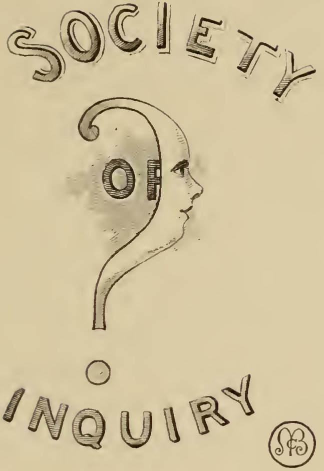
Perkins, C. A.	Boxboro'.
Robinson, A. T.	Brooklyn, Ct.
Smith, L. W.	Parsippany, N. J.
Strong, H. G.	West Winstead, Ct.
Wadhams, W. M. H.	Annapolis, Md.
Warren, P.	West Somerville.
Wells, H. O.	Kenilworth, Pa.
Weyerhaeuser, F. E.	Rock Island, Ill.

S.

Bill, F. A.	Cambridgeport.
Brown, H. G.	Plainfield, Ct.
Camden, R.	Parkersburgh, Va.
Eaton, E. S.	Portland, Me.
Grove, G. A.	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Moore, L. R.	Kansas City, Mo,
Phipps, J. S.	Alleghany, Pa.
Tilley, F. C.	New York, N. Y.
Winters, H. B.	Oswego, N. Y.

'93.

Boardman, F.	Nutley, N. J.
Clark, E. L.	New Haven, Ct.
Foss, W. O.	Lowell.
Masury, F. L. M.	Salem.
Pinchback, W. A.	New Orleans, La.
Rogers, W. H.	Washington, D. C.
Williams, T. B.	Millwood, Va.
Ziepprecht, L. S.,	Dubuque, Ia.



PRESIDENT.

G. A. CAMPBELL,	Milwaukie, Wis.

VICE PRESIDENT.

T. COCHRAN, 3d,	St. Paul, Minn.

SECRETARY.

R. WILKINSON,	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

TREASURER.

A. E. SKINNER.	Ottawa, Kan.

MEMBERS.

Abbot, C. G.	Wilton, N. H.
Addis, A. E.	Leeds.
Ahlers, L. A. E.	New Bedford.
Allen, P. R.	Walpole.
Atha, G. R.	Lowell.

Babbitt, W. H.	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
Bard H. D.,	Orford, N. H.
Beard, E. C.	So. Killingly, Ct.
Beard, W. S.	So. Killingly, Ct.
Bliss, A. H.	New York, N. Y.
Bliss, L. T.	New York, N. Y.
Boylston, G. P.	No. Duxbury.
Brayton, W. L. S.	Fall River.
Brown, A. B.	Dover, N. H.
Brown, H. G.	Plainfield, Ct.
Brown. H. W.	Dover, N. H.
Bryant, H, A.	Andover.
Bumstead, A.	Atlanta, Ga.
Burt, G. F.	Boston.
Chamberlain, J. I.	New York, N. Y.
Chamberlain, J. P.	Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Cheney. H. S.	Southbridge.
Clark, C.	Louisville, Ky.
Clark, E. L.	New Haven, Ct.
Clary, J. W.	Mattapan, N. J.
Coffin, E. H.	Newport, N. H.
Conant, R. L.	Newark, N. J.
Condit, H. H.	Troy Hills, N. J.
Cummings, A. G.	Andover.
Curtis, C. J.	West Winsted, Ct.
Darling, S. B.	Somerville.
Day, E.	New Haven, Ct.
Dodge, F. P.	New York, N. Y.
Duley, W. A.	Wakefield.
Eastman. G. E.	Andover.
Eaton, T.	Wakefield.
Emerson, H. S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Grant, L. C.	Charleston, S. C.
Griffin, N. E.	Baltimore, Md.
Hall, D.	Dover, N. H.
Harrington, A. T.	Lyons, N. Y.

Haskell, H. B.	West Falmouth, Me.
Hill, G. L.	Portland, Me.
Holden, G. R.	Portland, Me.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Hooker, F. T.	Ontario Centre, N. Y.
Hooker, H. M.	Rochester, N. Y.
Hopkins, W. B.	Fruitland, N. Y.
Johnson, A.	Belfast, Me.
Kimberly, J. C.	Neenah, Wis.
King, G. K.	Calais, Me.
Lake, J. E.	Hamstead, N. H.
Lamprey, H. A.	Laconia, N. H.
Lane, G. E.	North Hadley.
Leavitt, J. L.	Waterloo, Ia.
Lewis, J. A.	Hampton, Va.
McCord, R. A.	New York, N. Y.
McCormick, V. C.	Harrisburg, Pa.
McDuffee, F. E.	Bradford, Vt.
McLanahan, G. X.	New York, N.Y.
McLaren, G. S.	Thompsonville, Ct.
Masury, F. L. M.	Salem.
Mayers, J. A.	Barbadoes, W. I.
Miller, W. S. A.	Carrington, No. Dak.
Moré. J. O.	Monmouth, Me.
Moseley, H. P.	New Haven, Ct.
Nettleton, G. H.	Boston.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.
Osborne, W. H.	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Osgood, A. T.	Rochester, N. Y.
Osgood, C. G., Jr.	Wellsboro', Pa.
Phipps, J. S.	Alleghany, Pa.
Pomeroy, E. S.	Troy, Pa.
Potter, J. T,	North Adams.
Powell, J. A.	Brooklyn, N. Y.

Robinson, A. T.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Robinson, C. A.	West Hebron, N. Y.
Rogers, W. H.	Washington, D. C.
Russell, S. M.	Bedford, Pa.
Ryder, R. O.	Andover.
Sawyer, J. C.	Dover, N. H.
Smith, C. G.	Williamstown.
Smith, J. H.	Brewster, N. Y.
Smith, L.	Auburn, N. Y.
Smith, L. W.	Parsippay, N. J.
Snell, H. L. W.	Saticoy, Cal.
Stearns, A. E.	Amherst.
Stillman, L. S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Tarbox, J. W.	Nashville, Tenn.
Taylor, J. H.	Charleston, S. C.
Taylor, J., Jr.	Southbridge.
Thayer, A. N.	Holbrook.
Thayer, H. W.	Holbrook.
Torrey, J. P.	Harvard.
Tyler, S. W.	Tylerville, Ct.
Vail, D. L.	West Winsted, Ct.
Wadhams, W. M. H.	Annapolis, Md.
Walcott, W. S.	New York Mills, N.Y.
Warren, P.	West Somerville.
Wells, H. O.	Kenilworth, Pa.
Weyerhaeuser, F. E.	Rock Island, Ill.
White, S. P.	Wakefield.
Williams, T. B.	Millwood, Va.
Williams, W. F.	Andover.
Winters, H. B.	Oswego, N. Y.
Yardley, S. S.	East Orange, N. J.
Ziepprecht, L.	Dubuque, Ia.

.Y.M.C.A.

PRESIDENT.

L. C. GRANT, Charleston, S. C.

VICE PRESIDENT.

G. A. CAMPBELL, Milwaukee, Wis.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

C. A. ROBINSON, West Hebron, N. Y.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

S. P. WHITE, Wakefield.

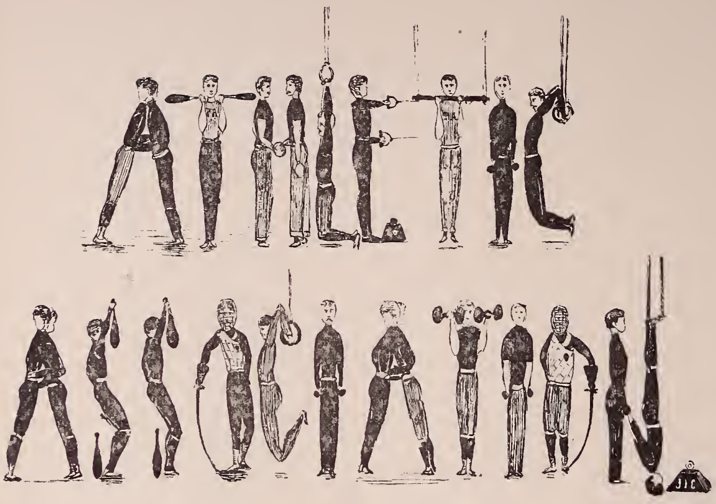
TREASURER.

H. H. CONDIT, Troy Hills, N. J.

MEMBERS.

Addis, A. E.	Leeds.
Bale, A. B.	Melrose.
Bartlett, G. G.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Beard, W. S.	So. Killingly, Ct.
Bliss, A. H.	New York, N. Y.
Boardman, F.	Nutley, N. J.
Brown, A. B.	Dover, N. H.
Bryant, H. A.	Andover.
Burt, G. F.	Jamaica Plain.
Campbell, G. A.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Chamberlain, J. I.	New York, N. Y.
Clary, J .W.	Mattapan.
Condit, H. H.	Troy Hills, N. Y.
Craig, W. T.	Falmouth.
Cummings, A. G.	Andover.
Darling, S. B.	Somerville.
Day, E,	Marblehead.
Dodge, F. P.	New York, N. Y.
Duley, W. A.	Andover.
Eaton, T.	Wakefield.
Emerson, R. W.	Orland, Me.
Fouse, G. C.	Washington, D. C.
Grant, L. C.	Charleston, S. C.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Lake, G. E.	Hampstead, N. H.
Lane, J. E.	No. Hadley.
Lewis, J. A.	Hampton, Va.
McDuffee, F. E.	Bradford, Vt.
McLaren, G. S.	Thompsonville, Ct.
Moody, L., Jr.	Ottumwa, Ia.
Nettleton, G. H.	Boston.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.

Patterson, D. L. S.	Troy, N. Y.
Perkins, C. A.	Boxboro'.
Robinson, A. T.	Brooklyn, Ct.
Robinson, C. A.	West Hebron, N. Y.
Skelton, E. W.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Skinner, A. E.	Ottawa, Kan.
Smith, C. G.	Williamstown.
Snell, H. L. W.	Saticoy, Cal.
Taylor, J., Jr.	Southbridge.
Taylor, J. H.	Charleston, S. C.
Torrey, J. P.	Harvard.
Tyler, S. W.	Tylerville, Ct.
Wells, H. O.	Kenilworth, Pa.
White, S. P.	Wakefield.
Williams, W. F.	Auburndale.
Williams, W. T. B.	Millwood, Va.
Winters, H. B.	Oswego, N. Y.


ATHLETIC
ASSOCIATION.
J I C

PRESIDENT.

H. D. BARD.

VICE PRESIDENT.

A. JOHNSON.

SECRETARY.

H. P. MOSELEY.

TREASURER.

C. J. CURTIS.

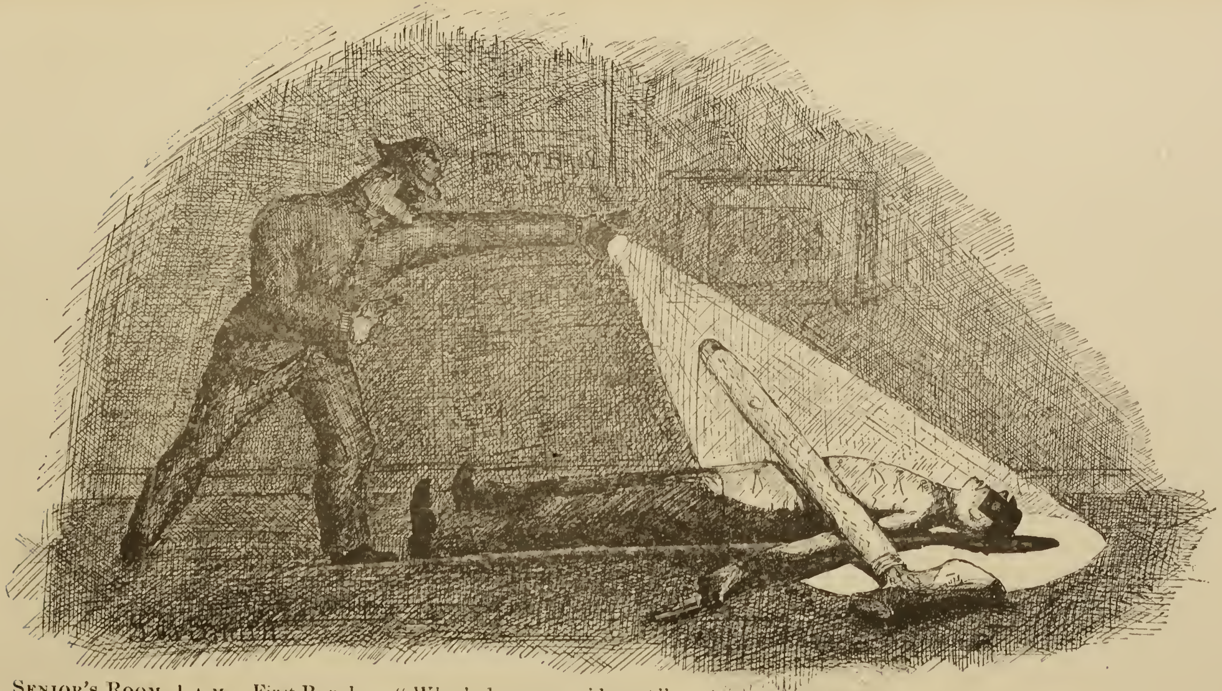
DIRECTORS.

W. A. DULEY,
F. deP. TOWNSEND,
W. H. BABBITT.
W. R. LYON,
F. E. WEYERHAEUSER,
A. H. DICKSON.

MEMBERS.

Adams, D. C.
Ahlers, L. A. E.
Albree, R.
Ames, A. 3d.
Anderson, H.
Anderson, C.
Belding, J. E.
Bill, F. A.
Bliss, L. T.
Bryant, H. A.
Burr, N. B.
Campbell, G. A.
Cassidy, D. D.
Chamberlain, J. I.
Chamberlain, J. P.
Clark, E. L.
Clark, J. H. C.
✓ Cochran, T., 3d.
Coglan, G.
Colt, S. G.
Cooley, W. B.
Coxe, E. V.
Darling, D. H.
Dodge, F. P.
Dodge, R. G.
Duncan, W. H.
Eaton, E. S.
Emerson, R. W.
Evans, J.
Feeter, G. I.
Field, C. C.
Foss, C. A.
Foss, W. O.
Gilman, Z. P.
Grant, L. C.
Hall, D.
Harrington, A. T.
Hazeltine, L. P.
Fisher, G. H.
Henderson, C. B.
Hinkey, F. A.
Hinkey, L.
Hixon, E. F.
Holmes, R. W.
Hopkins, W. B.
Howe, W. C.
Ives, F.
Johnstone, H. S.
Kimberly, J. C.
King, G. K.
Knapp, J. H.
Kuki, M.
McCord, R. A.
McCormick, V. C.
McDuffee, F. E.
McLanahan, G. X.
Masury, F. L. M.
Mills, M.
McBirney, G. D.
Morris, I.
Morse, H. E.
Neale, J. B.
Nicola, O. P.
Ogilvie, J.
Page, H. F.
Pardee, A. D.
Perham, W.
Perkins, C. A.
Pinchback, W. A.
Potter, J. T.
Powell, J. A.
Richardson, H. S.
Sandford, H. G.
Savidge, G. P.

Sawyer, J. C.
Seymour, O. S.
Smith, L. B.
Smith, L. W.
Stillman, L. S.
Strong, H. S.
Tarbox, J. W.
Taylor, J. H.
Thomson, W. deF.
Vaill, D. L.
Veazie, W. P. W.
Wadhams, Wm. M. H.
Walcott, W. S.
Wells, B. G.
Weston, C. W.
White, F. B.
Wilcox, H.
Willets, S. T.
Williams, C. L.
Wood, A. D.
Woodruff, C. H.
Yardley, S. S.
Ziepprecht, L.



Senior's Room, 1 a.m. First Burglar: "What's de matter wid yer ?" Second Burglar: "Fust thing I knowed, I stumbled agin' somethin' and a great beam-like struck me. Has the ceilin' fell ?"

CLASS OFFICERS.

P. A., '90.

Colors: Old Gold and Garnet.

"Finis coronat opus."

President,	J. P. Chamberlain.
Vice President,	H. P. Moseley.
Secretary,	A. Johnson.
Treasurer,	A. B. Brown.

P. S., '90.

Colors: Old Gold and Aquamarine.

"Taugt viel kostet viel."

President,	J. A. Mayers.
Vice President.	W. B. Candee.
Secretary and Treasurer,	F. K. Hollister.

P. A., '91.

Colors: Garnet and Light Green.

Εἰδῶμεν Εὖ Διάγειν.

President,	A. M. Brown.
Vice President,	W. H. Duncan.
Secretary and Treasurer,	J. Taylor, Jr.

P. S., '91.

Colors: Old Gold and Lavender.

President,	N. B. Burr.
Vice President,	Azel Ames, 3d.
Secretary and Treasurer.	F. Rustin.

P. A., '92.

"Virtute valemus."

President,	G. S. McLaren.
Vice President,	E. W. Ames.
Secretary and Treasurer,	D. L. Vaill.

P. S., '92.

Colors: Light Blue and Moss Green.

President,	W. B. Cooley.
Vice President,	D. H. Darling.
Secretary and Treasurer,	J. N. Anderson, Jr.

P. A., '93.

President,	T. B. Williams.
Vice-President,	S. Dalzell.
Secretary,	J. C. Wells.
Treasurer,	A. H. Bliss.

P. S., '93.

President,	W. A. Pinchback.
Vice President,	G. Coglan.
Secretary and Treasurer,	M. F. Cowdery.

THE GLEE CLUB

PRESIDENT.

A. E. Addis. '90.

MANAGER.

R. W. Holmes, '90.

FIRST TENOR.

F. K. Hollister, '90, S.
J. N. Anderson. '92, S.
J. L. Fiske. '91.

SECOND TENOR.

V. C. McCormick, '91, S.
A. M. Brown, '91,
A. E. Addis. '90.

FIRST BASS.

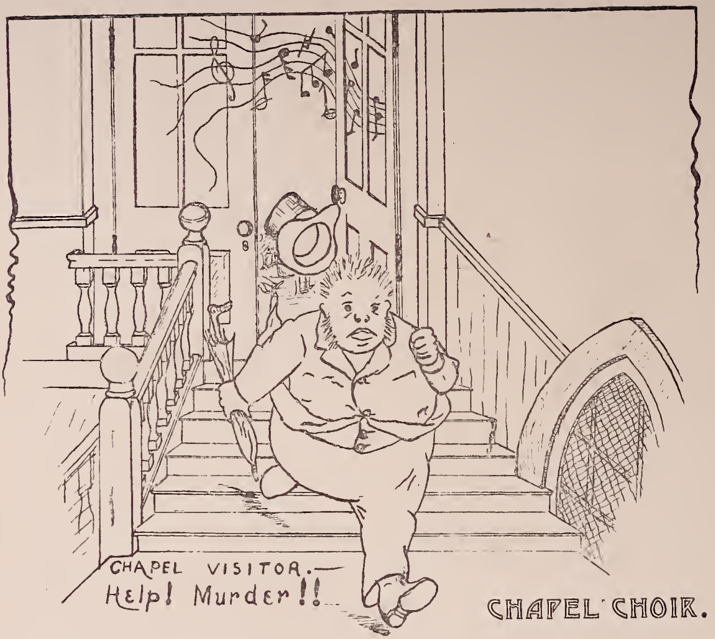
R. W. Holmes, '90,
H. S. Cheney. '90,
E. H. Coffin, '92, S.

SECOND BASS.

L. Smith, '91.
A. T. Harrington, '90.
D. H. Darling, '92. S.

CONCERTS GIVEN.

Jan. 22, Tewksbury.
Jan. 29, Lawrence.
Jan. 31. South Church, Andover.
Feb. 14, A.O.U.W. Hall, Andover.
Feb. 24, Mt. Vernon Ch., Boston.
Feb. 25, Reading.
March 4, Andover.


CHAPEL VISITOR.—
Help! Murder!!
CHAPEL CHOIR.

ORGANIST.

A. T. Harrington.

AIR.

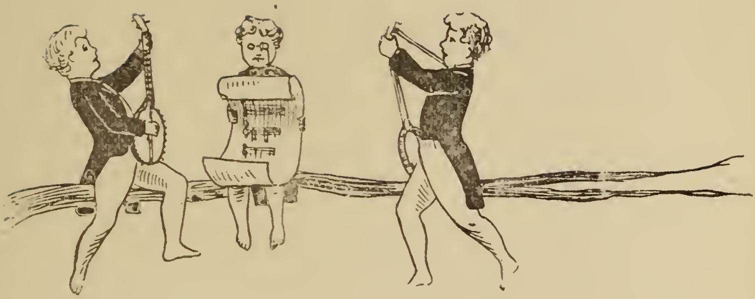
A. E. Addis,
G. R. Atha,
H. D. Bard,
W. S. Beard,
V. C. McCormick,
J. O. Moré.

TENOR.

J. N. Anderson, Jr.
J. L. Fiske,
F. K. Hollister,
J. A. Lewis,
S. P. White.

BASS.

G. A. Campbell,
H. S. Cheney,
E. H. Coffin,
D. H. Darling,
F. P. Dodge,
R. W. Holmes,
F. T. Hooker,
A. Johnson,
F. E. McDuffee,
W. Perham,
L. Smith,
C. L. Williams.



BANJO CLUB

LEADER.

F. K. Hollister, '90. S.

1st BANJOS.

F. K. Hollister, 90, S.
J. Evans, '91, S.
J. L. Fiske, '91.

2nd BANJO.

W. B. Candee, '90, S.

GUITARS.

L. Smith, '91.
A. T. Harrington, '90.

MANDOLIN.

G. B. Case. '90.

Morrill House Banjo Club.

BANJOS.

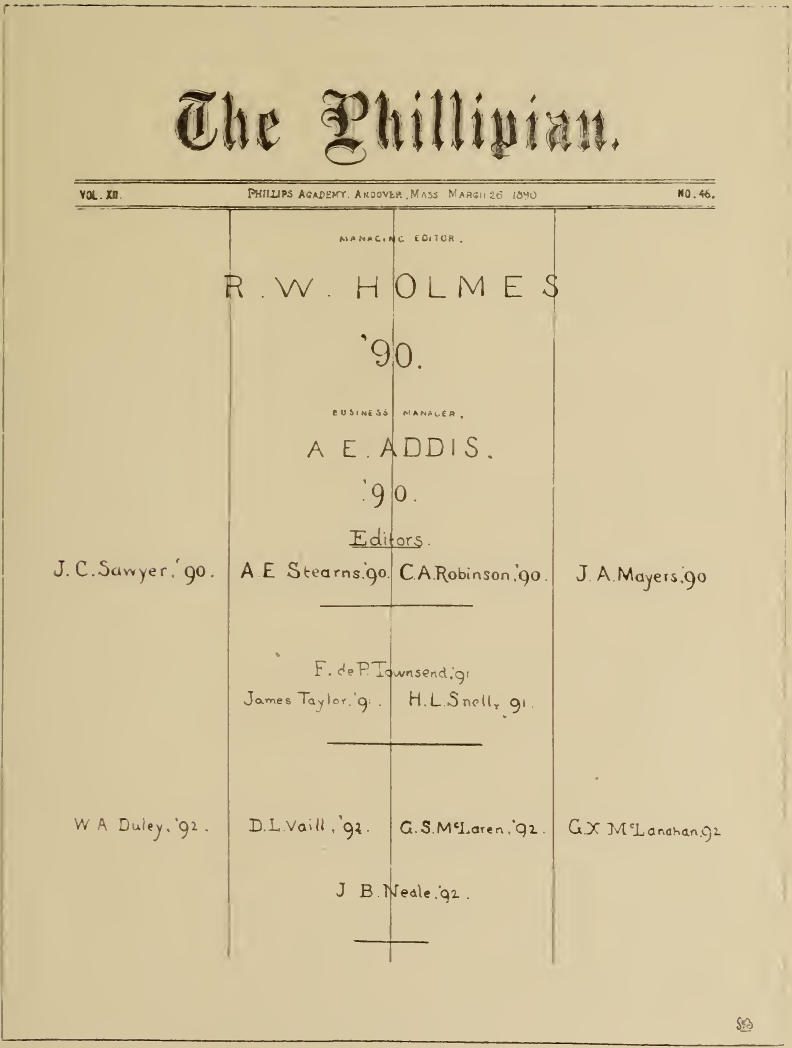
Marsh,	Shepard.

GUITARS.

E. S. Eaton,	Gordon.

Senior Class-Day Appointments.

Orator,	Herbert D. Bard,	Walpole, N. H.
Poet,	Harold S. Emerson,	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Prophet,	Lathrop C. Grant,	Charleston, S. C.
Historian,	Alphonso B. Brown,	Dover, N. H.



The Phillipian.

VOL. XII. PHILLIPS ACADEMY. ANDOVER, MASS MARCH 26 1890 NO. 46.

MANAGING EDITOR.

R. W. HOLMES

'90.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

A E. ADDIS.

'90.

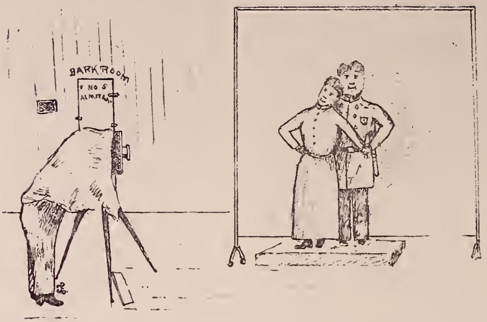
Editors.

J. C. Sawyer, '90. A E Stearns, '90. C. A. Robinson, '90. J. A. Mayers, '90

F. de P. Townsend, '91
James Taylor, '91. H. L. Snell, 91.

W A Duley, '92. D. L. Vaill, '92. G. S. McLaren, '92. G. X McLanahan, 92

J B. Neale, '92.



P. A. CAMERA CLUB.

PRESIDENT.

H. P. Moseley

SECRETARY.

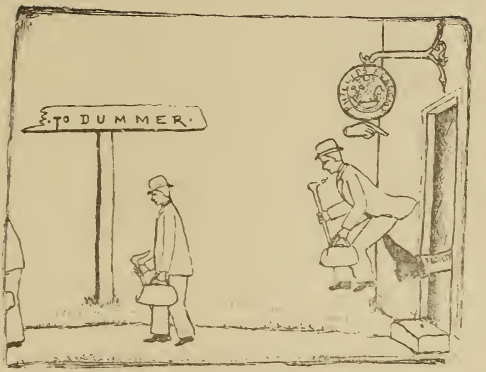
G. R. King.

TREASURER.

F. T. Hooker.

MEMBERS.

A. Ames, 3d.
E. W. Ames,
J. E. Belding,
J. I. Chamberlain,
F. W. Drury, Jr.,
R. W. Emerson,
H. B. Foster,
E. W. Gordon.
A. Johnson,
G. D. McBirney,
J. A. Mayers,
A. D. Pardee,
D. L. S. Patterson,
O. S. Seymour,
L. B. Smith,
H. S. Strong,
J. W. Tarbox,
D. L. Vaill,
B. G. Wells,
H. Willcox,
C. L. Williams,
S. S. Yardley.



PHILLIPS FIRE DEPARTMENT.

FOREMAN.

A. E. Stearns.

ASSISTANT FOREMAN.

A. M. Brown.

LEADING HOSEMEN.

A. E. Addis,
N. Burr,
J Ogilvie,
J. A. Powell,
F. deP. Townsend.

SUCTION HOSEMEN.

F. K. Hollister.
A. Johnson,
J. H. Knapp,
J. C. Sawyer.

HOCKEY TEAMS.

Salem Street Team.

GOAL.

Woodruff.

RUSHERS.

Lineaweaver, Rustin, (Captain)

COVER.	HALF-BACK.
Fiske,	Eastman.

English Commons Team.

GOAL.

H. S. Emerson.

RUSHERS.

Eaton, Neale.

COVER.	HALF-BACK.
F. A. Hinkey (Captain),	Phinney.

Latin Commons Team.

GOAL.

A. N. Thayer, (Captain)

RUSHERS.

Millard, H. W. Thayer.

COVER. HALF-BACK.

Hall, E. T. Hooker.

Team of '93.

GOAL.

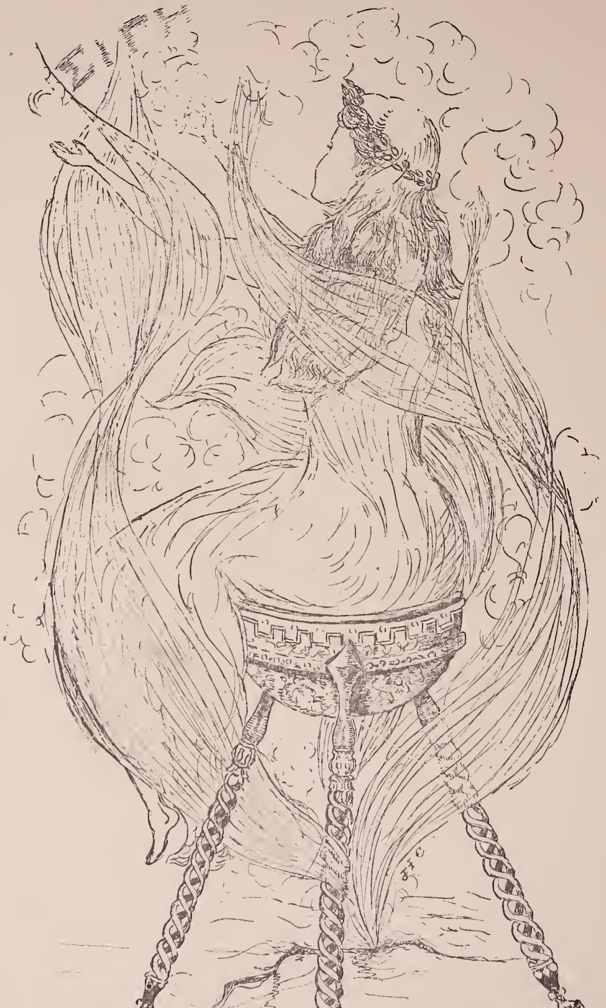
Page.

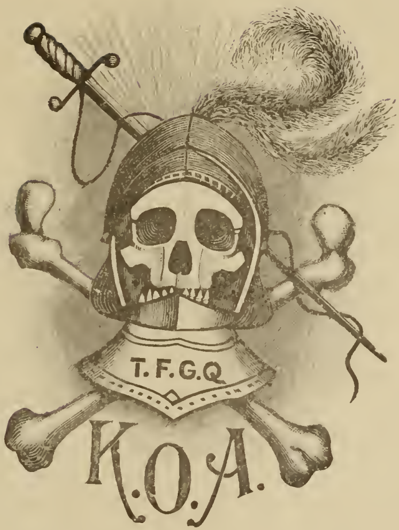
RUSHERS.

Millard, (Captain), Reed,

COVER. HALF-BACK.

Eastman, Fisher.

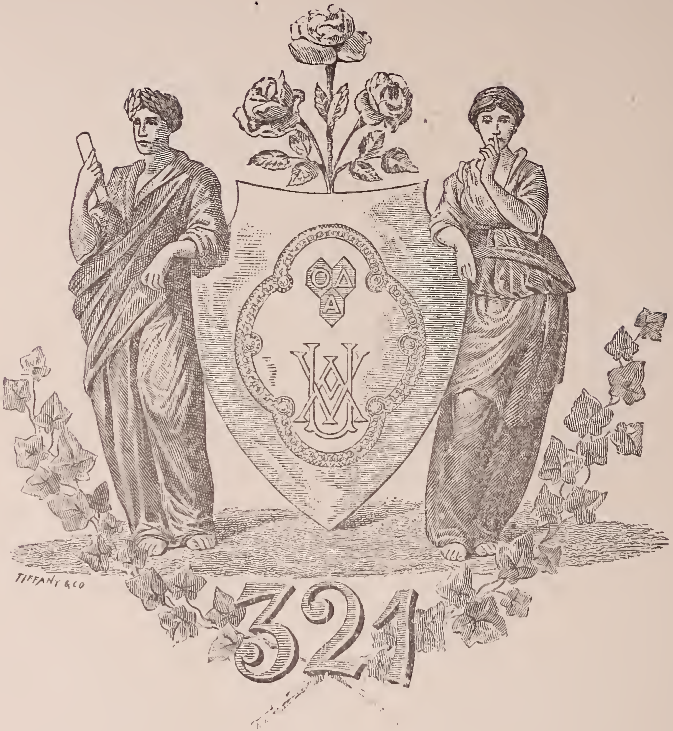




Joseph N. Anderson,
Nelson B. Burr,
Calvin Burr,
Lawrence T. Bliss,
William B. Cooley,
Edward V. Cox,
Clinton J. Curtis,

Samuel Dalzell,
Ralph W. Holmes,
Thomas O'C. Jones,
James C. Kimberly,
James C. Sawyer,
Letchworth Smith,
Alfred E. Stearns,

Benjamin G. Wells.


ΘΔ
Α
TIFFANY & CO
321

S. G. Colt,
J. Evans,
H. C. January,
A. K. Kaime,
G. Y. G. Murray,
S. C. Pierce,
F. deP. Townsend,
A. D. Wood,
S. S. Yardley.

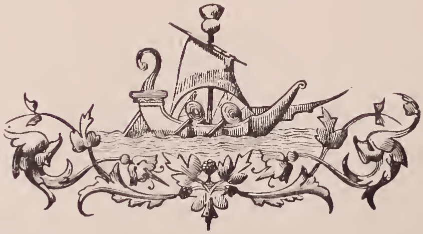
Albert E. Addis,
George B. Case,
Thomas Cochran, 3d.
Arthur F. Cosby,
Fred K. Hollister,
Joseph L. Leavitt,

Robert A. McCord,
Vance C. McCormick,
Fred Rustin,
Leland S. Stillman,
Colver J. Stone,
Wm. S. Walcott.

Chauncey L. Williams.

THE MIRROR ADVERTISER

claims the attention of every reader of this Magazine. The Editors will consider it a favor if the firms represented receive the support which is their due.



I could be valedictorian if I wished.—WILLIAMS, '90.

Richmond ✢ Straight ✢ Cut

No. 1 CIGARETTES.

Cigarette Smokers who are willing to pay a little more than the price charged for the ordinary trade Cigarettes, will find this brand superior to all others.

The Richmond Straight Cut No. 1 Cigrrettes

Are made from the brightest, most delicately flavored and highest-cost GOLD LEAF grown in Virginia. This is the OLD AND ORIGINAL BRAND OF STRAIGHT-CUT Cigarettes, and was brought out in the year 1875.

Beware of Imitations.

And observe that the FIRM NAME, as below, is on every package

Allen & Ginter, Manufacturers, – Richmond, Va.

THORNTON BROTHERS,

FLORAL ✢ ARTISTS

FANCY ROSES

The largest assortment of floral designs and baskets in New England. See our GRAND SHOW of Flowers for Easter, which will contain 4000 Imported Roses, all the latest varieties; 5000 Calla, Bermuda, and Easter Lilies, 10,000 Hyacinths and Jonquils, and other flowers in profusion. Our

FLORAL EASTER CARDS ARE THE LATEST NOVELTY.

NOTICE.—Our place will be open to the public during Easter Week, and we cordially invite everyone to call and look through our mammoth Greenhouses.

THORNTON BROTHERS,

Telephone, 115-3. 384 BROADWAY, LAWRENCE.

Roll the old Chariot along.—SCHOOL FIRE ENGINE.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

FOR ARTISTIC USE in Fine Drawings, Nos. 659 (The celebrated Crowquill), 290 and 291.

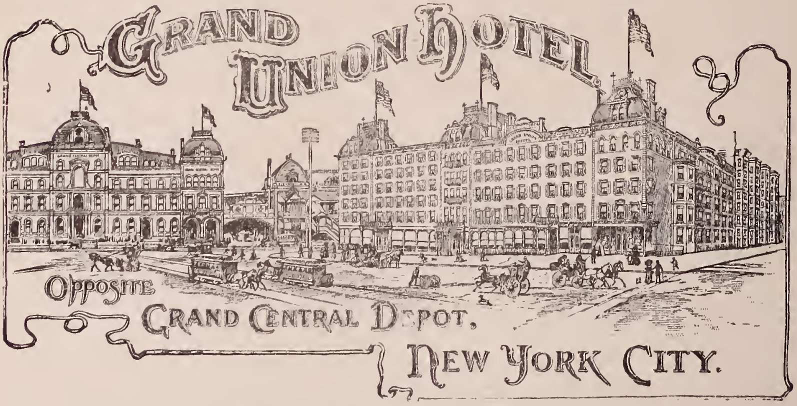
FOR FINE WRITING, Nos. 303, 604, and Ladies', 170.

FOR BROAD WRITING, Nos. 294, 389, and Stub Point, 849.

FOR GENERAL WRITING, Nos. 404, 332, 390, and 604.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS,
91 *John Street, N. Y.*

HENRY HOE, Sole Agent.



W. D. GARRISON, Manager.

Six Hundred Rooms at $1.00 a Day and Upwards.

European plan. First-Class Restaurant, Dining-Rooms, Cafe and Lunch Counter, *a la carte*, at moderate prices. Guests' Baggage to and from Grand Central Depot free.

How I wish there were better athletes with whom I could compete.—DICKSON, '90.

RICHARDSON & SWETT,

(Successors to W. Hapgood,)

Tailors & Importers,

21 COURT STREET, BOSTON,

OPP. YOUNG'S HOTEL.

The Latest London Novelties for Students' Wear.

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.

Watches. ✻ ✻ Diamonds.

THE CELEBRATED PLATED GORHAM WARE,

EQUAL TO SILVER.

Prizes in Silver. Finest Assortment of Stationery in the City. Canes. Umbrellas.

432 WASHINGTON ST.,

Cor. Summer St., - - - Boston, Mass.

Wanted: Some more Preps to run after.—WOODRUFF.

HALL'S RUBBER STORE,

(ESTABLISHED 1850.)

The Oldest Rubber Warehouse in the Country.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Vulcanized Rubber Clothing,

Double Texture and Gossamer Goods,

First Quality Rubber Goods

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

We make a Specialty of Mackintoshes,

And carry constantly in stock the largest assortment to be found in Boston.
Also make same to measure.

Hall Rubber Co.,

Factories at Stoughton, Mass. **52 Summer, 123 & 130 Arch St., Boston.**

HALEY & CUTTER,

MANUFACTURERS OF

TRUNKS and BAGS.

JOBBERS OF UMBRELLAS.

22 Chauncy Street,

Factory:
Bunker Hill District.

BOSTON, MASS.

We never speak as we pass by.—BURT, '91.

C. A. W. Crosby & Son,

DEALERS IN

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware.

474 Washington St.,

Opposite Temple Place, - - BOSTON, MASS.

Watches Cleaned, Repaired and Adjusted.

FARNSWORTH & CO.,

HATTERS ~ AND ~ FURRIERS,

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS.

A Full Line of English, French and American Hats.
The Best Line of Umbrellas in Boston.
Gent's English Gloves.

SILK HATS A SPECIALTY.

AGENTS FOR KNOX, N.Y.

522 Washington St., opp. Adams House, BOSTON.

My dog recites in Greek but I can't.—MURRAY, '92.

HORACE PARTRIDGE & CO.,

BOSTON, MASS.

Manufacturers of Fine Lawn Tennis

HORACE PARTRIDGE & CO.
BOSTON.
AMERICAN TATE.

Headquarters for all Athletic and Sporting Goods. Lawn Tennis and Base Ball Goods a Specialty.

497 & 499

WASHINGTON ST., - BOSTON.

BANJOS.

THE FAIRBANKS & COLE

BANJOS AND BANJORINES,

Are the finest tone and workmanship, and the best value of any. Everyone interested in the Banjo should send for our catalogues before purchasing anything in the banjo line.

FAIRBANKS & COLE,

Banjo Makers, Teachers & Publishers, 178 Tremont St., Boston.

FACTORY AND WHOLESALE, 145 COLUMBUS AVE.

Let not ambition mock his useful toil.—WARREN, '92.

Dame, Stoddard & Kendall

374 Washington, and 2 Franklin St.,
BOSTON.

HAVING increased our facilities by an additional salesroom, we have added to our already large and complete line of BASE BALL AND LAWN TENNIS, everything desirable in GENERAL ATHLETIC GOODS, including an especially fine assortment of Custom and Ready-made Suitings, Shoes, Pants, Shirts, Blazers, Sashes, Caps, Etc. Our Wedgemore Racket stands high in popular favor this season. We are, and always have been headquarters for Fishing Tackle of all qualities, styles and prices. If you are unable to call and examine our line, please send for our illustrated catalogue.

DAME, STODDARD & KENDALL.

374 Washington Street, opp. Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.
Special Athletic Entrance, 2 Franklin St.

1890
New and True Music Books.

Choice Sacred Solos, 34 fine songs,	$1
Choice Sacred Solos, for low voice, 40 songs,	$1
Song Classics, Soprano and Tenor, 50 songs,	$1
Song Classics, low voice, 47 songs,	$1
Classic Baritone and Bass songs,	$1
Classic Tenor Songs. 36 songs,	$1
Classic Vocal Duets, the very best,	$1
Everest's Album of songs, good selections,	$1
Maud V. White's Album, tasteful songs,	$1
Sullivan's Vocal Album, a master's work,	$1
Popular Song Collection, 37 good songs,	$1
Good Old Songs we use to sing, 115 songs,	$1
College Songs, 150,000 sold,	50c
College Songs for Banjo; for Guitar; each,	$1
Rhymes and Tunes; Osgood Sweet home music,	$1

INSTRUMENTL MUSIC.

Piano Classics, vol. 1, 44 pcs,	$1
Piano Classics, vol. 2, 31 pcs,	$1
Classical Pianist, 42 peices,	$1
Popular Piano Col'ct'n, 27 pcs,	$1
Popular Dance Music Col'ct'n,	$1
Young People's Classics, 52 pcs,	$1

The above are all superior books.
Any book mailed for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, BOSTON.

He wears a pin but 'tis none of ours.—SANDFORD, '91.

Columbias for 1890.

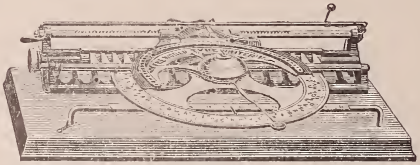
Ordinaries,
Ladies' and Gentlemen's
Safeties,
TANDEM SAFETIES,
AND TRICYCLES,

HIGHEST GRADE ONLY.

Large Illustrated catalogue free to students.
Special Bargains in Second-Hand and Shop-worn Bicycles at greatly reduced prices.
☞ Send for Special List.

No Instruction Needed.

WORLD TYPEWRITER $15.
Writes
77 CHARACTERS.



Collegians can materially add to their incomes by selling the Only Practical Low-Priced Typewriter, especially adapted to students' use.
Liberal terms to agents.

Pope Manufacturing Company
BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

PAPER BY THE POUND.

Beacon Hill Linen for fashionable use is the best paper made.
Commonwealth Linen, a medium-priced but fine grade.
U. S. Treasury Bond, toughest paper made. Is very fashionable.
Carter's Type-Writing Papers, "best and cheapest in the market."

We guarantee our prices lowest in America. Sample sheets of paper and envelopes from 10 cts. a pound and upward with prices and number of sheets to a pound, sent on receipt of 15 cts. These papers are the correct sizes and finish for fashionable correspondence. SPECIAL OFFER.—On orders of $10.00 end over we will prepay freight charges to nearest railroad station. Club your orders with friends and take advantage of this. Agents and dealers should correspond with us. ENGRAVED VISITING CARDS.- For $1.75 we send a copperplate, finely engraved, with 50 cards. Estimates furnished for Wedding and Class-day Invitations, Street Dies, Crests and stamping. Samples free on application. All the work is done on our premises. We employ only the best workmen and use the finest cards. We guarantee satisfaction. Handsome boxes of of fine Stationery, plain or illuminated, for 35 cts., 75 cts., $1.00 to $2.00 each, sure to give satisfaction. **H. H. Carter and Co., 3 Beacon St., Boston.**

So oft to dumb forgetfulness a prey.—PHINNEY, '92

KEELER & CO.

WASHINGTON AND ELM STREETS,

BOSTON.

Offer a Large and Desirable Assortment of

FURNITURE AND DRAPERIES

ADAPTED FOR COLLEGE LIFE.

CABINET WORK TO ORDER A SPECIALTY.

BRANCH STORE AT BAR HARBOR.

FACTORY, * EAST CAMBRIDGE, * MASS.

A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.—HAZARD, '91.

Tired Brain

HORSFORD'S

Acid Phosphate.

PREPARED ACCORDING TO THE DIRECTIONS OF
PROF. E. N. HORSFORD.

This preparation is a brain food. It increases the capacity for mental labor, and acts as a general tonic and vitalizer. It rests the tired brain, and imparts thereto new life and energy.

Dr. D. P. McClure, Rantoul, Ill., says: "Very beneficial to strengthen the intellect."

Dr. Charles T. Mitchell, Canandaigua, N.Y., says: "I recommend it as a restorative in all cases where the nervous system has been reduced below the normal standard by overwork, as found in brain workers, professional men, teachers, students, etc."

Dr. F. W. Lytle, Lebanon, Ill., says: "I have personally used it with marked advantage when overworked, and the nervous system much depressed."

Dr. E. W. Robertson, Cleveland, O., says: "Can cordially recommend it as a brain and nerve tonic."

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

Caution.—Be sure the word "Horsford" is printed on the label. All others are spurious. Never sold in bulk.

Ne'er a word spoke he but 'twere to curse.—HENNING, '90.

BREWER & STEVENS.

TAILORS

WE HAVE READY, NEW AND CORRECT STYLES
FOR THE SPRING AND SUMMER
OF 1890.

488 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

Nearly opposite Temple Place.

Where did you get that tie ?—DE BUSSY.

Men's Outfitters. Importers Shirt Makers.

✻ DeBussy, Manwaring & Co., ✻

840 CHAPEL STREET,

NEW HAVEN, CT.

Neckwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Braces, Underwear, Leather Goods, Jewelry, Handkerchiefs, Mufflers, Umbrellas, English Traveling Rugs, Caps, Bath Wraps and Mackintoshes.

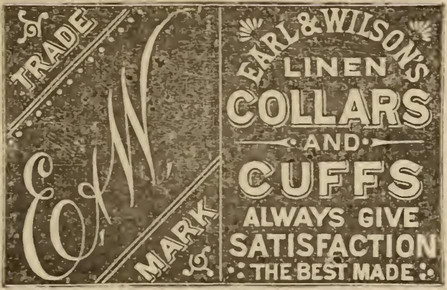
Wallace B. Fenn & Co.

DEALERS IN FINE SHOES

842 AND 846 CHAPEL STREET,

NEW HAVEN, CT.

He worked hard to keep the wolf from the door. — ADDIS AT THE FIRE.


TRADE
E & W
MARK
EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN
COLLARS
AND
CUFFS
ALWAYS GIVE
SATISFACTION
THE BEST MADE

Amateur Photographers

Send your negatives to

LUNDAHL

Photographic Printer.

338 WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON.

Only the choicest materials used. Formerly in charge of the printing department of Notman, Hastings, James and Ritz.

HORSMAN'S
LAWN
TENNIS
E.I. HORSMAN
80&82 WILLIAM ST
NEW YORK

"ECLIPSE"—MONTAUK—SEABRIGHT SPECIAL—and CASINO RACKETS for 1890 are unsurpassed Send for Tennis Catalogue. Special Rates to Clubs.

Prof. Loisette's

MEMORY

DISCOVERY AND TRAINING METHOD

In spite of adulterated imitations which miss the theory, and practical results of the Original, in spite of the grossest misrepresentations by envious would-be competitors, and in spite of "base attempts to rob" him of the fruit of his labors, (all of which demonstrate the undoubted superiority and popularity of his teaching), Prof. Loisette's Art of Never Forgetting is recognized to-day in both Hemispheres as marking an Epoch in Memory Culture. His Prospectus (sent post free) gives opinions of people in all parts of the globe who have actually studied his System by correspondence, showing that his System is *used only while being studied, not afterwards; that any book can be learned in a single reading, mind-wandering cured, &c.* For Prospectus, Terms and Testimonials address
Prof. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, N.Y

Prof. Loisette's Memory System is Creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised above.

"Damnant quod non intelligent."—P. S.

Connecticut Lamps.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

French, Puffer & Co.

ESSEX ST., LAWRENCE.

American House.

LOWELL, MASS.

Frank E. Shaw, - - Proprietor.

W. W. HORSFORD, CLERK.

Horse Cars pass the house every seven minutes, for all parts of the city and depots.

A. F. RYDER & COMPANY.

Druggists & Pharmacists.

LAWRENCE, MASS.

CORNER OF ESSEX STREET AND BROADWAY.

I'm mad; hear me swear—RICHARDSON, '90.

ZENAS FOLGER,

DEALER IN WATCHES, FINE JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, CLOCKS, ETC.

567 Essex Street, Lawrence, Mass.

Next to Horse Car Stables.

WALL PAPERS

—AND—

DECORATIONS.

The largest and most varied assortment to be found in Essex County at prices below those of Boston dealers.

Particular attention given to Hanging Papers and Fine Decorations. Ceilings and Walls Whitened. Inside Painting done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed. We employ only competent workmen.

Blank Book Manufacturers and Stationers. Book Bindery connected with the Store. Cousecutive, Duplicate or Triplicate Numbering done at short notice.

W. E. Rice,

195 and 197 Essex Street, - - - - Lawrence.

FRANK EMERSON,

APOTHECARY.

—o—

Proprietor of Emerson's Sarsaparilla, Glycerine Lotion, Botanic Cough Syrup,
Vegetable Liver Pills, Worm Syrup, Tooth Powder,
Beef, Wine and Iron, &c.

SOUTH LAWRENCE, MASS.

Lost, strayed, or stolen, a moustache.—HIXON, '91.

E. N. WINSLOW,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
505 Essex Street,
LAWRENCE.

O. CHAPMAN,

DINING ✻ ROOMS.

Fruit, Confectionery, Kennedy's Canned Goods,
Blank Books, Stationery, Inks,
Kerosene, Lamps.

Large Stock of Canned Goods.

Base Ball Goods, &c. Everything pertaining to
Students' Outfits.

DR. C. G. CARLETON,

301 Essex Street,

LAWRENCE, MASS.

☞Telephone No. 100.

Great thoughts, great feelings come to them like instincts unawares.—P.S. '90.

M. W. MORRIS & CO.,

TAILORS,

465 Essex Street, Lawrence.

☞Specialties in Graduating Suits.

T. A. HOLT & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Dry Goods and Groceries,

Andover, Mass.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

C. A. LAWRENCE & SON,

Portrait and View Photographers,

181 Essex Street, Lawrence.

Ferrotypes of all styles.

A thick head (of hair).—ODOM, '92.

C. W. Scott, M.D.,

Surgeon and Homeopathic Physician.

49 Main Street, Andover, Mass.
☞ Office Hours, until 9 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m.

F. A. DINSMORE.

FURNITURE REPAIRING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES NEATLY DONE.

Carpets taken up, cleaned and relaid.

Packing of Household Furniture done with care. Mattresses made over.
Orders Promptly attended to. Shop next East of Bakery,

PARK ST., ANDOVER.

Davis, Murphy & Co.,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERS.

Tea and Coffee a Specialty.

Holihan Block, corner Common and Hampshire Streets,

LAWRENCE.

M. T. WALSH,

DEALER IN STOVES AND RANGES.

Manufacturer of Tin and Sheet Iron Ware.

Essex Street, Andover, Mass.

Nomine avi lætens.—L. B. SMITH.

VISIT LECK'S STUDIO

For Fine Portrait Work.

ALL THE LATEST IMPROVED INSTRUMENTS.

Fine Large Work a Specialty. Special Rates to Schools for Class Work.

STUDIO, 283 ESSEX STREET, . . LAWRENCE, MASS.

H. B. ROBINSON,

Manufacturing Confectioner.

Fine Chocolates and Bon-Bons. Ice Cream and Ice Cream Soda.

No. 273 Essex Street, - - Lawrence, Mass.

C. W. Partridge, D.D.S.,

DENTAL ROOMS,

461 Essex St., Lawrence.

I am fully determined to become a villian.—E.F.PAGE.

The Mansion House

ON THE HILL,

Near Phillips Academy. - - - Andover, Mass.

OPEN THE YEAR ROUND.

In the summer season the house is delightful. During the cold weather it is kept warm and comfortable throughout with hot water.
Terms, $2.50 a day, $12.50 to $17.50 a week.

C. L. Carter, Proprietor.

DYER & COMPANY.

Pianos and Organs for Sale and to Rent.

Banjos, Guitars, Violins, &c.

337 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE, MASS.

Bicknell Bro's
LAWRENCE MASS.

Manufacturing
RETAILERS
AND GENT'S
Outfitters,
469 & 471 Essex Street,
LAWRENCE.

John H. Greer, Ph. G.

PHARMACIST.

Try Dr. Karl Wesselhoeft's German Catarrh Cure.

259 ESSEX ST., COR. PEMBERTON,
LAWRENCE MASS

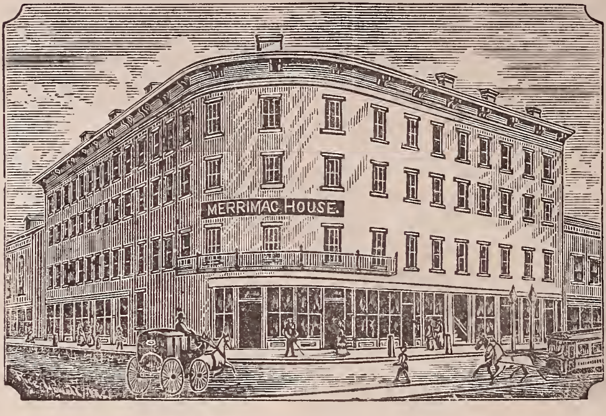
And out sprang a little black "brownie."—BROWN, '91.

Music Hall.

Merrimac House.

A. V. PARTRIDGE, Proprietor.

LOWELL, MASS., U.S.A.


MERRIMAC HOUSE.

LOCATION, MONUMENT SQUARE.

CAR LINE FOR ALL PARTS OF THE CITY.

T. J. FARMER,

Dealer in Fresh, Salt, Smoked, and Pickled Fish,
Oysters, Clams and Lobsters. Also all kinds
of Fruit in their season.

Central St., Andover, Mass.

JOSEPH ABBOTT.

PICTURES FRAMED TO ORDER. CURTAINS, LOOKING GLASSES, ETC., ETC.

PARK STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

DR. J. H. KIDDER,

Dentist,

299 Essex Street, Lawrence, Mass.

There is a time in the affairs of men when freshness ceases to be a virtue.—MARSH, '92.

Mrs. Waterman,

HIGH STREET.

HAS JACQUEMINOT AND GABRIELLE LINZET ROSES,

—FOR—

COMMENCEMENTS.

GO TO J. E. SEARS

—FOR A—

Fine Pair of $2.99, or Windsor, $3 Shoes.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Main Street, Andover.

J. E. WHITING,

Watchmaker and Jeweller,

Barnard's Block, Main Street, Andover.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

GEORGE H. PARKER,

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

DRAPER'S BLOCK MAIN ST., ANDOVER.

Fancy Toilet Articles, Sponges, Etc. Cold Soda with True Fruit Syrups. Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded.

His name does not belie him.—STILLMAN, '91.

N. S. S. TOMPKINS,

Successors to Tompkins & Mann,

PAINTS, OILS, DYESTUFFS, CHEMICALS, AND MILL SUPPLIES.

No. 191 Essex St.,

LAWRENCE, MASS.

BRIGGS & ALLYN M'F'G CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Every Description of House Finish, Hardwood Veneered Doors

MOULDINGS. STAIR BUILDERS.

600 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE, MASS.

C. T. Briggs, A. W. Allyn, J. H. Safford, L. P. Collins.

HENRY P. NOYES,

Furniture & Upholstering.

Park Street, Andover.

BENJ. BROWN.

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER.

Headquarters for Dress, Tennis, and Ball Shoes. Custom work and repairing in all its branches. Maker of the foot and base ball shoes for 1889.

Gifted with gab.—Boarding-House Keeper.

R. CALLAHAN,

DEALER IN

MEATS & PROVISIONS,

POULTRY AND GAME IN THEIR SEASON.

293 Common St., Lawrence.

Smith & Manning.

Dry Goods and Groceries.

Essex St., Andover.

John Cornell,

COAL DEALER.

Franklin Coal of Lykins Valley, Hard White Ash Coal, Free Burning White Ash Coal. Hard and Soft Wood.
Hay and Straw.

Carter's Block, Main St., Andover.

A sight for the gods.—MORRISON, '91.

GENTLEMEN having clothing that they wish to dispose of, will do well to send a card to No. 37 Franklin Street, Lawrence, stating the time at which they wish goods to be called for. We also do cleaning, repairing and dyeing. The best of goods are always on hand for sale.

W. H. BROWN, 37 Franklin Street, Lawrence, Mass.

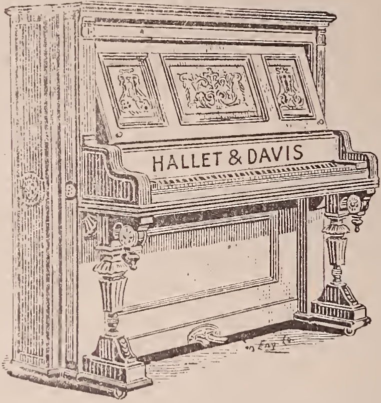
KENNELLY & SYLVESTER,

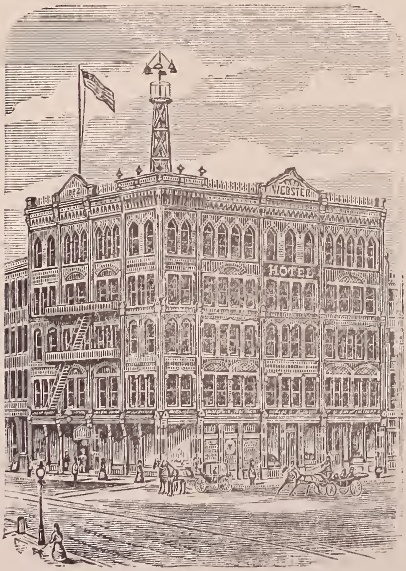
Have a large assortment of new and Second-Hand

Pianos and Organs

For sale or to let, or sold by instalments. Violins, Banjos, Guitars, large assortment of Sheet Music and other Musical Merchandise. Tuning and repairing promptly attended to.

256 Essex St., Lawrence.





Two Minutes Walk from the Depot.

Headquarters for the travelling public.

HOTEL

WEBSTER

J. L. BARTLETT,
Proprietor.

Finest House in the City. All Horse Cars Pass the Door.

Washington Square, Haverhill, Mass.

Ask not the grandeur of a labored song. — *GLEE CLUB.*

BROWN'S ANDOVER & BOSTON EXPRESS,

Successor to Johnson's Express.

AGENT FOR THE ADAMS, NEW YORK AND BOSTON DESPATCH AND UNITED STATES.

We ship goods to all parts of the country as cheap as any Express, and do all kinds of errands personally in Boston.

Boston Offices: 34 Court, Square, 77 Kingston St., 105 Arch St, and 59 Franklin Street. Andover Office, Park St. Leave Andover 7.45 and 9.45. Arrive at 1.30 and 4.45,

B. B. TUTTLE, Proprietor.

J. F. RICHARDS, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Main St. and Punchard Ave., Andover.

HENRY McLAWLIN,

HARDWARE,

Also a fine assortment of Cutlery, Skates, Sleds and Toboggans, Horse Clothing, Glass, Putty, Lamps, Paints and Oils, &c.

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

J. M. BEAN,

HAIR ✻ CUTER.

TOWN HALL BLOCK, ANDOVER.

Homesick as death; was ever pang like this.—THE PREPS.

CHAS. E. SCHEFFLER,

Registered Pharmacist,

59 Essex, cor. Franklin St.,

LAWRENCE, - - - MASS.

CHARLES E. ABBOTT, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

43 Main St., Andover, Mass.

EDWIN H. BARNARD,

HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE PAINTING, GRAINING,

GLAZING AND PAPER HANGING. DEALER IN PAINTS, OILS
WINDOW GLASS, WALL PAPERS.

Essex Street, Andover.

WILLIAM FINDLEY,

DEALER IN

Fish of all Kinds. Fresh, Salt, Smoked, Pickled.

Lobsters, Clams, Oysters and Fancy Fish of all kinds
in their season.

Talks only of his preacher and his kirk.—BEARD, '00.

REA & ABBOTT.

Provision Dealers,

Opp. Bank, Main St., Andover.

J. C. REA. GEO. T. ABBOTT.

ROBINSON & COMPANY.

DEALER IN

Picture Frames, Engravings, Etc.

Enlarging Cabinet Photographs. Musical Instruments—Violins, Banjos, and Guitars a specialty.

208 Essex Street, Lawrence, Mass.

JOHN H. CHANDLER.

DEALER IN

PERIODICALS, STATIONERY,

FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY.

Main St., Andover.

S. W. FELLOWS.

The Old and Reliable Optician.

We carry the largest line of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Diamonds. Repairing a specialty.

265 ESSEX ST., LAWRENCE.

Heaven alone knows how you learned it all.—PAGE,'93.

LAWRENCE ONE-PRICE

CLOTHING COMPANY.

YOUNG MEN'S SUITS.

We have the finest line of Suitings in Lawrence and invite students of
Phillips Academy to inspect our new stock of
Spring and Summer wear.

431 Essex Street, Lawrence, Mass.

W. H. ALLEN,

LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER.

First-class work guaranteed. Prices moderate. Special attention to Class and School Work.

Bicknell's Block, 407 Essex St., Lawrence.

H. M. WHITNEY & CO.,

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS.

Fine Cutlery, Toilet Articles and Appliances.

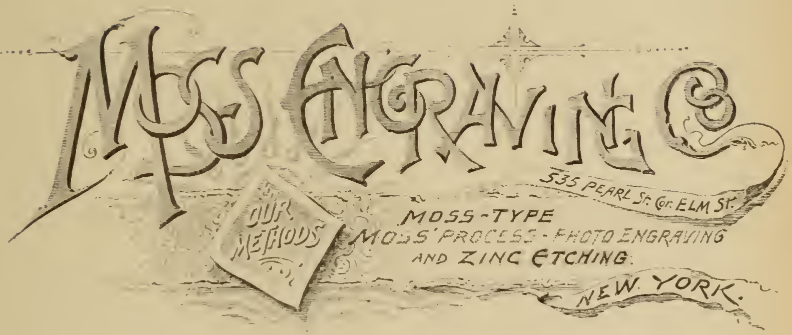
297 Essex St., Lawrence.

Restaurant meals served at all hours.

GEO. * C. * LYLE,

Main St., Andover.

A fine line of Cigars, Tobacco, and Confectionery.



MOSS ENGRAVING CO.
535 PEARL St. Cor. ELM St.
OUR METHODS
MOSS-TYPE
MOSS' PROCESS - PHOTO ENGRAVING
AND ZINC ETCHING.
NEW YORK.

CHARLES H. GILBERT,

Dentist,

Main Street, Andover.

COMMONS DINING HALL.

—OPEN TO—

Students of Phillips Academy

From September to July. Permanent Board,
$3 per week.

WILLIAM MARLAND, Proprietor.

Wanted: A private tutor on Parliamentary Law.
—PRESIDENT P.A. '90.

Half-tone made by the Boston Photogravure Co.,
27 Boylston St., Boston.

A Phototype of this subject on paper. 22x28, will be sent by them, post-paid, upon receipt of 50 cents.

JOHN N. COLE,

Bookseller and Stationer,

THE ANDOVER BOOKSTORE,"

(FOUNDED BY W. F. DRAPER)

Does not the sunshine call us to rejoice?—BROWN, '91.

GEORGE PIDDINGTON.

ARTISTIC FLORIST, TABLE AND STAGE DECORATOR. CUT FLOWERS.

School Street. Andover.

E. PIKE,

Lamps and Stoves.

Park Street. Andover.

L. J. BACIGALUPO.

MANUFACTURER OF

CHOICE CONFECTIONERY,

And dealer in Spanish Queen Olives, Foreign and Domestic Fruit,
Soda Water.

Main Street. Andover.

H. P. WRIGHT

DEALER IN

BOOTS SHOES & RUBBERS.

Warranted Genuine Waterproof Porpoise Shoes.
$3 per pair. Repairing promptly done.

Main Street. Andover.

Do the young bathers splash and think they're clean?
—ROOMERS IN COMMONS.

THE ANDOVER PRESS.
PRINTERS.
ORIGINALITY. ACCURACY. PROMPTNESS.
JOHN N. COLE, MANAGER.
ANDOVER, MASS.

Trouble, like babies, grow bigger with nursing. Cox,'91.

1831

House Established.

GEORGE H. FORD,
Jeweller, Importer,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Watches, Precious Stones. Bric-a-Brac.
Objets d'Art. Old Silver, Antiquities.

MANUFACTURER,

Our **Society Pins, Medals, Badges, Prizes** and **Trophies** worn by Graduates of the leading Schools, Colleges and Universities for more than half a century.

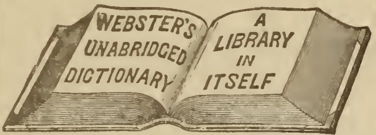
Designs and estimates furnished.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED.

WITH OR WITHOUT PATENT INDEX.

THE BEST
INVESTMENT
for the Family, the School, or the Professional or Public Library.
3000 more Words, and 2000 more Engravings than any other American Dictionary.

ALWAYS A
CHOICE GIFT
for Pastor, Parent, Teacher, Child, or Friend. Elegance and usefulness combined.
In quantity of matter, it is believed to be the largest book published.



Among the supplementary features, original with Webster's Unabridged and unequaled for concise and trustworthy information, are

A BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY
giving brief facts concerning nearly 10,000 Noted Persons of ancient and modern times,

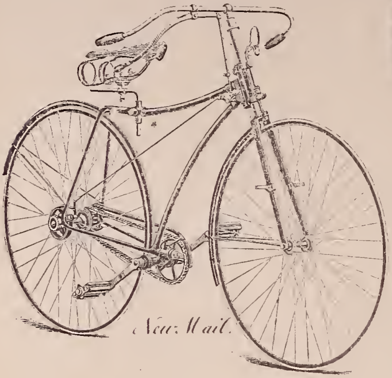
A GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD
locating and briefly describing over 25,000 places, and a Vocabulary of the names of Noted

FICTITIOUS PERSONS AND PLACES.
The latter is not found in any other Dictionary.

Webster is **Standard Authority** in the **Government Printing Office**, and with the **U. S. Supreme Court.** It is recommended by the **State Supt's of Schools** of **36 States**, and by the leading **College Presidents** of the U. S. and Canada.

Published by **G. & C. MERRIAM & CO.**, Springfield, Mass. Illustrated Pamphlet free

Much could I tell you that you know too well,
Much I remember but will not tell.—AHLERS, '91.



NEW MAIL,

1890 Pattern!

Offered as the handsomest and best yet produced.

Spring Fork, very easy. Rear axle Hand Brake, (cannot spatter mud on chain; very powerful.

The only wheel with Trigwell's Patent Ball Head. All parts interchangeable.

An American made wheel for American Wheelmen. Surely send for catalogue and see it.

Manufacturers, and Dealers in Second-hand Wheels.

WM. READ AND SONS,

107 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

MOSELEY'S

New Haven House.

New Haven, Conn.

FRONTING ON THE GREEN OPPOSITE THE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS.

First-class in all respects.

SETH H. MOSELEY.

F. A. CORBIN

Importing Tailor.

99 CHAPEL ST.,

UNDER MOSELEY'S NEW HAVEN HOUSE,

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

P. J. HANNON,

Tailor = and = Furnisher.

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER.

AGENT FOR TROY LAUNDRY.

O. A. JENKINS & CO.

SUCCESSORS TO

BIGELOW & CO.

Hatters to New England Colleges.

HEATH'S LONDON HATS.

FURRIERS
&
HATTERS

Canes and Umbrellas

We make a Specialty of Mackintoshes.

407 Washington St., Boston.

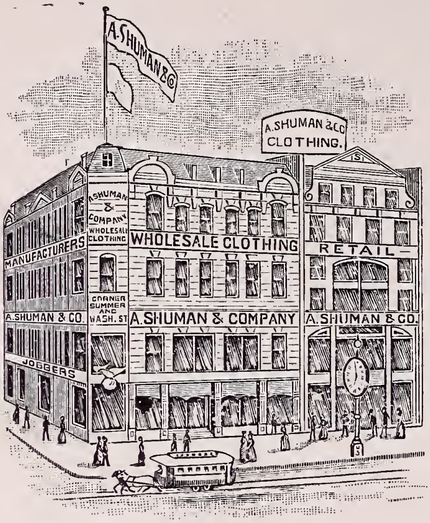
'URNISHER FOR P. A. CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

PHILO MIRROR

SPRING TERM
1890

A. SHUMAN & CO.,

BOSTON.



A. SHUMAN & CO
A. SHUMAN & CO CLOTHING.
A. SHUMAN & COMPANY WHOLESALE CLOTHING
MANUFACTURERS
WHOLESALE CLOTHING
RETAIL
CORNER SUMMER AND WASH. ST
A. SHUMAN & CO.
A. SHUMAN & COMPANY
A. SHUMAN & CO.
JOBBERS

We offer to the Students of Phillips Academy, complete lines of YOUNG MEN'S

Ready-made Suits & Overcoats

For the Spring and Summer of 1890.

Our garments are equal in every respect to custom productions in all the essentials of popular materials, good workmanship, perfect fit and smoothness of finish, at a great saving in prices from garments made to measure.

A. SHUMAN & CO.,

MANUFACTURING CLOTHIERS,

Washington and Summer Sts., Boston.

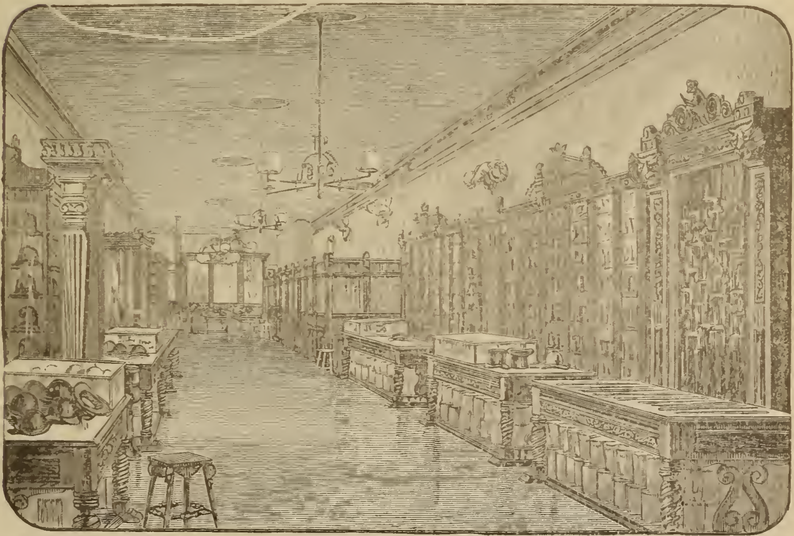
TRADE MARK

COLLINS & FAIRBANKS'

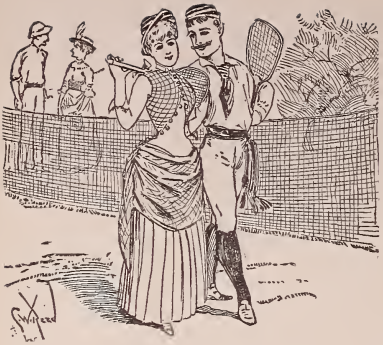
CELEBRATED HATS.

Styles Correct. Quality Unequalled.

Sole Agents for HENRY HEATH'S AND WHITE'S ENGLISH HATS.



381 Washington Street, opp. Franklin, Boston.



French Flannels,

French Madras,

English Cheviots,

—AND—

Pure Silk Shirtings.

From these goods we carry in stock or make to special order

For Traveling Shirts,
For Railway Cars,
For Steamer Wear,
For Hunting,
For Yachting,
For Office Coats,
For House Coats,
For the Bath Room,
For the Sick Room,
For Ladies' Blouse Waists,
For Boys' Shirt Waists.

Lawn Tennis

Coats, Shirts, Trousers,
Caps, Belts and Sashes.

NOYES BROS.,
Hosiers, Glovers and Shirt Makers,
Washington & Summer Sts.,
BOSTON, U. S. A.

PAJAMA SUITS,

(For sleeping, &c.,) made in a variety of designs from the following materials:

Spun Silk, (best quality,)
Silk and Woolen Flannels,
English Oxfords and
French Flannels,

AT NOYES BROS.'

NEW ENGLISH LONG CRAVATS,
THE LONDON PUFF CRAVATS,
THE NEW ASCOTT,
THE DERBY.

Special Club and College colors always in stock,

AT NOYES BROS.'

Bath and Blanket Wraps for the Nursery, for the Sick Room, for the Bath, for Steamer Traveling, for the Railway Carriage, for Men, Women, Children, and the Baby. $2.75 to 35.00,

AT NOYES BROS.'

Ladies' and Men's Special

LONDON MADE MACKINTOSHES.

The latest London Styles now ready.
Special garments to order,

AT NOYES BROS.'

English Study Jackets,
English Dressing Jackets,
Smoking Jackets,
House and Office Coats,
Long Gowns and Wraps,

AT NOYES BROS.'

NOYES BROS.,
Hosiers, Glovers and Shirt Makers,
Washington & Summer Sts.,
BOSTON, U. S. A.

CORRECTLY ENGRAVED INVITATIONS FOR COMMENCEMENT, CLASS-DAY, COLLEGE AND CLASS RECEPTIONS, SOCIAL GATHERINGS, AND FRATERNITY SPREADS. STEEL PLATE WORK OF EVERY DESCRIPTION FOR FRATERNITY USES AND COLLEGE ANNUALS. ADDRESS AND AUTOGRAPH DIES, CLASS CRESTS, MONOGRAMS AND COATS-OF-ARMS. FRATERNITY AND WEDDING STATIONERY. RECEPTION AND CALLING CARDS, Etc.

* * *

EXCELLING in the making of Unique and Artistic Menus, Programmes, Dance Cards, Souvenirs, Etc., we offer our services to those requiring High Class Work. Our Specialty is Originality of Design and Superiority of Execution. In our Printing Department special attention is given to College Work. We have every facility for printing Annuals, College Publications, Catalogues, Etc., and will contract for Illustrating, Printing and Binding, and would be pleased to furnish Estimates upon request.

Printers of the University Forum, Columbia Law Times, Stevens Link, New York University Violet, Packer Institute Fagots, Brooklyn Polytechnic Polywog, Alpha Phi Annual and The Adelphic.

Managers of College Glee Clubs, are invited to write for samples of artistic programmes we have made for leading Clubs.

Send to us for Samples and Price-List of our New Fraternity Stationery from Fine Steel Plates. They have been universally indorsed as the only correct engravings of the Badges they represent.

A. E. CHASMAR & CO.,

833 BROADWAY, N. Y.

OUR CELEBRATED

CRAWFORD SHOE,

For Young Gentlemen,

In sizes and half-sizes, from 4 smaller to 8s.
In widths, from 1 to 7.

IN CALF, KID, KANGAROO PATENT LEATHER, GOAT, and OOZE CALF, (in fancy colors), at all our

BOSTON CRAWFORD SHOE STORES,

611 Washington Street,
38 Park Square, (under United States Hotel,)
45 Green Street,
2164 Washington Street,
56 Main Street, (Charlestown.)

BOUVÉ, CRAWFORD AND CO.,

MAKERS.

Members of the Graduating Class who go to YALE will find a full line of our shoes at our NEW HAVEN Store, 808 Chapel Street.

F. L. DUNNE,

TAILOR

TO THE P. A. CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

MY SPECIALTY,

The largest and best assortment of the most Correct London Styles.

Constantly in receipt of the Latest London Novelties.

338 WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON, MASS.

No other Life Policies

As liberal, cost as little money, no others as cheap give as much for the money, as those of

The Travelers,

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

☞ The best either for Family Protection or investment of Savings. Non-forfeitable, world-wide.

LOWEST CASH RATE.

D. TOY,

TAILOR

—TO—

THE HARVARD CO-OPERATIVE.

PARLORS, 71 BEACON STREET,

OPPOSITE PUBLIC GARDEN,

BOSTON.

Agent for Winchester, Son & Flowers; Whittaker & Co., and Hill Brothers, London, W.

HALE AND LAYCOCK,

Merchant Tailors.

THE LATEST NOVELTIES.

19 BOSWORTH ST.,

BOSTON, MASS.

UNDER HORTICULTURAL HALL.

☞ *Special Prices to Students.*

American House,

BOSTON, MASS.

Central Location. 250 Rooms.

On the European Plan.

RATES, $2.50 A DAY AND UPWARDS.

This famous hotel will be greatly improved under its new management, and the high reputation which it has enjoyed in the past will be fully maintained in the future.

THE AMERICAN HOUSE

affords an excellent opportunity for formal banquets, having the largest Dining and Banquet Rooms in the city, and especial attention ts given to College reunions and Class dinners.

RUSSELL & STURGIS.

Do you want your Children Clothed

In the best manner and at the least cost ?

BEST & CO

LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

Offer unequalled facilities for the outfitting of **BOYS, GIRLS** and **BABIES** with everything they wear, from Hats to Shoes.

60 and 62 West 23d St., N. Y.

DURANT & ROGERS,

Established 1846.

Manufacturing Jewelers.

Class Rings made to order. Novelties and
Exclusive Designs.

25 Central, Cor. Middle Street, Lowell.

GEORGE C. ROGERS,

OPTICIAN.

GRADUATE OF THE BUCKLIN SCHOOL OF OPTICS, NEW YORK.

WEAK EYES A SPECIALTY.

25 CENTRAL, COR. MIDDLE STREET,

LOWELL.

NEW YORK,

—VIA—

Fall River Line.

Express Trains connecting with Steamers at Fall River in 80 minutes, leave Boston from Old Colony Station at 6 p. m. daily, (Sundays excepted) due in New York at about 7.30 a. m. Connection to Brooklyn and Jersey City by Annex Boat.

STEAMERS

Puritan and Pilgrim

IN COMMISSION.

Steam heat in staterooms. An orchestra on each steamer throughout the year. Baggage checked from hotel or residence to destination. Returning Steamers leave New York at 5 p. m. daily, Sundays included. Tickets, Staterooms, etc., secured at the line office, No. 3 Old State House, and at the Old Colony Station, Kneeland St.

J. R. Kendrick,	**L. H. Palmer,**	**Geo. L. Conner,**
Gen. Manager.	Agent, 3 Old State House.	Gen. Pass. Agt,

New York & New England

RAILROAD.

Mid-day Express between Boston and New York.

Leave either city at **12 m.,** arrive at the other at **6 p. m.,** Daily, Sundays excepted. This train is thoroughly equipped with Parlor Cars and Coaches of the most improved construction, and between Boston and Hartford it carries a Dining-car, on which are served meals comprising all the delicacies of the season, either upon the table-d' hote or a-la-carte plan.

This train makes sure time between the two cities. Its arriving and leaving is convenient for ladies and suburban residents and for the theatres.

The New England Limited between Boston and New York.

Leaves either city at **3 p. m.** Arrives at the other at **9 p. m.,** Daily, including Sundays. The popular train, "always on time," carries Dining-car between Boston and Willimantic. Meals served at the option of the traveller, either table-d' hote or a-la-carte plan.

An especial feature of this train is its run between Boston and Willimantic, a distance of 86 miles without a stop.

The Parlor Cars are celebrated for beauty and comfort, and the Passenger Coaches are the finest on any road.

The Boston and Washington Express, through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars for Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, leaves Boston at **7** p. m., daily, including Sundays. This is the only train running through Pullman Sleeping Cars from Boston to the above-named points. Due Philadelphia, **6.40** a. m., Baltimore, **9.45** a. m., Washington, **10.45** a. m.

Through Pullman Sleeping Cars for Chicago leave Boston **12** noon, via *New England and Erie Line.*

☞Tickets, berths in Sleeping Cars, chairs in Parlor Cars, secured.

OFFICE,

322 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

DEPOT,

FOOT OF SUMMER ST., BOSTON.

Charles Howland, General Manager.

A. C. Kendall, Gen. Pass. Agent.

E. R Fuller, Trav. Agent.

ESTABLISHED 1818.

BROOKS BROTHERS,

Broadway, cor. 22d Street, - - New York City.

CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS

READY-MADE AND MADE TO MEASURE.

SPECIALTIES FOR SPRING AND SUMMER, 1890.

English Tweeds,
Fancy Scotch Mixtures,
Gray Diagonals
Black and Blue Rough Cheviots.
Evening Dress Suits of cloth
and newer materials.
Tuxedo Dress Sacks.
Inverness Cape Coats.

Overcoats of Scotch goods and
Broad-wale Diagonals.
Strapped Seam Covert Coats.
Fancy Vestings of
Cashmere and Marseilles.
Flannels and Serges,
White and Fancy, for
Tennis, Yachting, etc.

Light Weight Ulsters.

Ready-made garments of our manufacture are in the best shapes and free from any stiffness of appearance; while all noticeable patterns are limited to small quantities.

Our Furnishing department contains the latest novelties in Gloves, Scarfs, Underwear, etc.

Rules for self-measurement, with samples from either our custom or ready-made department will be sent on application.

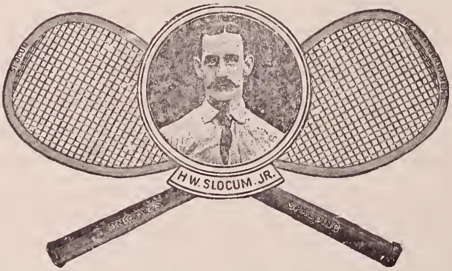
Our location, one block from Madison Square, is convenient to the leading Hotels and easy of access from the principal Railway stations.

A. G. SPAULDING & BROS.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

ATHLETIC GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Base Balls, Lawn Tennis, Cricket, Foot Balls, etc.



The New Slocum Tournament Tennis Racket for 1890, the finest Racket ever made. Players will use no other after trying this beautiful Racket. Price $7.50.

The New Spaulding Special Tournament Tennis Ball for 1890. Smooth seams and surface, uniform weight, reliable elasticity. The most perfect ball ever produced. Price $4.50 per dozen. Per gross $48.00.

"Lawn Tennis in our own Country," by H. W. Slocum, Jr., champion of America. A new book containing 224 pages, illustrated with services and strokes and portraits of the famous players of America. Price in cloth $1.00; in paper 50 cents.

A. G. SPAULDING & BROS.,

CHICAGO, 108 Madison Ct. NEW YORK, 241 Broadway. PHILADELPHIA, 1022 Market St.

PROVIDENCE LINE

—BETWEEN—

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

AND ALL POINTS

SOUTH AND WEST.

PALACE STEAMERS

Massachusetts and Connecticut.

Express Train leaves Park Square Station, Boston, at 6.30 P. M.
Returning: Steamers leave Pier No. 29, North River, at 5. 30 P. M.
☞ Tickets, State Rooms, &c., at No. 207 Washington Street, and Park Square Station, Boston.

J. W. Miller,
President.

O. H. Briggs,
Gen. Pass. Agent.

Since 1872 we have sold

Railway Tickets

AT REDUCED RATES,

—TO—

☞ **ALL POINTS WEST**

Information costs but the trouble of inquiry.

Fogg's Railway Agency,

277 Washington St., Boston.

PACH BROS.,

College Class Photographers,

Main Office, 935 Broadway,

NEW YORK.

FASHIONS FOR MEN.

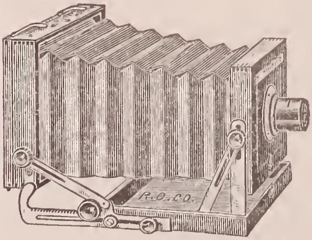
The new styles in woolens are now opened on our counters, ready for early selections. Gentlemen who appreciate the advantage of a selection before the assortment is broken, and the extra attention to be obtained by an early order, are invited to inspect our selections for spring.

The finest English makes. Special styles confined to ourselves, and careful attention to every detail of cut and finish. Goods cheerfully shown. Moderate prices, and 10 per cent. discount for cash.

FRANK D. SOMERS,
5 Park St., Boston, Mass.

AMATEURS'

Photographic Apparatus



OF ALL KINDS IN LARGE VARIETY.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

B. FRENCH & CO.,
319 Washington Street, Boston.

VOL. XXXVII. NO. III.

Scire est Regere.

THE

PHILO. MIRROR.

JUNE, 1890.

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικον παιδεία.

ANDOVER:
Published by the Philomathean Society of
PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

TIFFANY & CO.,

Jewelers & Silversmiths,

UNION SQ., NEW YORK.

PARIS
Ave de l'Opera 36 bis.

LONDON
5 Argyll Place, W.

Received Eighteen Awards at the Paris Exposition, 1890, for their Artistic Designs and Superior Workmanship.

Exclusive Designs furnished on application for Class Cups, Class Rings, Alumni Badges and other College Emblems and Trophies; also Invitations for Class Dinners, Commencement Exercises, &c., &c.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

The Sacrifice and Recompense of Literary Life, . 5

Pausanias' Address to his Soldiers before the Battle of Platæa, ... 8

A Slight Mistake, ... 11

A Story of the Revolution, ... 17

Life, ... 22

What Constitutes a Well-read Man—President's Address, ... 24

The Drowning Man's Soliloquy, ... 27

Vengeance is Mine, ... 29

The Squeehawket Society for the Promotion of Intellectual Culture among Ladies, . . . 35

Song of the Seniors, ... 39

Editors' Review, ... 40

Grinds, ... 46

Base Ball Scores, 1890, ... 52

The Phillips Pot-Pourri, ... 53

EDITORS.

THEODORE EATON,

CARLETON G. SMITH,

JOHN P. CHAMBERLAIN.

THE MIRROR.

Vol. XXXVII. JUNE, 1890. No. III.

The Sacrifice or Recompense of Literary Life.

First Means Prize.

Literary life consists, generally speaking, in the cultivation and study, or in the practice and production, of literature or letters. Literature or letters may be used to signify the whole existing body of books and writings; but, in a higher sense, it signifies rather, those choice or selected writings, which are permanent in their character and value. Literary life may be concerned solely with the study and knowledge of literature. Of such lives many of the greatest scholars of the world are examples. In a stricter and more accurate sense, however, literary life is life devoted, not only to the cultivation of a knowledge of literature, but especially of the art or capacity of producing literature, or of expressing thought and ideas in written language.

Language, like literature, has more than *one* meaning. It means—regular and formal speech or writing. It may also mean—any form or method of expressing, suggesting or conveying thoughts and ideas. Thus, we often say, the *voice* of Nature, the *language* of Flowers, the *lessons* or *teachings* of Experience, *unwritten* Poetry. A recent writer has said, "The tones of music, the tints of painting, the forms of sculpture, are but modes of expressing thought."

Literature, therefore, in the sense in which we intend it here, is limited to the study of *written* language, or to the art of expressing thought in *written* language.

The subject directly suggests the contrast between literary life and other pursuits, and it is our purpose, here, to consider these contrasts.

It is clear that other lines of life, or forms of activity, present greater attractions to most men. For example, mercantile or business life, if successful, leads to far greater wealth ; and money, as well as knowledge, is power. Political or public life, if successful, wins greater immediate fame and visible power. What we call professional life, in all its varieties, ordinarily commands larger pecuniary rewards, as well as higher social distinction.

These illustrations raise the inquiry,—What is the true measure or standard for valuing life?

Without discussion, which our space will not permit,—we would lay it down, that the true measure of life is the degree to which one contributes either to one's own or to others' moral, intellectual and spiritual elevation. In a word, it is high character and noble service that truly measure the value of life. The names of the noblest and greatest men of our own country, or of our own race, verify this definition,—Washington, Marshall, Lincoln, Hamilton and Webster, in public life ; Milton, Shakespeare and Emerson, in literary life.

Tried by this test and definition, how clearly appears the superior permanence and value of literary life! Which fame is greatest, to-day,—which service was greatest, in its day, or is still greatest, in our day—that of Demosthenes, the statesman and public man, or that of Demosthenes, the author of immortal orations, masterpieces of literature forever? Lord Bacon lived a double life, and won eminence and fame in each. Which fame, or which service, is greatest or most lasting,—that of Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England, or that of Bacon, author of the *Novum Organum?* Or, to use but one more illustration,—whose influence is highest and best and will be, hereafter,—that of Milton, the statesman and controversialist, or that of Milton, the poet and prose writer?

If we look at the results of other modes of life, the contrast is continued with the same result. Wealth, power and fame are unsatisfying in their nature. Wealth tends strongly to greed and selfishness ; power is usually attended by anxiety and danger,—"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown ;" mere ordinary fame is empty and transient. Literary life, on the contrary, is, *in itself*, full of purest enjoyment. It makes us companions with the greatest and best of all ages ; no reverses can take away its treasures and rewards ; the influence of a great book, a grand essay, a noble oration, a lofty poem, or a splendid history, never dies.

Two great examples in American life seem to me to exactly illustrate what I have now said.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was tempted, at the outset of life, to become a mere professional man, or a plain teacher, or a lecturer or public speaker, only. He chose a literary life, and the whole world is, and will be, his audience. His life was one of serene enjoyment and peace. His reward is true fame and real power.

John Lothrop Motley was gifted in many directions. He thought of being a lawyer, of making himself a great orator, of playing the *role* of statesman. He chose, finally, a literary life. Did he choose well? His works answer: they are imperishable. Twice, late in life, he ventured into public employment and positions. He reaped only bitter disappointment and chagrin, and, though no dishonor touched him, he justly felt, as he has written, that literature was his true vocation, giving him only happiness, contentment and true fame.

Political Greece and Rome are dead; literary Greece and Rome live, and will live, forever.

In permanence of influence; in true service to others; in length and value of fame; and especially in the reward of personal happiness; literary life surpasses almost all other pursuits.

The recompense of such a life vastly exceeds the sacrifice.

J. I. C.

Pausanias' Address to his Soldiers at the Battle of Platæa.

Second Means Prize.

Let us glance behind us over a period of four and twenty centuries and behold the plains of Greece in their summer bloom.

Flocks and herds roam in verdant pastures; the mountains and the valleys are clothed in living green; numberless caravans are seeking a distant metropolis; and the voice of busy millions echoes far and wide in the realms of that fair but dissipated land.

But Hark! the thrilling cry of war strikes terror and dismay to the hearts of the peace-loving Greeks. Persians, burning to wipe out the stains of former defeats, pour in countless legions into Greece and threaten to sweep her from the face of the earth. Nearer and nearer draws the mighty struggle. Two nations, two races, grapple in a deadly conflict; the one for slavery and dominion, the other for freedom and national existence. Persia leads her three hundred thousand warriors into the great arena. Greece trembles and bewails her doom.

But she gallantly rallies; she appeals to her allies, summons her children and takes her stand in Platæa.

The morning dawns upon the heights of Kithaeron. The sun hastens up the heavens to behold the grand spectacle; all is wild excitement and uproar in the Persian camp. The rumbling of the chariots; the galloping of the squadrons; and the tramp of infantry shake the plains of Platæa.

Do you hear that deafening yell? It is the Persian battle cry; Hoyhooha!!! Hoyhooha!!! echoes and re-echoes among the hills. "They move!" "They come!" exclaim the Greeks. "They are upon us!" Where is the general? Where is Pausanias? But there is no answer. "Has he deserted the army? Must we fight without the leader?" "O treachery! Treason! Traitor! Forward!" cries a Spartan captain, "charge!" They hold their spears in readiness to advance. "Halt!" cries a Grecian general. See! A group of horsemen approaches from the enemy. Is it the Persian commander, Mardonius? No! Is it his guards? No. The riders disappear in a small ravine; again they are seen upon a slight eminence. "No! No!" 'Tis the Spartan flag. 'Tis the Grecian general. "Long live Pausanias." How proudly he rides to the front and addresses his gallant cohorts.

"Soldiers you have come from afar. The voice of arms has brought you here to oppose the cruel invaders of your country, to arrest the destroyers of your cities, to seize the pillagers of your temples, to strike down the mockers of your gods.

The barbarians come to fire your homes; they come to slaughter your families; they come to enslave you.

Beat them back; destroy them, O noble Athenians They are the same enemy you defeated at Marathon, and conquered at Salamis. You will again break through their line, trample over their battalions and take their gold and silver for your reward. I have spied the enemy's camp; I have examined their legions. They are without discipline, without shields, without arms. They cannot sustain even the first charge.

Be loyal, be brave, be steadfast, and victory will crown your brows with laurels.

And you, O brave and generous Spartans, remember Thermopylae! Remember Leonidas and his gallant three hundred. You are invincible. You will again scatter their columns and put them to inglorious rout. Think of your return! Your children will kiss you as victorious fathers, your wives will greet you as triumphant husbands, and your country will rejoice in the glory of your achievements. But if, perchance, you fall, then, O gallant Spartans, your names will be enrolled among illustrious dead. Your grateful countrymen will sing the praises of your valor, posterity will cherish and exalt your heroism, and the immortal gods will give to your names an imperishable renown."

At that moment an officer rode up to Pausanias in breathless haste, "we are overmatched and surrounded! Send help at once, or all is lost!" "Return!" said Pausanias. "Rally your men with all possible despatch."

An instant more and the Persian arrows were falling like a hail storm upon the Grecian spearmen. "To arms!" shouts Pausanias.

"Charge!" and the sturdy hoplites rush upon the coming foe. Pausanias retires to a small eminence. His eyes sweep over the two struggling armies. Fierce and desperate grows the battle. The Grecian line begins to waver; the enemy is pressing vigorously on with tremendous shouts of victory. "O Immortal gods save my country!" cries Pausanias, as he rushes down the hill to rally his broken line. "Follow me! O Spartans follow your general," and he dashes into the Persian ranks. His wounded horse hurls him to the earth. A hundred spears strike his helmet and breastplate. "Save the general," shouts his body-guard. "Ye gods save Pausanias!" The brave Grecians rush in and rescue him.

He leaps upon another horse and waving his sword, again cries, "follow me." He charges at the head of his gallant troops. The Persian ranks are thrown into confusion and turned into ignominious flight. Greece is saved, and the brave Pausanias is hailed and worshipped as the saviour of his country. J. O. M.

A Slight Mistake.

First Prize Story.

Mr. Henry Hibbard had dressed in a great hurry; but in spite of his haste he found, when he entered the room that the dancing had already begun. He crossed the floor, and after speaking to one or two of the chaperones whom he knew, he stood drawing on his gloves and contemplating the dancers. He could not see very well, and he felt a vague sense of embarrassment at the circumstance. "The lights are poor; my eyes must be tired," he reflected.

After a while he observed that the number of the sexes was equal, with himself omitted. This might mean no dancing for him. He scarcely cared for that; the propinquity to Miss Willett was all he wanted. He had already discovered her in spite of the mistiness of things; and he followed her with his eye, ready to claim her the moment that the dance ended. The music was a waltz; but he could not make out which waltz it was. There were five of them on his order; and his dances depended upon the lateness of the hour. The music ceased, and the dancers resumed their seats. Mr. Hibbard hastened to Miss Willett.

"Can you tell me which dance that was?"

"The second waltz."

"Thanks, have you a dance left?"

She raised her eyes to his. He thought he saw in them the traces of a mischievous smile.

"I am very sorry, but—"

He waited for no more, but bowed, and turned away. During the interval he sought dances, but secured only an extra with a girl whom he was inclined to dislike. When the music began again he was in despair, and seated himself beside one of the chaperones. It so happened that the one by whom he sat was Mrs. Wally, and she, as usual, began to chat vivaciously. He kept his ear toward her, but his eye upon Miss Willett.

"Have you heard the news?" inquired Mrs. Wally. But Miss Willett was nearing that part of the room, and his attention was occupied. Mrs. Wally capable of supplying any number of hiatuses, went on,——

"No, why, where have you been then?"

Miss Willett was departing, and he was attempting to draw a simile for her going from the aphelion of Venus, with the idea of embodying it in verse, but Mrs. Wally stoutly maintained the attack;——

"I thought that anything concerning Miss Willett was of such interest to you that you would be sure to know it."

Mrs. Wally took a maternal interest in all young men, and had not the slightest objection to subjecting them to cruel surgical operations like this.

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Hibbard catching at Miss Willett's name, "I did not hear you."

"Ah! you 'll listen now," retorted Mrs. Wally.

"It is always pleasant to listen to Mrs. Wally," the young man replied, seeing that he was expected to make amends.

"Of course you know that Miss Willett is engaged." Mrs. Wally smiled slily at him. He maintained his composure manfully, considering the shock.

"Ah!" he ejaculated.

"Without her father's consent?" continued the matron, still more archly. He said nothing. "'Tis a horrible scandal," she went on, "her father actually put him out of the house, and forbade her to speak or write to him. They meet surreptitiously. Perhaps they 've been married secretly." This last with a rising inflection as though a question. Mr. Hibbard did not reply. He never thought even of inquiring the hero's name. His one idea was—escape. He nervously adjusted his tie with his neatly gloved hand, and rising excused himself. Mrs. Wally's sly smile continued for some moments after his departure. Mr. Hibbard passed into an adjoining room. As he entered, he overheard some words in a low masculine voice.

"If you really cared for me, you would n't hesitate to ——"

It was too late to retreat, so Mr. Hibbard went on. The owner of the low masculine voice ceased speaking as he saw the intruder. By the gorgeous flower in his button-hole Mr. Hibbard recognized the young man who had danced the second waltz with Miss Willett. She accompanied him now. She looked a little red and conscious, and Mr. Hibbard's mind leaped to a conclusion. That was the man; had he not danced twice with her in succession? And those words that he had overheard! Mr. Hibbard felt his stature dwindle. So this was the end, and his labor had been for naught; and his heart was bitter against his rival.

However, Miss Willett smiled at this moment, and her smile may have prevented bloodshed.

"Are n't you dancing?" she inquired.

"No, I had the misfortune to arrive late, and the symmetry of the sexes is so well preserved, that I have been able to obtain nothing but an extra."

His speech was somewhat stilted, as that of a youth is when such an one attempts to cover his discomfiture with words. He smiled pathetically. He felt obliged to smile; but his face felt grotesque, and he became grave immediately. His rival spoke up: —

"I 've a dance or two more; let me give you one."

Mr. Hibbard's anger rose at this condescension. The successful man offering him a favor! The humiliation of defeat. He could scarcely speak for indignation.

"Oh! no, thanks; my tardiness is to blame; it is reprehensible — would n't think of it." He hurried out.

"How peculiar Mr. Hibbard is to-night," remarked Miss Willett reflectively.

"Is n't he?" assented her companion with a short laugh. "Some one's been talking to him."

Mr. Henry Hibbard sat down in a corner, and gazed about him. His sight seemed even dimmer than before. He was about to wipe his eye-glasses, when the fragment of a conversation arrested his rising hand.

"Yes, I do wonder how it will turn out;" a charming costume of China silk was saying.

"I hav n't any idea," replied the sombre habiliments beside it.

"I should n't think the old man would permit the marriage."

"Is that the way you speak of our parents?" broke in the fay, and the conversation went meandering off. But from the other side Mr. Hibbard heard.

"How *distrait* poor Mr. Hibbard is to-night! Poor man! I wonder if love affects every one that way."

This from the clouds of lace that enveloped a divinity of youthful femininity.

"I don't blame him under the circumstances. It must be a great disappointment to see another——" and then the pair arose and began to walk.

Poor Mr. Hibbard was becoming frantic The publicity of his disappointment aggravated it. He had not the nerve to leave the place, the most that he could do was to get up, cross the floor, and return absent-mindedly.

"Everybody knows," he said to himself. "I've been fooled; and she seemed so encouraging last night."

In the intensity of his grief he had lost sight of Miss Willett; but now she passed near him, and he continued to follow her with his eyes, although with difficulty, because of the dimness of his sight or of the lamps.

"I must have some new glasses," he reflected, "everything seems so blurred."

He began to think that people were gazing at him curiously.

"I must get out," he said to himself. "My chagrin is too apparent," and he arose.

Miss Willett was sitting near Mrs. Wally. As he passed the latter said: "Mr. Hibbard." He paused. "Madam."

"You don't seem yourself to-night; what is the matter? Does the obdurate father disturb you?" and the same smile flitted across her lips.

"She mocks me," he thought.

There was a man bending over to speak to Miss Willett, and Mr. Hibbard dimly recognized the owner of the gorgeous exotic.

"Can you tell me who that is speaking to Miss Willett?"

"Why! her brother, of course."

"Her brother," echoed Mr. Hibbard; "why, I know her brother, I must be growing blind."

He put his hand to his eyes. To his surprise, it encountered no barrier of glass. It flashed upon his memory that in his hurry he had thrust his eye-glasses into his pocket in order to adjust his tie, as he went down stairs. Instantly he put them upon his nose. Sure enough the man was her brother. He gave a sigh of relief. Perhaps everything would clear up as easily as his sight had. With the restoration of that sense he felt his courage revive. Mrs. Wally was viewing him with curiosity. He seated himself beside her, bent upon getting to the bottom of her disquieting words.

"May I ask who this presumptuous defier of parents is?"

She looked at him smilingly. He was becoming more tractable; she would discover what she wished.

"Why! yourself. Who else could it be? Every one is talking about it."

His brow cleared and he laughed with his usual gaiety.

"Absurd; no such thing. I deny it;" and he left his inquisitor almost precipitately.

"Well," she reflected, "I 've discovered the present state of affairs at least."

His vague sense of embarrassment had fled, as he crossed the room to his friend Jack Willett.

"I want to apologize. I 'd forgotten my eye-glasses, and I did n't know you. May I have that dance you offered me?"

"Of course," answered Jack. "I thought you acted a little odd." The two men smiled.

Mr. Hibbard immediately sought Miss Willett.

"Jack says that I may have all his dances. May I?"

She smiled sweetly. "After you 've acted so. I 've a great mind not to let you have them." But she handed him her order, nevertheless.

When Mr. Hibbard's dance came round, his smile as he crossed the floor and offered Miss Willett his arm, was bland in the extreme.

"Why were you so petty when Jack offered you that dance?" she inquired.

"I did n't know him. I 'd forgotten my glasses in my haste," he explained.

"Really?"

"Yes; do you think I 'd deceive *you?*"

"Even if you did n't know him, you might have been more pleasant."

"The fact is," confessed Mr. Hibbard, "I was horribly jealous at——"

"Let us dance," she said.

In a pause, Miss Willett remarked: "As you 've explained things, perhaps I 'll tell you a secret. Jack will tell it any way, so I might as well."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Hibbard.

"You wont tell any one?"

"No."

"Jack took those dances merely for you. I — Jack, I mean — saw you were late, and —— "

"You dear —— "

"Hush!"

But, if the smile upon Mr. Hibbard's face when he left the house that night was indicative of anything, it was of the fact that he had not "hushed," and that Miss Willett had not intended her exclamation to be rigidly prohibitive.

ANTOINE.

A Story of the Revolution.

Second Prize Story.

THE Spring of 1777, which had dawned upon the people of the colonies, brightly tinged with the victory of Princeton, darkened into a cloudy morn which fell upon the good people in the upper valley of the river Saugatuc.

For, as yet the tyrannical tread of the Tory leaders had not been heard in the Nutmeg State: and the patriotic kinsmen of Ethan Allen, and scores of others, had hastened away to Cambridge or to Princeton, as duty called, leaving at home the no less patriotic wives and daughters, to toil in summer, to raise the flax which, in winter, was to be laboriously spun and woven into "home-spun," destined to cover the breasts of the homely but hardy New England patriots.

Along the northwestern border of Fairfield County, stretch an irregular line of peaks and ridges which are, in fact, the beginning of that line of mountains, which increase in ever-varying beauty through the Berkshire Hills, till they reach their culmination in the Green Mountains of Vermont.

Around the base of one of these straggling hills of Fairfield, winds a turnpike as it trends from Danbury six mills northward, to Ridgefield five miles to the south. At a point where the road approaches nearest the river, stood a weather-beaten New England homestead.

The elms, gnarled, overhanging the mossy shingles, and the square stone chimney, told of ancestors, whose Puritanic characters were as hardy as the elms, and as stolid as the chimney itself. They had not only expressed their rugged personality in words, but it permeated every act which they accomplished during those years of self-sacrifice.

The gable roof rose from the first story with prism-like regularity, till, reaching the apex of the roof, it descended in an abrupt slope, low down on the other side.

From the gable two windows jutted forth, from which a glimpse of the blue waters of the Saugatuc could be seen, as it bends, a fourth of a mile distant, toward the east.

Such had been the home of Miles Cavendish, who gave his life as a sacrifice to the new birth of Liberty.

He had been killed at the battle of Long Island, leaving a wife, and daughter, who made no effort to conceal the loneliness of the place.

The leaves had put themselves forth, and buds were bursting, prophetic of a bountiful harvest. The sun had, long ago, passed zenith, and a cool shadow threw itself about the old well-curb at the back of the house, by which stood the figure of a young girl.

One hand raised upon the chain of the well-sweep, while the other held, carelessly, an empty bucket, its whiteness showing painstaking scourings with sand.

The form was not one of a mature person ; yet as she stood looking, wholly unconscious of anything but her own thoughts, her face revealed the thoughtful imaginative features of one who is prematurely old.

The fourteen summers of Rose Cavendish's life had been for the most part a struggle against poverty, of which she had, thus early in life, been forced to bear a part.

Besides this, the excitement of political discussion preceding the Declaration of Independence, and subsequently, the death of her father in support of it, had rendered her, as we see her at the well, —a dreamer. But, underlying this placid exterior, there was a deep flowing current of hatred of the tyrant, Geo. III.

She had come hither from the attic of the house, where, since early morn, she had been busily occupied in sprinkling long cuts of linen, which her mother had woven during the winter months. On the following day they were to be spread in the bright sunlight to bleach.

Her visit to the well was but one of many during the day, for, as fast as a bucket was emptied, she returned to the well and refilled it.

Having been somewhat fatigued by her steady labor, she had lingered, but, as if remembering her unfinished task, turned to fill her bucket.

But as she turned, her gaze fell upon a figure, half bent, cautiously emerging from the edge of the wood.

Having reached the edge the figure abruptly stopped, and taking an erect posture seemed to scrutinize the landscape before it. As it stood in the shadow of the wood, she clearly distinguished the faded continental uniform, which, as she saw it, thrilled her with a spirit of patriotism, which melted away into sadness as she thought of what her father had been. And before she was aware of it, the figure had approached quite near to her, and revealed the form of a young man, about twenty-six years of age, with close cut features, dark eyes, and dark mustache!

Noticing her seeming fright, he advanced and, hastily saluting her, said, "I beg pardon for startling you, but child, I am hard pressed! Where can I conceal myself?"

Raising his hand and pointing to the north to a cloud of rising dust—"there is Lord Tyron, but a half-mile away!"

"Yonder is Danbury pillaged and destroyed!

She looked in the direction and over the hill volumes of smoke rising in dark columns, verified his tale.

He continued: "I must get to General Arnold or Wooster at Ridgefield, and inform them of the danger and the proposed attack:"

"The Tories would hang me, child, if they could catch me; Haste! Make haste!"

She turned and calmly filled her bucket, and then turned and entered the house through the low door, into the kitchen, and ascended to the attic where lay the great folds of cloth which she had sprinkled.

"I will conceal you in this," she said; and he was quickly enveloped in the snowy whiteness.

She now resumed her work, mechanically passing the breadths of linen in long folds with one hand, while with the other, she carelessly sprinkled it.

Thus employed she waited, and listened for the sound of horse which was approaching. At last she caught the low rumble which steadily increased, till, now, they were opposite the house. Would they pass?

"Halt!" The noise ceased for an instant, till succeeded by the clattering of swords. They were searching the house, for the sound of their heavy foot-steps sounded, and resounded through the house, and oaths and curses rang, till, echoing back from the rafters, they filled her heart with a sickening dread. For never before had the old house given ear to such profanity. In the attic were two patriots.

One a warrior, and accustomed to face any danger; the other, a child; whose life was peace. One concealing the precious message, was in turn concealed. He the stronger, dared not reveal himself; while she, the weaker must meet the danger face to face. Could she do it?

Which was the greater patriot, both loyal to the same cause, the hero or heroine? Feet were now on the stair-case, but she did not cease her work, till she now saw the tall form of a grenadier before her.

"Ah! Ha! my little girl" said the tall man whose uniform indicated a higher rank than a private. "Where is your father?" the brave rebel who has left you alone and taken to his heels?"

Keeping steadily at work she replied "My father, sir, was killed at Long Island, and he died bravely too!"

"Might that all rebels perish likewise!" "But, where is the mother of the family of rebels?"

"She is at Aunt Alice's who is sick," she answered.

"Well! Well! my little girl, I must hurry, I haven't time to chase cowards, but can you tell me, has a man with dark hair and eyes, dressed in a faded uniform, has any such passed by to-day?"

"None such has *passed by*," she answered truthfully, as she still continued her work.

"Curse it!! Have we missed the hound?"

"Forward!! Men! and overtake the Saint of Liberty!"

Leaving her and mounting, they hastily rode away.

When the noise died away she ceased her work, and climbing to the gable window watched, till they were out of sight.

She called to the fugitive and pointing to the bit of blue water, said: "there is my boat, take it and cross the river to my Uncle Reuben's where you will find a horse which will take you to Ridgefield." "It will be only three miles there, you can do it. Go!" "Yes, you can do it!"

"Good-bye, my brave girl," and he strode away.

She watched him till he was out of sight at the bend of the river

She turned, and far down the pike where it curves around the foot of Mars Hill, she saw the British general, who was a tyrant far more by nature than by name, with his Hessian troopers, march on, and on,—to their crushing defeat at Ridgefield the next day. To her it was a dissolving view.

The mingled images of horse and troop, with gay caparisons; with a single fugitive tired, dusty; melted into a single picture of a great battle and a great defeat.

Thus she dozed till the rays of the setting sun fell through the gable windows upon her face, and revived her from the swoon in which she had fallen.

A few days afterward, she received the following letter:

MISS ROSE CAVENDISH.

My brave girl, I write to express the appreciation, which I feel I owe to you, of your brave and noble act, in concealing our trusted scout and spy. In so doing you have done an inconceivable amount of good to our army and to the cause of liberty as well. I wish I might see you, but if I cannot, *always* do your duty as fearlessly as you did on that afternoon, remembering "that he who controlleth his spirit, is greater than he who taketh a city!"

Good-bye,

MAJ. GEN. W——.

Life.

First Prize Poem.

On, ever on, oh mighty stream !
In all the majesty of awful power
Thou flowest on, ceaseless and
Sateless, lapping the shores of time
Throughout eternity.
Nations will rise and fall, peoples
Will perish ; worlds be made
And unmade, eras extinguished ;
Alone thou remainest, unchanged
And unchangeable.
Life's countless streams each
Flowing from their separate source
Have all a common and controlling
End in thee—so swells humanity
To one grand flood.
Life ! Life ! thou art a glorious
Thing, throbbing with warm
And conscious being, quickened
With innate force thou glidest
On, thy undulating surface
Flashed with sparkling lights
And shades, peace gentle
Harmony breathes over Thee,
And ravished Nature glows
In blushing ecstasy.
Glorious thou art and terrible !
Beneath thy rippling waters
Flows the measured, mighty
Current of man's destiny.

Resistless and remorseless
Is that power, helpless and
Hopeless is humanity.
How many in the glow
Of youth, touched with the human
Smile of joy, radiant with
Heavenly happiness, that *were*
And are no more!
Lost! Lost! the deep, dark
Waters of a darker fate
Close over and about them
And move on, eternally
The same, while all around
Is gay and gorgeous as before.
Oh, Life, thou infinite anomaly!
Man comprehends naught
Of thy origin or destiny,
Thy past or present;
All's but a dream,
A long sweet dream without
A waking. In the presence
Of thy being stand
Thy beings, awed by thy
Deep shadow of sublimity:
The finite and the infinite,
Man and his God!

⁂

What Constitutes a Well-Read Man.

President's Address.

It is generally admitted that a person in order to be well-read must have such a general knowledge that he can converse with ease upon nearly every subject which is mentioned; but the very fact that such persons are few is reason for needing more.

As this address is chiefly for young men, let us first look at *their* opportunities for reading. Where can one train himself better than in school and college? There he is surrounded with literary men and imbued with a literary spirit. One of the best ways of extending his knowledge is by reading all the books he can which are directly or indirectly associated with his different studies. It is in the time of youth that a desire for good reading must be formed; but, at the same time he must guard against reading so-called "trashy" books or papers whose effect is often worse than not reading at all, and which are liable to destroy all taste for standard or beneficial books.

In business, on the other hand, a young man finds little opportunity for cultivating literary habits. His surroundings are such that his tastes run in other directions. Here we see the advantage of a young man in school over his brothers in business. Not that we would have our ideal devote all of his time to reading because that would be contrary to the good old saying, "Too much play makes Jack a dull boy," for Jack's reading then becomes his play; but we would have him give so much time as is left after taking the necessary amount for exercise or recreation. After a young man has formed the habit of good reading he becomes more and more attached to this habit and easily resists the desires which he formerly had for less worthy objects. However, there is danger of falling into the habit of careless reading and thereby losing many of the salient points of the subject in hand. Perhaps this is one of the most important errors to be guarded against in reading. We often hear a person say that he has read a book but at the same time is able to tell but little about it—he had little time when he read it or some other such reason. When we read a book that is worth reading why not read it thoroughly! Time is precious; then we should use it to the best possible advantage. if we are to attempt to read a considerable part of the books now being published. for the market is overflowing with innumerable books. pamphlets. and periodicals of every description. and the tide is still rising.

It is hardly possible for a man to read even all the standard books, to say nothing of the numerous periodicals. But there is usually opportunity to read good reviews of the prominent books from which one may obtain the main points. If a person's time is limited it is all the more necessary to choose books from which he will derive the most benefit. The man who has but little time is liable to form a taste for some one kind of reading while neglecting all others. The habit as we readily see is a bad one since it tends towards narrow-mindedness. Let me say here that it is very important to guard against this fault. for we need more broad-minded men. We are liable to shut ourselves up within ourselves and see things from only one side. while those who look at the world in a broad. clear way are only too few.

We claim that the best way for a man to attain this broad and clear way of looking at the world is by solid reading. Not that we would have him read only such books as "Plutarch's Lives", or become a "grind," as students call a bookworm. but we would have him use his time judiciously and not read useless books. Every one, whatever his occupation is. would do well to acquaint himself with the main points in Ancient Mythology and the folk-lore of the countries of the Old World. as references are frequently made to these legends in current literature. which consequently make them of much practical use. Many novels are based on historical facts or show such careful thought that they are very instructive and are not to be condemned at all. while some are worthless. It is the former class that should be selected.

Professional men. such as lawyers and physicians. are obliged to devote a great deal of their time to reading. They must notice each new case as it occurs and is described, in order to be able to act better in the cases which come under their own observation. While a business man does not have so *direct* a need for reading as the professional man, still he must keep himself well informed in order to carry on his business successfully with the different men with whom he has to deal. There are some men who read but little and still succeed in their business; but these men are not the ones to copy. It could never be said of one of these, in the words of Shakespeare,—

> "His life was gentle and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world,
> 'This was a man.'"

There are few such men as the great English dramatist has characterized in this passage, but the world needs more of them. It should be the aim of every man to improve his time and mind in ways similar to those which I have endeavored to set forth, in order that he may attain as near as possible to the ideal well-read and well-educated man.

The Drowning Man's Soliloquy.

Second Prize Poem.

Is it for this, Thou God of mercy and of love,
Who watchest o'er thy children, here on earth,
Without whose notice, not a single sparrow falls,
Is it for this, Thou 'st led me on through life,
Through trials and temptations, through sorrows and through joys,
To let me drown, unfriended and unknown,
A single soul 'mid all this wide expanse?

With what wild fury sport these storm-tossed waves,
What mountains and what awful depths!
Anon they bear me up, till on their crests
The very birds I rival, then with awful plunge,
Down, down I go and in their depths below,
The sky itself is lost, and all seems o'er.

And still I live, and torture still endure;
Oh, what an agony, an end thus shaped!
What thoughts, what hopes, what fears, and what regrets!
E'en now, I see the flames and hear the cries
Of those, who, without hope, were doomed to die
By water or by fire.

E'en now, I feel the water surge around,
As leaping from the ship a plank I caught.
The winds were strong, and borne away,
To sinking ship and precious freight forever lost,
I've lived till now, half dead with fright,
And frozen to the bone.

And still the day wears on,
The reddening sun sinks lower, till
Mingling with the sea, 'tis gone and twilight deepens.
Oh, Orb of Light and Life, e'en thou hast left me,
And ne'er again thy glory shall I see.

How deep the air and dark, oppressive, black!
Night settles down and in her awful mystery she rules,
E'en as deep sleep which stealing o'er one,
Snatches the daylight from the mind away.
Methinks, with lull of wind and storm,
I hear the evening bell at home, and well-known voices whisper.

But no, 'tis not to be. Never again for me
Shall loving voice be heard or face be seen.
My race, so brief, is run, and now the end draws nigh.
Farewell, sweet life, companion of a few short hours;
Unrecking fate decrees and Atropos,
With heedless shears, in cruel waiting stands.

Well then so let it be, God's way is best,
And though 'tis hard to bear, yet,
Calm, resigned, at peace with Him, I'll go
And say with parting breath the prayer,
Oh Lord if this thy will, then be it so.

Vengeance is Mine.

Third Prize Story.

"ROBERT, this is going to be an awfu' dark nicht, just what the wreckers hae been waitin' on for a long time, so that they could get in some o' their cruel and bloody wark; we maun be on oo'r guard and prevent them if possible."

Thus spoke David Watson as he stood with a companion on a high point of land, looking seaward.

The sun was slowly sinking beneath the western horizon; towards the east could be seen huge banks of clouds rising, as it were, out of the depths of the seas, and rapidly spreading over the whole sky, the heavens were moonless and together with the heavy dark clouds, gloom and blackness were stealing over land and sea.

David stood there silently gazing before him, apparently pondering in his mind what he had just said, or perhaps looking to see if there might be any sails in sight which would encourage the heartless men in their fiendish work.

He was born in the year——, in the northeastern part of Scotland, in a small sea port town; his father being a poor fisherman. David did not have many educational advantages other than what his parents could teach him, but they were God-fearing people and taught him, in early boyhood Christian principles, which adhered to him in after life and made him a man of upright character and integrity, one who was respected by all with whom he came in contact, also feared by all evil doers.

As soon as he was old enough, he took up his father's occupations; by the nature of his work, the sea air and food, together with stature characteristic of the people in that part of the country, he developed into a man of good physique and great powers of endurance, which, with a brave and true heart, made him a leader among his fellow fishermen, never shirking duty on sea or land, when lives were in peril, nor sending men where he would not go himself. He married early in life, and his choice proved a good one, as she was a woman with more force of character, and was always ready to give him a helping hand in all lines of good work.

At the time when this story opens, he was in the prime of his manhood; his married life had been blessed with three promising boys, and he always turned homeward from a hard day's work or fishing cruise, feeling sure of a hearty welcome to a cheery home circle, fond mother and bright boys waiting to meet him.

After standing where we found him, in the beginning, for some time, he turned and slowly wended his way homeward.

He acted as if he labored under some presentiment of danger, for he was quiet and absent minded, when usually he was quite the reverse. As the evening advanced he grew more restless and uneasy. Suddenly a timid knock came to the door, and, before he could answer it, the door slightly opened and a slip of white paper fluttered in on to the floor. He ran to the door hoping to see who the strange messenger might be, but he was too late. He returned, picked it up, and read as follows: "Th' rekers is goin' to lite a fir on egle krag the nicht." It was signed, "One who nows."

He showed it to his wife and, telling her not to be anxious for him, kissed her good bye and hastened from the house; he soon had word sent around to his men, and in a short time they were with him listening to the contents of the note. They decided to break up the gang if possible, so they prepared their arms and every other necessary thing, and hastened to "eagle crag." When they drew near to the place they concealed themselves behind a mass of rocks, while David went on ahead to reconnoitre. He soon returned with the report that they were preparing to start a fire, and, assuring them that they could easily overpower them, he ordered his men to advance. He led them to a side of the crag easy of approach, quite close to where the wreckers were building the fire. They crept up close to them unawares, and at a signal from David sprang out upon the gang, taking them completely by surprise. A fierce but short struggle ensued and they soon had every wrecker tightly bound. Then the cowards realized that they were in the power of a fearless man and they quailed before him, begging him to release them, and saying that they would take oath to abandon the business and lead honorable lives.

David felt that the time had come at last, when he had succeeded in breaking up such a dangerous gang, but he wanted to make sure of it, therefore he consulted with his men. They finally decided to release them upon taking oath that they would never carry on such a heartless traffic again. They all gladly took the oath but their leader, John McDougall by name, a cruel, heartless, cowardly wretch. Yet David, feeling sure that as long as he could keep the men out of his influence he need not fear him, released him, who, as he slunk out of sight, swore that he would have revenge.

* * * * * * * * * *

Twenty years with their many changes have passed by, and sad have been the changes in David's once happy home. Two of his boys had been caught in a heavy gale at sea and were never seen afterwards. Some time later their boat drifted ashore bottom upwards, which proved beyond doubt the sad fate which befell the young men.

It was a severe blow to fond parents and their grief was intense, but a still harder blow was yet to fall upon the heads of those already white with age and grief. Their only remaining son, upon whom they now centred all their hope for the future, fell in with evil companions and was slowly going on the downward road to sin, shame, and degradation. All this time John McDougall had waited for an opportunity for revenge. He, fearing David, never dared to do him open violence, therefore he saw an opportunity for which he had long sought, in encouraging his only son on his downward road to ruin. He managed this in such a shrewd way that although it could not be proved, yet David strongly suspected him.

The downfall of his son well nigh broke the old man down, but his grief drew him to that never-failing source of comfort and relief from life's heavy burdens, and in his grief he saw others in a like way, and he soon became a welcome and well known figure by the bedside of the sick and dying, and much was the peace and comfort he brought to many a desolate fireside.

In the fall of——, one of the most terrific gales ever known in that region raged along the coast. The wind howled and shrieked like some frightful demon let loose, lashing the sea into a terrible fury; the rain came down in a perfect deluge; the thunder roared and seemed to shake the very foundations of the earth; the lightning flashed across the black heavens like fiery serpents let loose to roam at will. It raged for three days with little signs of abatement. On the evening of the fourth day, David sat in his cabin, busily working over his nets, while his wife, seated near him, was busy mending his sails.

"Man Davie, wull this fearfu' storm never end? It seems as though the day o' judgement had come, and God was wreakin' vengeance on the heeds o' the wicked," she said, as she got up and went over to the window and looked out. "Aye, wife dear, there hasna been sic' a fearfu' storm on this coast for many a day, and I hope there is nae mair ships at the mercy o' sic' a gale o' win' and sea."

"May God watch o'er the puir bodies wha may be in danger o' a watery grave and may he hear the prayers gane up frae sair hearts the nicht, for loved anes on the deep" she replied as she returned to her seat beside her husband.

They sat silently for a few minutes, when David suddenly jumped from his seat and ran toward the window. "What's the matter wi' ye, Davie?" "Did ye no hear that, wifie, dear? Listen awee'!" During a lull in the storm the unmistakable "boom!" "boom," of a ship in distress could be heard. David instantly pulled on his oil skins and putting on his sou' wester, tenderly kissed his aged companion saying, "pray for me, wifie, and the puir bodies in danger o' a watery grave," and hurried to the beach. A few fishermen were already there running to and fro searching for some light, which would locate the ship. Suddenly a cry was heard, "there she lies, out on Cannie Point." Then they all, with David at their head, rushed for the life boat, and soon had it ready for use. They needed one more man to complete the crew, and John McDougall being the only one near they pressed him into unwilling service. Then came a fierce struggle with man and sea; finally they were able to break through the surf and safely reach the fast sinking ship. They soon had most of the women and children and aged in the boat. Then they started for shore which they reached in safety.

In the second attempt John lost his hold on the boat, and was swept seaward by the receding water. David standing near, saw it and sprang towards him trying to save him, and both were swept seaward. David soon recovered himself and grasped John, who in his fall struck the boat, which stunned him and rendered him useless. David tried in vain to tow him shoreward, but the struggle with the waves was too much for him, and he was fast losing strength when he felt something fall over his arm. He only had sense and strength enough to grasp it; then he felt himself being dragged to shore.

They were soon landed safely and carried back out of reach of the surf. John being younger and hardier, was soon restored to consciousness, bur not so with David. The battle with the angry waves had proved too much for his weakened and aged frame, and he was carried to his home in an unconscious state. Medical aid proved of no avail for the waves had done their work. He slowly failed from day to day, being able to recognize no one, but at last the end drew near. For a short time he seemed to return to his senses. He looked up into the faces of those gathered around his bedside, and, with a faint smile which lit up his whole countenance, whispered "do good to them that despitefully use you," and passed away. It was a time of sorrow in that little village. All realized that a kind and true friend had been taken from them, and each mourned as if it were one from his own fireside.

No grand funeral equipage followed that body to its last resting place. No pause was made in the busy hum of national activity to pay the last respects to a great man and public benefactor. Simply a train of humble but sincere mourners followed the rough box. Borne on the shoulders of four sturdy fishermen to the little churchyard on the hill, they listened to the old gray-haired rector who, in a faltering voice, read, "but I say unto you, love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

They heard no grand eulogy of a departed hero, but in a weak voice trembling with emotion the venerable rector divinely spoke of one who, though his life was full of hardships and disappointments, though he suffered much by the hand of one whom he hindered in a godless work, yet he lived a life of Christ likeness in his simplicity, in his unselfish efforts to bring relief to the sick, needy, and suffering, and comfort and peace to the dying and bereaved, and in the end sacrificed his life for that of one who had been a bitter enemy of his for years.

Thus ended the life of one of the many heroes in the world's history whose names never appear on its pages as great public benefactors. Yet such a life has exerted a wide-spread influence in the community where it has existed, and long after the lights of great men fade and die, that influence will be felt for good in the world, and shall go on till the end of time.

The Squeehawket Society.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and the "Club for the Promotion of Intellectual Culture among Ladies," of Squeehawket, Maine, had just met. Susanna Ripley was welcoming the last comer, old Mrs. Thompkins, who was invariably late everywhere in consequence of always having to go back to her house, after starting out, to see that she had not forgotten to lock her front door.

It was with no little pride that Susanna held the Society at her house that day. She knew she was one of the best housekeepers in town, and, as she glanced around the room for the eleventh time to see that every picture was straight and that no specks had settled on her new white curtains, she felt an exultant thrill pass through her for she knew she was eclipsing Bettina Spriggs' reception of the Society two weeks before.

But one thing marred her otherwise perfect success. She had been forced to forego the pleasure of giving them some of her wonderful bread which was the talk of all the female portion of the village. She had made her batter very carefully the night before, had put it in a pan covering it with an old blanket, and placed it on the kitchen table to let it rise over night, but upon coming into the kitchen in the morning had found the cat asleep in the pan, no doubt thinking it the softest place to be found.

It was a bitter blow, but Susanna bore up bravely, and kittie will never sit on any bread again.

However, she made some of those beautiful little soda biscuit, and as her sponge cake turned out to be light as a feather, she felt somewhat repaid for her misfortune.

But now the President of the Society has arisen and is addressing the meeting. "Ladies of the Society: We meet again once more after two weeks of duties, cares and pleasures too, I trust. We have a most excellent program to-day. Besides the three chosen to read original stories etc., Miss Lucy Ruggles has kindly consented to sing."

The first number on the program was a story by Miss Estelle Clayton Howard, entitled,—"The Heiress of Holmesbury." There was a wriggle on one of the chairs as Miss Estelle Clayton Howard got up, adjusted her dress, and prepared her manuscript, all in one moment.

Miss Howard was a born writer. One could tell it as far as one could see her. Tragedy was written in every lineament of her face, and romance was entangled in every hair of her head.

If she had had her dress made of book covers bearing on them the titles,—Phyllis, Airy Fairy Lilian, Dora Thorne, etc., she could not have betrayed her calling more plainly.

"It was a fearful night," her story ran, "the snow was falling fast and the wind howled around the street corners, driving it into the faces of belated travelers on their way home. Christmas night, and New York, within, was at its merriest. In one of the palaces that greet the eye on both sides as one wanders up Fifth avenue, the gas had just been lit, and a servant was pulling down the curtains as there was a ring at the bell. A young man, dressed in the height of fashion, enters. He seats himself in the drawing room, laying his hat and cane by his side There is a rustle of a dress, and as the heavy curtains are drawn aside, a girl of surpassing loveliness appears. Her beautiful figure has lost none of its sweeping curves through faulty dressmaking, and her golden hair is the triumph of her hairdresser's art. Yes, from the tip of her dainty shoe to the crown of her shapely head, Eleanor Lorraine was beautiful. Little wonder that Durand Lottimer gazed in admiration upon the picture, and as he folded her to his heart, felt his cup of bliss o'er flow."

Miss Howard finished her story and sat down. Congratulations were offered on every side. Her task had been a hard one. Night after night had been spent by her in reading novels, that she might the better write one herself. Many the scoldings she had received from other members of the family for her absent mindedness while attending to the daily duties. Little guessed they of the subject occupying her mind. Some day when she had become a popular authoress, when thousands would await a new publication even as people hang on the words of a popular speaker, when she would place her own price on her books, and her publishers would gladly give it, then, ah then she felt she would be able to look back calmly on all these worrying trifles of her early career, and even with pity on those who had caused them.

"The next number," the President announced, "is entitled,— 'Woman, her mission and her requisite genius.'"

There was no wriggling now as Maria Jones arose, no folds or gathers to smooth out, nor box-pleats to straighten. Her attire was constructed on the dress-reform pattern, and from her number four and a half shoes with common sense heels to her straight black hair combed severely back, displaying her classic forehead, one could see muscle, healthy strength, grace, and freedom of motion written in her every movement. Her dress-reform waist would have scorned the paltry sum of twice eleven inches, and her whole appearance was at once commanding and graceful, yet full of retiring dignity.

Her treatise was a masterly effort, and when she had finished there was not a woman in the room who was not wondering whether she could get those trimmings off her dress without spoiling it, and calculating the cost of dumb-bells and Indian-clubs.

The next speaker announced was Marguerite Hassalaer. Her subject was a poem entitled,—"A Blade of Grass." She had been christened *Margaret*, but when she discovered her poetical gifts, *Margaret* had to give way to *Marguerite*. Like Estelle Clayton Howard and Maria Jones she carried her vocation with her in her dress and in her manner of acting. In fact, since she had begun developing her talent, her whole life had not ceased to be a poem and even her act of taking out her pocket handkerchief was full of rhythm.

"Only a blade of grass!
Only a bit of green,
To be trod upon by those who pass,
And left to die unseen!
A life without an end!
E'en without pleasure, I
Am forced at sport of wind to bend
And blossom but to die."

Eight more equally tender and impressive verses, with here and there a tremble of her voice, finished her special program and she sat down feeling unconsciously that many handkerchiefs were being secretly brought into use.

The song by Miss Lucy Ruggles would have been very sweetly rendered had it not been for her inability to strike the key accurately, and a tendency at times to bring her nose more actively into use than singing as a rule demands.

After the song which completed the literary treat, they adjourned to the dining-room and rendered the most important service of the day, even the poetess eating five soda biscuits, and envying the female reform woman whose calling admitted of her eating nine.

The club then adjourned, having spent a most pleasant afternoon in the interest of intellectual culture.

Song of the Seniors.

We've seen McDuffee make a rush, and also flunks galore ;
We've heard the awful Banty come a' knocking at our door ;
We've plugged our lines of Homer, and often asked for more ;
We've come into the Physics class, and heard how Henning swore.

We've yanked the chest-weights in the Gym. for strength our cares to
bear ;
Our dignity has given us a consequential air ;
We turn to stone the luckless Preps. with haughty, well-bred stare ;
We oft request dear Georgie Noyes to cut his golden hair.

But we shall not see the hydrants gush forth their streams so clear ;
Nor what used to be the Commons their brown-stone summits rear ;
Nor pavement, firm and solid, make the mud not quite so drear ;
And Commy over flunkers shed a sympathizing tear.

Editors' Review.

About the time that this volume reaches the hands of its readers, the members of the class of '90 will be bidding farewell to each other and the school at large.

It will be "with a smile on our lips and a tear in our eye" that we leave mother Phillips and all the environments of our school life here.

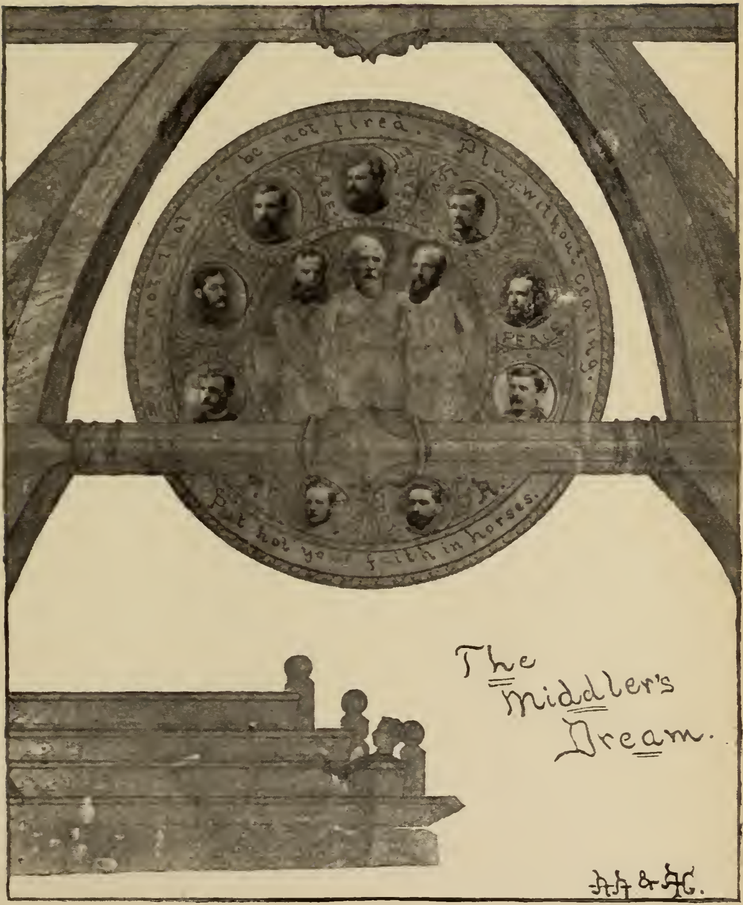
As we review the weeks and months spent in this institution, we cannot but feel that a vast number of opportunities have been neglected, and some evil habits, perhaps, have fastened themselves to us. But, for all this, the fact still remains, that foundations have been laid for our after life, and we are better able, by means of the strength which we have in reserve, to meet the larger responsibilities that await the young men of the present age.

If only we have learned, in our short stay here, how to apply ourselves to study, how to meet the many and different kinds of temptations connected with school and college life, then, surely, our coming to this academy has not been in vain.

Under the faithful and skilful management of Mr. Robinson, the Phillipian has had a very prosperous term.

Of the literary changes which have taken place during the term, the chief one consists in the opportunity offered those who are, even to the least degree, endowed with poetical talent, for the contribution of original poems.

This scheme has met with marked success, and many, having fathomed the depths of their poetic genius, have been induced to express in verse anything from the beauty of spring to a song of love.


be not tired.
Plug without ceasing.
PEACE
Put not your faith in horses.
The Middler's Dream.
AA & AC.

The chief changes which we note in the academy this term are, the desk, given by the Senior Classical Class to the school, the clock which P. A. '92 presented to their class officer, Professor Eaton, and also the fine collection of etchings which, through the generosity of Henry Phipps, Esq., have been placed upon the walls of No. 8 and No. 10. These etchings consist of twenty-six small and eleven large views of ancient ruins and mythological scenes. The desk is made of oak, and is very handsomely carved. Placed as it is, in the Academy hall, it can always be seen by the chapel visitors, and makes a valuable addition to the school building.

In No. 4 the clock has been placed. This is manufactured from light oak, is four feet in height, and has upon the front in gilt letters, "P. A. '92."

The work of the Philomathean Society in the spring term should not be judged too severely, for the outside attractions are so great as to prevent a large number from attending the meetings and keeping up their usual interest.

In spite of the fact that this term's attendance has been smaller than that of last term, much credit is due President Tyler for the able manner in which he has conducted the meetings. The year's work, taken as a whole, has been remarkably good, and those who have the interest of Philo at heart can well be proud of her success this year. It is very important that those who return next year, and especially the class of '91, make special effort to keep up the attendance and promote the welfare of the society.

Taking it for granted that this volume will fall into the hands of some who will join the academy next year, we would suggest and even urge that they begin early to support the society, and thus gain a great deal of profit for themselves, and advance the literary interest of the school.

We cannot pass over the school organizations, without mentioning the work of the ball nine this term.

Mr. Stearns has been untiring in his efforts as captain, and the school have contributed generously to the financial support of the nine.

Much to our regret, we learn, when about to go to press, that the annual game with Exeter is not to be held. In spite of this fact we feel sure that the work of the team has not been without its good results, and much credit is due the members for their faithful work during the term, and the management for procuring such strong teams for our practice games.

Of all the terms in the school year the spring term is, as a rule, the least conducive towards promoting the attendance at Inquiry.

Notwithstanding this fact, the present term has not witnessed as great a decrease in attendance as might be supposed.

It seems to be the case that toward the close of the year, those who are about to leave the school are desirous of improving, in the last few weeks, those opportunities for taking part which they may have before neglected.

For a certain number or students Inquiry appears to have a sort of magnetic attraction which it is exceedingly hard to resist.

During the term the Society has sent two delegates to the Christian Fraternity at Exeter, and very interesting reports therefrom were brought back to us.

Surely as long as old Inquiry shall send forth into the world her sons, they will never fail to bear witness of the help and inspiration which they have received within her sacred walls.

The meetings of the Y. M. C. A. have continued to furnish to those who attend, as much benefit as formerly.

Believing, as they do, that prayer is of inestimable avail, the members of the society devote especial attention to the invoking of the Divine blessing upon the religious work in the academy.

During the term several delegates attended at Georgetown the state convention of the Y. M. C. A.

It is earnestly desired that as many as possible will go to the Northfield Convention this summer, for those who have formerly attended will testify to the great good which can be derived from these gatherings.

The annual Field Day on May 31, presented the usual attractions, and there were added to the regular list several new events.

The very favorable weather added much to the success of the tournament, and brought out a large number of spectators.

All of the events were well contested and two records broken, the Three Mile Race and 440-yards Dash.

Following is the list and winners of events:

100 yds. Dash, 11 sec., Woodruff, '92.
Kid's Race, 12 2-5 sec., Wadhams, '92.
Putting Shot, 33 ft. 6 in., Perham, '90.
120 yds. Hurdle Race, 19 2-5 sec., Woodruff, '92.
Wheelbarrow Race, 13 4-5 sec., Perkins, '92.
Standing Broad Jump, 9 ft., 8 1-2 in., Woodruff, '92.
One Mile Run, 5 min. 3 4-5 sec., Curtis, '90.
220 yds. Dash, 25 1-2 sec., Lyon, '90.
Running Broad Jump, 19 ft., Holmes, '90.
Throwing Hammer, 69 ft. 4 in., Perkins, '92.
Throwing Base Ball, 301 ft. 11 in., Jones, '91.
Pole Vault, 8 ft. 1-4 in., Foss, '92.
One-Half Mile Run, 2 min. 18 3-5 sec., Curtis, '90.
Three Mile Race, 19 min. 8 1-2 sec., Barrett, '91.
Running High Jump, 5 ft. 2 in., Holmes, '90.
Sack Race, Perham, '90.
Broad Pole Vault, 21 ft., Foss, '92.
440 yds. Dash, 56 4-5 sec., Lyon, '90.

JUDGES.—Lieut. Wadhams, Mr. Pettee, Mr. McCurdy.

Our frontispiece has been secured for the purpose of representing the academy by the heads of the principal departments among the students.

These gentlemen are Mr. Tyler, President of the Philomathean Society; Mr. Taylor, President of the Society of Inquiry; Mr. Grant, President of the Y. M. C. A.; Mr. Stearns, Captain of the Base Ball Nine; Mr. Bliss, Captain of the Foot Ball Eleven; Mr. Robinson, Editor in Chief of the Phillipian; and Mr. Addis, Business Manager.

It is our earnest desire that this frontispiece which we have chosen may meet with the approbation of all, and fulfil the purpose for which it was designed.

Through the kindness of Professor Comstock, the members of the academy and others interested have had the privilege this term of attending four very interesting and instructive lectures, copiously illustrated by the stereopticon. The first lecture was upon the Roman Capitol, Arch of Titus, Vestal Virgins, and the Palaces of the Palatine.

Second, on the Colosseum, churches, statues, and other works of art.

Third, on the Campagna, Catacombs, Appian Way, and Tivoli.

Fourth, on Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Vesuvius.

In addition to these, the last of the course of piano recitals was given in the Town Hall by Mr. Arthur Foote, assisted by Mrs. Jennie P. Walker.

The opportunity which we have had to attend these musical entertainments is due to the courtesy of Professor Downs.

The members of the two Senior classes were very kindly invited by Miss McKeen to listen to the lecture delivered in Abbott Academy Hall by Lieut. Wadhams upon the U. S. Navy.

We would not fail to mention as well the annual Sunday School entertainment which consisted in a lecture given in the Academy Hall by Mr. G. W. Leitch. With the aid of the stereopticon the lecturer gave a very entertaining description of India and Ceylon, their vegetation, architecture, scenery and inhabitants.

Thus it will be seen that the literary entertainments this term have been numerous, and these, taken together with the many out-door attractions, have made the last three months of our school year by far the most pleasant of all.

The Means Prize Speaking this term was very well attended, and those who were present had the opportunity of hearing some excellent original essays.

The Committee of Award, consisting of Mr. A. L. Ripley, Rev. F. A. Wilson, and Mr. F. D. Greene, awarded the prizes respectively to J. I. Chamberlain, P. A. '90, J. O. More, P. A. '92, and G. N. Henning, P. A. '90.

At this point we would express our gratitude to Professors

Graves, McCurdy, and Eaton for the kindness which they have shown in acting as judges for this issue of the Mirror.

As a result of their decisions we have awarded the following prizes:

The first prize for stories to the writer of "A Slight Mistake," J. W. Tarbox.

The second prize to H. G. Brown, who wrote "A Story of the Revolution."

The third to G. S. McLaren for the story "Vengeance is Mine."

For poems, "Life," by C. W. Burling, took the first prize: and "The Soliloquy of a Drowning Man," by W. B. Jennings, the second.

A. Ames and A. H. Grant were the winners of the first prize for a cut, theirs being "The Middler's Dream."

The cut, representing the academy seal, drawn by McBirney, received second.

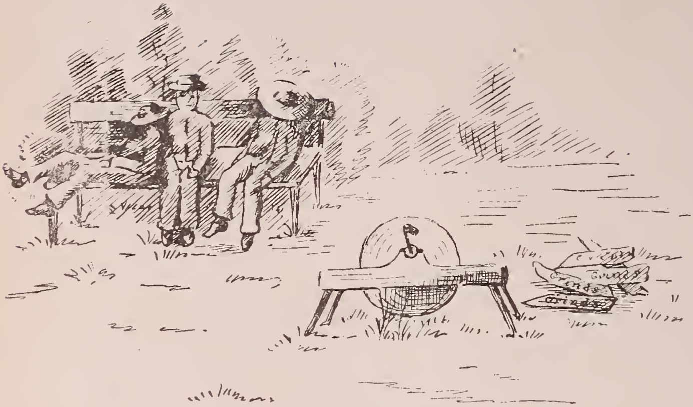
The best collections of grinds was contributed by W. H. Wadhams.

We are greatly indebted to Noyes, Henning, Tarbox, Bumstead, and H. S. Emerson for the grinds which they have given us and likewise for cuts to L. B. Smith, J. I. Chamberlain, Osgood, and McBirney.

The competition in stories this term has been exceptionally good, and it is with great pleasure that we note the increased interest in this line of literature.

Although we have met with many disappointments in preparing this issue of the Mirror, yet we trust that the efforts which we have put forth will not have been in vain.

Sincerely hoping that we have accomplished the desired result, namely, that it meet with the approval of all, we place the present volume in the hands of its readers.



GRINDS.

Secret are the ways of Banty,
Yet to some great end they tend.
Though in patience he stands waiting,
Yet he fires you in the end.

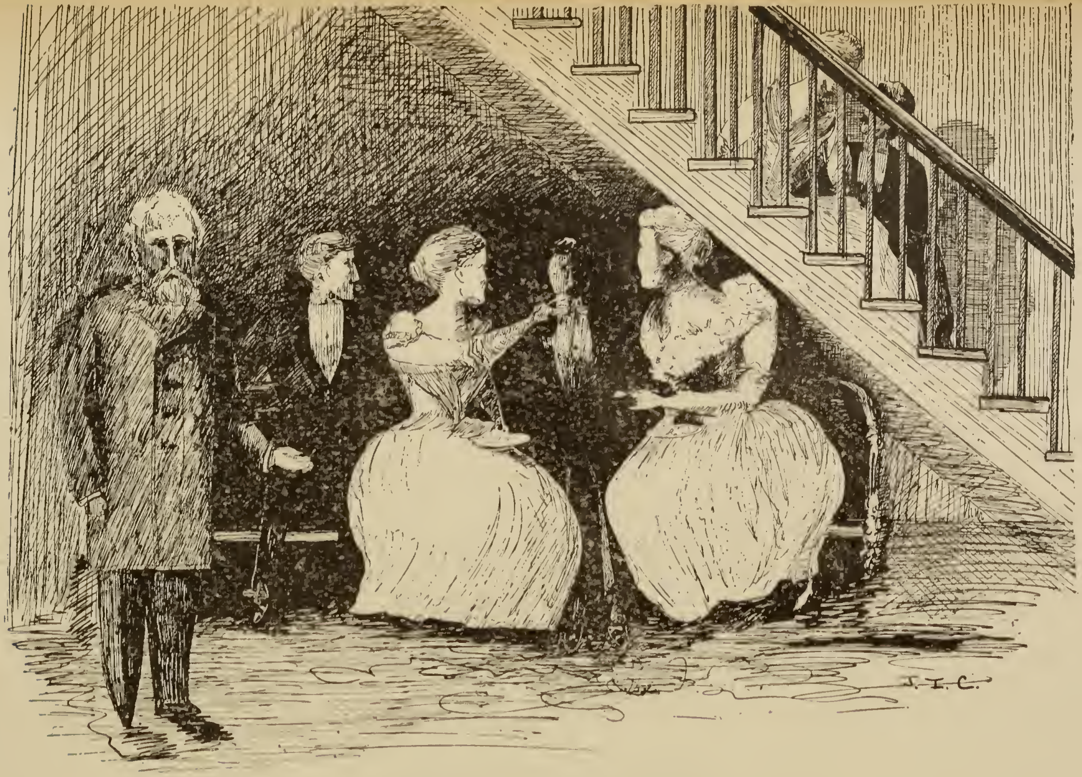
You know how his voice would persuade a cast-iron dog to come off a doorstep and lick his hand. *C. J. Stone.*

A long-nosed, lanky, dyspeptic looking ghoul. *Lane.*

"O blame my wooden head, it ain't any use!—it ain't any use to try—I can't understand anything." *Griffin.*

A little man but mighty strong. Ay as an ancient cheese.
Strong, '92.

An empty hall, forgotten and lone, which no man enters save the mystic watchman. *The "Gym."*



SCENES AT SENIOR PARTY.

THE DOCTOR:—"Well, that is a Senior Snap."

"O why are you quiet, our Sammie?
And what is the reason so rare
That makes you forget all your pleasures?
Are you going to be good all this year?"

"No more do I dance until midnight,
And set the old Commons ablaze;
Our Tenney is left unmolested;
No more do the seniors I haze."

"Though I used to do things so wicked
That even the Prof. would arise,
I've wholly reformed from such nonsense,
And teach others to do so likewise."

S. M. Russell.

He assumed an attitude which for sublimity has never been approached by man, and has seldom been surpassed by statues.

Dodge, '90.

Oh! let me live my own, and die so too?
(To live and die is all I have to do.")

Ziepprecht.

In truth a Frenchman, quick and shrewd,
A man of manners never rude,
Philo's star, a poet born,
Who will some day the world adorn. *More.*

He was very fond of digging poetry out of himself or blasting it out when it came hard. *H. S. Emerson.*

A machine-made laugh, a Frankenstein laugh with the soul left out of it. *Bard.*

When he was singing, his voice caught on the centre and gave him lockjaw. *S. P. White*

There is something very noble in his expression when his hat is off. *L. W. Smith.*

There's a fellow with a face
Not of Rome, nor Greece, nor Thrace.
On his beauty we'll be mute,
But the girls all think him cute. *McLanahan.*

One Pinch a hungry, lean-faced villian,
A mere anatomy. *Pinchback.*

"I have given up heavy literature altogether, for the rest of the season." *McBirney.*

"My soul's so full of melody,
My shape's so smooth and nice,
The boys don't call me 'Conie,'
But little Fanny Rice." *Conant, P. S., '92.*

"My genius is subject to the same laws as those which regulate the production of cotton and molasses." *Duley.*

Yours was not, in the beginning, a criminal nature, but circumstances have changed it. *Wheelock Tenney Craig.*

"My excellence has been greatly damaged by the impiety of others." *Dodge, '91.*

He didn't mention that he was a lineal descendant of Balaam's ass, but everybody knew that without his telling it. *Dupont.*

Our Puck, a sprightly youth, who would always be up to mischief. *Tirrill. '93.*

"I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all well." *Plumer.*

One whose simplicity had a certain imposing gorgeousness about it that actually commanded respect. *Ziepprecht.*

A long, slim, sick, and sorry-looking skeleton. *Frissell.*

Fond of lessons and infatuated with Sunday school. *Jennings.*

The smile may be almost called unique. *G. Bartlett.*

Who keeps the little paper store,
And charges retail price and more? *Lake.*

He had a troublesome superabundance of that sort of time which is not money. *Foss, '93.*

A young man with a big blue necktie, a collar like the sideboards of a wheelbarrow, a Milton gold chain, an Alaska diamond ring and pin, kid boots, green gloves, and a deary cane. *Williams, '91.*

He was a roaring, terrific combination of wind, lightning, and thunder, and earnest whole-souled profanity. *T. Jones.*

A wooden-headed old slab, who played the piano. *Wells, '93.*

I would trade my conscience for the small pox and seven kinds of consumption, and be glad of the chance. *"Kid" Marsh.*

He has a superabundance of the discordant ear-splitting metallic laugh common to his breed. *Lamprey.*

Oh no! This ain't no fat thing, I reckon. *Hayward.*

I just go 'round, 'round, 'round, and talk, talk, talk. I never get bored. *"Commodore" Harrington.*

He makes too much steam. You want to hang the monkey-wrench on the safety-valve. *More.*

I did not label him—so if the public took him for a sheep I cannot help it. *McLanahan.*

A poor lunatic that played the banjo, and danced break-downs, and jarred the glass out of the windows. *Candee.*

This gaudy barbaric soul. *Mayers.*

A snub nose which had the air of drawing back with a decent reserve from the silky new-born mustache below it. *Bumstead.*

Take the lies out of him, he'll shrink to the size of your hat.
Tucker.

He was a great man with his gaudy clothes and terrific ways.
Hixon.

Swans sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing.
Chapel Choir.

"Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar."
Cribbers in Exams.

"Oh there is not in life a pleasure so sweet
As to sit near the window and tilt up your feet,
To puff an Havana whose flavor just suits,
And gaze at the world through the toes of your boots."
Joe Anderson.

"'Tis not the fairest form that holds
The mildest, purest soul within." *Craig.*

In his chin is a delicate dimple,
By Cupid's own fingers impressed;
There Beauty, bewitchingly simple,
Has chosen her innocent nest."
H. F. Cox.

"By the white neckcloth with its straightened tie,
The sober hat, the Sabbath speaking eye,
Severe and smileless, he that runs may read
The stern disciples of Geneva's creed."
The Theologues.

"That gloomy outside, like a rusty chest,
Contains the shining treasure of a soul
Resolved and brave." *Phinney.*

"'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print;
A book's a book although there's nothing in't."
The Mirror.

"None but an author knows an author's cares." *The Mirror.*

"Great souls in instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance and in friendship burn."
Neale and Nettleton.

"The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing,
Has been my heart's undoing."
L. C. Grant.

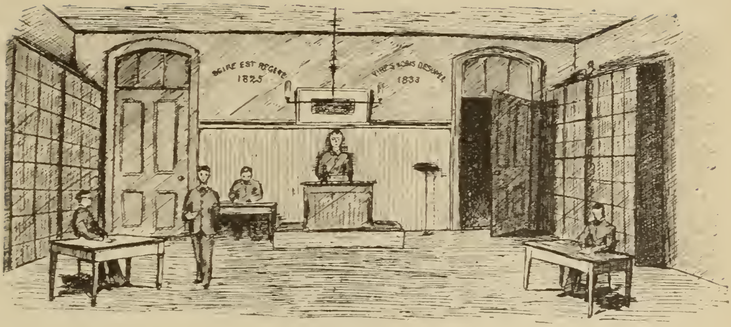
"Feet like snow-shoes." *Moseley.*

BASE BALL SCORES, 1890.

April 5.	P. A., 29; Lawrence Canoe Club, 5.
April 12.	P. A., 5; Newburyports, 2.
April 16.	P. A., 1; Harvard 'Varsity, 11.
April 19.	P. A., 9; Cambridge Latin School, 8.
April 22.	P. A., 6; Williams 'Varsity, 7.
April 26.	P. A., 21; Tufts College, 0.
April 30.	P. A., 7; Lawrence Stars, 3.
May 2.	P. A., 1; Amherst 'Varsity, 4.
May 3.	P. A., 17; Harvard Fresh, 1.
May 7.	P. A., 10; Columbians of Lowell, 4.
May 10.	P. A., 14; Boston College, 0.
May 14.	P. A., 3; Woven Hose, 7.
May 17.	P. A., 9; Y. M. T. A. of Lawrence, 3.
May 19.	P. A., 11; Tufts College, 7.
May 21.	P. A., 7; Matthews of Lowell, 8.
May 24.	P. A., 7; Boston Blues, 2.
May 28.	P. A., 5; Burkes of Lowell, 6.
May 30.	P. A., 13; Yale Fresh, 7.
June 2.	P. A., 5; Yale 'Varsity, 9.
June 7.	P. A., 11; Beacons, 4.

92
BOSTON PHOTOGRAVURE CO.

The Phillips Pot-Pourri.



The Philomathean Society

PRESIDENT.	
S. W. TYLER,	Tylerville, Conn.
VICE PRESIDENT.	
G. S. McLAREN,	Thompsonville, Conn,
SECRETARY.	
G. H. NETTLETON,	Boston, Mass.
TREASURER.	
R. L. CONANT,	Newark, N. J.
MIRROR EDITORS.	
THEODORE EATON,	Wakefield.
CARLETON G. SMITH,	Williamstown.
JOHN P. CHAMBERLAIN,	Seneca Falls, N. Y.
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.	
L. ZIEPPRECHT,	Dubuque, Iowa.
A. E. SKINNER,	Ottawa, Kan.
D. L. VAILL,	West Winsted, Conn.
L. W. SMITH,	Parsippany, N. J.

Abbott, C. G.	Wilton, N. H.
Addis, A. E.	Leeds.
Ames, A.	Wakefield.
Ames, E. W.	Wakefield.
Andrews, A. L.	Meriden, Conn.
Atha, G. R.	Lowell.

Bale, A. B.	Melrose.
Beard, W. S.	So. Killingly, Conn.
Bill, F. A.	Cambridgeport.
Boardman, F.	Nutley, N. J.
Brayton, W. L. S.	Fall River.
Brown, A. B.	Dover, N. H.
Brown, A. M.	Davenport, Iowa.
Brown, H. G.	Plainfield, Conn.
Bumstead, A.	Atlanta, Ga.
Burling, C. W.	Cleveland, O.

Cain, J. K.	Sewickley, Penn.
Campbell, G. A.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Canfield, H.	Andover.
Chamberlain, J. I.	New York, N. Y.
Cheney, H. S.	Southbridge,
Clark, E. L.	New Haven, Ct.
Cochran, T.	St. Paul, Minn.
Coffin, E. H.	Newport, N. H.
Condit, H. H.	Troy Hills, N. J.
Cummings, A. G.	Andover.

Darling, D. H.	Wakefield.
de Forest, W. A.	New York, N. Y.
Dodge, F. P.	New York, N. Y.
Duley, W. A.	Andover.

Eaton, E. S.	Portland, Me.
Fiske, J. L.	No. Cambridge.
Foss, C. H.	Wamesit.
Foss, W. O.	Wamesit.
Fouse, G. C.	Washington, D. C.
Grant, L. C.	Charleston, S. C.

Harrington, A. T.	Lyons, N. Y.
Hinkey, F. A.	Tonawanda, N. Y.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Conn.
Hooker, F. T.	Ontario Centre, N. Y.
Hopkins, E. C.	Dennisonville, Conn.
Johnson, A.	Belfast, Me.
King, G. K.	Calais, Me.
Ladd, F. H.	Andover.
Lamprey, H. A.	Laconia, N. H.
Lane, J. E.	North Hadley.
Lewis, J. A.	Hampton, Va.
Lyon, W. R.	Blairsville, Penn.
Marsh, A.	Omaha, Neb.
Masury, F. L. M.	Salem.
McBirney, G. D.	Chicago, Ill.
McCord, R. A.	New York, N. Y.
McLanahan, G. X.	New York, N. Y.
Moore, L. R.	Kansas City, Mo.
More, J. O.	Monmouth, Me.
Morris, C. S.	Louisville, Ky.
Morrison, P. B.	New York, N. Y.
Moseley, H. P.	New Haven, Conn.
Neale, J. B.	Kittanning, Penn.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.
Pardee, A. D.	Germantown, Penn.
Perham, W.	Chelmsford.
Perkins, C. A.	Boxboro.'
Phipps, J. S.	Allegheny, Penn.
Pinchback, W. A.	New Orleans, La.
Plumer, G. A.	Akron, O.
Powell, J. A.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Robinson, A. G.	Andover.
Robinson, C. A.	West Hebron, N. Y.
Rogers, W. H.	Washington, D. C.

Smith, L.	Auburn, N. Y.
Smith, L. B.	New York, N. Y.
Snell, H. L. W.	Saticoy, Cal.
Stillman, L. S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Strong, H. G.	Winsted, Conn.
Tarbox, J. W.	Nashville, Tenn.
Taylor, J. H.	Charleston, S. C.
Thomson, W. deF.	New York, N. Y.
Tilley, F. C.	New York, N. Y.
Townsend, F. deP.	Melrose.
Wadhams, W. M. H.	Annapolis, Md.
Wells, H. O.	Kenilworth, Penn.
Weyerhaeuser, F. E.	Rock Island, Ill.
Wilkinson, R.	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Williams, C. L.	Chicago, Ill.
Williams, W. T. B.	Millwood, Va.
Williams, W. F.	Auburndale.

S. of I.

PRESIDENT.

J. H. TAYLOR,	Charleston, S. C.

VICE PRESIDENT.

C. G. SMITH,	Williamstown.

SECRETARY.

L. S. STILLMAN,	Brooklyn, N. Y.

TREASURER.

A. BUMSTEAD,	Atlanta, Ga.

MEMBERS.

Abbott, C. G.	Wilton, N. H.
Addis, A. E.	Leeds.
Ahlers, L. A. E.	New Bedford.
Allen, P. R.	Walpole.
Atha, G. R.	Lowell.
Babbitt, W. H.	W. Brattleboro', Vt.
Bard, H. D.	Orford, N. H.
Bartlett, G. G.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Beard, E. C.	So. Killingly, Ct.
Beard, W. S.	So. Killingly, Ct.
Bliss, A. H.	New York, N. Y.
Bliss, L. T.	New York, N. Y.
Boardman, F.	Nutley, N. J.
Boylston, G. P.	No. Duxbury.

Brayton, W. L. S.	Fall River.
Brown, A. B.	Dover, N. H.
Brown, H. G.	Plainfield, Ct.
Brown, H. W.	Dover, N. H.
Bryant, H. A.	Andover.
Burt, G. F.	Jamaica Plain.
Campbell, G. A.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Chamberlain, J. I.	New York, N. Y.
Chamberlain, J. P.	Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Cheney, H. S.	Southbridge.
Clark, C.	Louisville, Ky.
Clark, E. L.	New Haven, Ct.
Clary, J. W.	Mattapan.
Cochran, T.	St. Paul, Minn.
Coffin, E. H.	Newport, N. H.
Conant, R. L.	Newark, N. J.
Condit, H. H.	Troy Hills, N. J.
Craig, W. T.	Falmouth.
Cummings, A. G.	Andover.
Curtis, C. J.	West Winsted, Ct.
Darling, S. B.	Somerville.
Day, E.	Marblehead.
Dodge, F. P.	New York, N. Y.
Duley, W. A.	Andover.
Eastman, G. E.	Andover.
Eaton, T.	Wakefield.
Emerson, H. S.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Grant, L. C.	Charleston, S. C.
Griffin, N. E.	Baltimore, Md.
Harrington, A. T.	Lyons, N. Y.
Hill, G. L.	Portland, Me.
Holden, G. R.	Portland, Me.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Hooker, F. T.	Ontario Centre, N. Y.
Hooker, H. M.	Rochester, N. Y.
Hopkins, W. B.	Fruitland, N. Y.

Johnson, A.	Belfast, Me.
Kimberly, J. C.	Neenah, Wis.
King, G. K.	Calais, Me.
Lake, J. E.	Hampstead, N. H.
Lamprey, H. A.	Laconia, N. H.
Lane, G. E.	North Hadley.
Leavitt, J. L.	Waterloo, Ia.
Lewis, J. A.	Hampton, Va.
McCord, R. A.	New York, N. Y.
McCormick, V. C.	Harrisburg, Pa.
McDuffee, F. E.	Bradford, Vt.
McLanahan, G. X.	New York, N. Y.
McLaren, G. S.	Thompsonville, Ct.
Masury, F. L. M.	Salem.
Mayers, J. A.	Barbadoes, W. I.
Miller, W. S. A.	Carrington, No. Dak.
More, J. O.	Monmouth, Me.
Moseley, H. P.	New Haven, Ct.
Nettleton, G. H.	Boston.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.
Osborne, W. H.	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Osgood, A. T.	Rochester, N. Y.
Osgood, C. G., Jr.	Wellsboro', Pa.
Phipps, J. S.	Alleghany, Pa.
Pomeroy, E. S.	Troy, Pa.
Potter, J. T.	North Adams.
Powell, J. A.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Robinson, A. T.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Robinson, C. A.	West Hebron, N. Y.
Rogers, W. H.	Washington, D. C.
Russell, S. M.	Bedford, Pa.
Ryder, R. O.	Andover.
Sawyer, J. C.	Dover, N. H.
Skinner, A. E.	Ottawa, Kan.

Smith, J. H.	Brewster, N. Y.
Smith, L.	Auburn, N. Y.
Smith, L. W.	Parsippany, N. J.
Snell, H. L. W.	Saticoy, Cal.
Stearns, A. E.	Amherst.
Tarbox, J. W.	Nashville, Tenn.
Taylor, J., Jr.	Southbridge.
Thayer, A. N.	Holbrook.
Thayer, H. W.	Holbrook.
Thomas, H.	New York, N. Y.
Torrey, J. P.	Harvard.
Tyler, S. W.	Tylerville, Ct.
Vaile, D. L.	West Winsted Ct.
Wadhams, W. M. H.	Annapolis, Md.
Walcott, W. S.	New York Mills, N. Y.
Wells, H. O.	Kenilworth, Pa.
Weyerhaeuser, F. E.	Rock Island, Ill.
White, S. P.	Wakefield.
Wilkinson, R.	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Williams, T. B.	Millwood, Va.
Williams, W. F.	Auburndale.
Ziepprecht, L.	Dubuque, Ia.

Y.M.C.A.

PRESIDENT.

L. C. GRANT, Charleston, S. C.

VICE PRESIDENT.

G. A. CAMPBELL, Milwaukee, Wis.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

C. A. ROBINSON, West Hebron, N. Y.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

S. P. WHITE, Wakefield.

TREASURER.

H. H. CONDIT, Troy Hills, N. J.

MEMBERS.

Addis, A. E.	Leeds.
Bale, A. B.	Melrose.
Bartlett, G. G.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Beard, W. S.	So. Killingly, Ct.
Bliss, A. H.	New York, N. Y.
Boardman, F.	Nutley, N. J.
Brown, A. B.	Dover, N. H.
Bryant, H. A.	Andover.
Burt, G. F.	Jamaica Plain.
Campbell, G. A.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Chamberlain, J. I.	New York, N. Y.
Clary, J. W.	Mattapan.
Condit, H. H.	Troy Hills, N. Y.
Craig, W. T.	Falmouth.
Cummings, A. G.	Andover.
Darling, S. B.	Somerville.
Day, E.	Marblehead.
Dodge, F. P.	New York, N. Y.
Duley, W. A.	Andover.
Eaton, T.	Wakefield.
Emerson, R. W.	Orland, Me.
Fouse, G. C.	Washington, D. C.
Grant, L. C.	Charleston, S. C.
Holmes, R. W.	West Winsted, Ct.
Lake, G. E.	Hampstead, N. H.
Lane, J. E.	No. Hadley.
Lewis, J. A.	Hampton, Va.
McDuffee, F. E.	Bradford, Vt.
McLaren, G. S.	Thompsonville, Ct.
Moody, L., Jr.	Ottumwa, Ia.
Nettleton, G. H.	Boston.
Ogilvie, J.	Lawrence.

Patterson, D. L. S.	Troy, N. Y.
Perkins, C. A.	Boxboro'.
Robinson, A. T.	Brooklyn, Ct.
Robinson, C. A.	West Hebron, N. Y.
Skelton, E. W.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Skinner, A. E.	Ottawa, Kan.
Smith, C. G.	Williamstown.
Snell, H. L. W.	Saticoy, Cal.
Taylor, J., Jr.	Southbridge.
Taylor, J. H.	Charleston, S. C.
Torrey, J. P.	Harvard.
Tyler, S. W.	Tylerville, Ct.
Wells, H. O.	Kenilworth, Pa.
White, S. P.	Wakefield.
Williams, W. F.	Auburndale.
Williams, W. T. B.	Millwood, Va.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

PRESIDENT,

C. H. FOSS.

VICE PRESIDENT,

W. R. LYON.

SECRETARY,

G. K. KING.

TREASURER,

W. H. BABBITT.

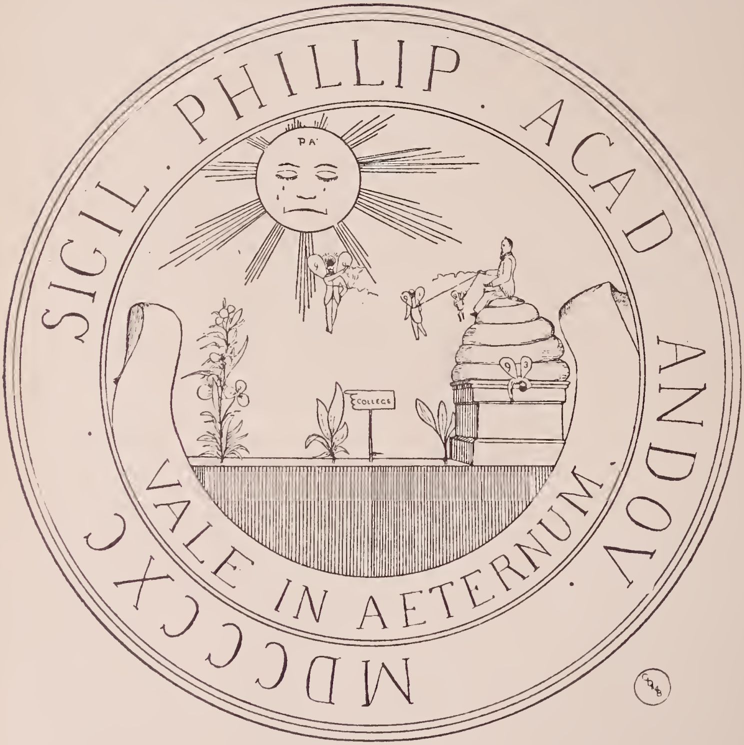
DIRECTORS.

C. ANDERSON,
D. H. DARLING,
L. C. GRANT,
W. PERHAM,
C. A. PERKINS,
F. deP. TOWNSEND.

MEMBERS.

Adams, D. C.
Ahlers, L. A. E.
Addis, A. E.
Albree, R.
Ames, A. 3d.
Anderson, C.
Anderson, H.
Bard, H. D.
Barrett, R. L.
Beard, E. C.
Belding, J. E.
Bill, F. A.
Bliss, L. T.
Bryant, H. A.
Burling, C. W.
Burr, N. B.
Cain, J.
Camden, R.
Candee, W. B.
Chamberlain, J. I.
Chamberlain, J. P.
Clark, E. L.
Clark, J. H. C.
Cochran, T., Jr.
Coglan, G.
Colt, S. G.
Cox, E. V.
Curtis, C. J.
Darling, D. H.
Dickson, A. G.
Dodge, F. P.
Dodge, R. G.
Duley, W. A.
Duncan, W. H.
Eaton, E. S.
Eaton, T.
Emerson, R. W.
Evans, J.
Johnson, A.
Johnstone, H. S.
Kimberly, J. C.
Knapp, J. H.
Kuki, M.
McBirney, G. D.
McCord, R. A.
McCormick, V. C.
McDuffee, F. E.
McLanahan, G. X.
Masury, F. L. M.
Mills, M.
Morris, I.
Morse, H. E.
Moseley, H. P.
Neale, J. B.
Nicola, O. P.
Ogilvie, J.
Page, H. F.
Pardee, A. D.
Perham, W.
Perkins, C. A.
Pinchback, W. A.
Potter, J. T.
Powell, J. A.
Richardson, H. S.
Sanford, H. G.
Savidge, G. P.
Sawyer, J. C.
Seymour, O. S., Jr.
Smith, L.
Smith, L. B.
Stillman, L. S.
Strong, H. S.
Tarbox, J. W.
Thompson, F. L.
Thomson, W. deF.
Vaill, D. L.

Feeter, G. I.
Fisher, G. H.
Foss, W. O.
Gilman, Z. P
Grant, L. C.
Hall, D.
Harrington, A. T.
Hazeltine, L. P.
Henderson, C. B.
Hinkey, F. A.
Hixon, E. C.
Holmes, R. W.
Hopkins, W. B.
Howe, W. C.
Ives, F.
Wadhams, A. J.
Wadhams, Wm. M. H.
Walcott, W. S., Jr.
Wells, B. G.
Weston, C. W.
Weyerhaeuser, F. E.
White, F. B.
Wilcox, H.
Willets, S. T.
Williams, C. L.
Wood, A. D.
Woodruff, C. H., Jr.
Yardley, S. S.
Ziepprecht, L.


SIGIL. PHILLIP. ACAD. ANDOV. MDCCCXC.
PA
COLLEGE
VALE IN AETERNUM.

CLASS OFFICERS.

P. A., '90.

Colors : Old Gold and Garnet.

"Finis coronat opus."

President,	A. Johnson.
Vice President,	T. Eaton.
Secretary,	F. E. McDuffee.
Treasurer,	H. S. Emerson.

P. S., '90.

Colors : Gold and Black.

"Taugt viel kostet viel."

President,	W. B. Candee.
Vice President,	L. C. Grant.
Secretary and Treasurer,	W. Perham.

P. A., '91.

Colors : Garnet and Light Green.

Εἰδῶμεν Ευ Διάγειν.

President,	L. Smith.
Vice President,	A. R. Clark.
Secretary and Treasurer,	A. M. Brown.

P. S., '91.

Colors : Old Gold and Lavender.

President,	O. P. Nicola.
Vice President,	S. M. Russell.
Secretary and Treasurer,	R. S. Snydam.

P. A., '92.

"Virtute valemus."

President,	L. G. Ketchum.
Vice President,	G. X. McLanahan.
Secretary and Treasurer,	H. B. Foster.

P. S., '92.

Colors: Light Blue and Moss Green.

President,	J. Babcock, Jr.
Vice President,	H. G. Brown.
Secretary and Treasurer,	I. W. Geer.

P. A., '93.

Colors: Old Gold and Black.

President,	H. Wilcox.
Vice President,	D. H. Bixler.
Secretary,	A. H. Bliss.
Treasurer,	A. H. Moore.

P. S., '93.

Colors: Old Gold and Black.

President,	L. Ziepprecht.
Vice President,	G. M. Webber.
Secretary and Treasurer.	S. S. Feeter.

P. A. HARE AND HOUNDS AND CROSS COUNTRY CLUB.

President,	W. R. Lyon.
Vice President,	A. Johnson.
Secretary and Treasurer.	W. M. H. Wadhams.

MEMBERS.

Abbott, C. G.
Ames, A.
Bale, A. B.
Bard, H. D.
Brown, H. G.
Bumstead, A.
Campbell, G. A.
Chamberlain, J. I.
Chapman, J. L.
Condit, H. H.
Cross, H. S.
Curtis, C. J.
Geer, I. W.
Hall, D.
Hazeltine, L. P.
Henderson, C. B.
Kaven, G. A.
King, G. K.
LaMotte, A.
Moseley, H. P.
Perham, W.
Perkins, C. A.
Pinchback, W. A.
Skinner, A. E.
Smith, L.
Smith, L. W.
Stearns, A. E.
Wadhams, A. J.
Willets, S. T.
Williams, W. F.

BICYCLE CLUB.

CAPTAIN.

N. B. Burr.

1ST LIEUTENANT,

C. Burr.

2ND LIEUTENANT,

G. K. King.

COLOR BEARER,

C. J. Curtis.

MEMBERS.

Albree, R.
Belding, J. E.
Bill, F. A.
Brown, A. B.
Burr, C.
Burr, N. B.
Clark, J. H. C.
Coughlan, G.
Curtis, C. J.
Dalzell, S.
Drury, F. W.
Holmes, R. W.
Jones, T. O'C.
Keeler, L. M.
Kimberly, J. C.
King, G. K.
Morris, I.
Noyes, H. B.
Page, P.
Patterson, M.
Potter, J. T.
Robinson, A. T.
Snydam, R. S.
Williams, C. L.

“Love”— (?)

TENNIS ASSOCIATION.

PRESIDENT.
N. B. BURR.

VICE PRESIDENT.
W. A. DULEY.

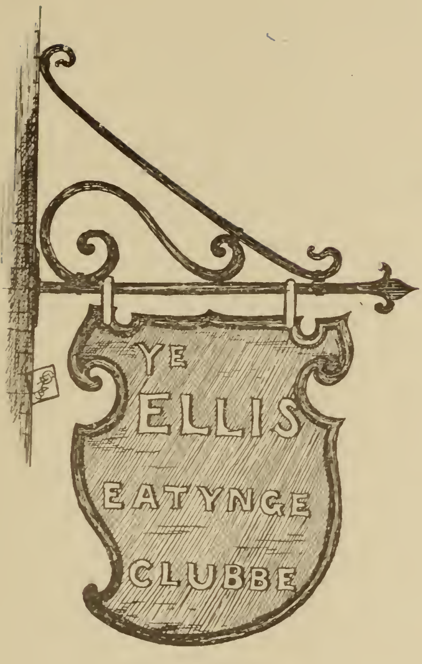
SECRETARY.
G. A. CAMPBELL.

TREASURER.
O. P. NICOLA.

MEMBERS.

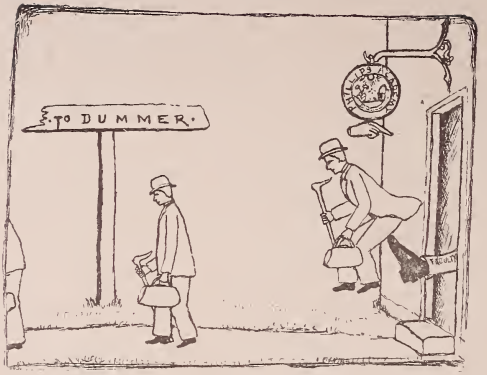
Adams, D. C.
Albree, R.
Anderson, C.
Anderson, H.
Andrews, A. L.
Babbitt, W. H.
Boardman, F.
Brown, A. B.
Canfield, H.
Knapp, C. R.
Kuki, M.
Leavitt, J. L.
Lineaweaver, C. P.
Lineaweaver, J. I.
McCord, R. A.
McLanahan, G.
Masury, F.
Moore, L. R.

Chamberlain, J. I.
Chamberlain, J. P.
Clark, J. H. C.
Cochran, T.
Coghlan, G.
Conant, F. W.
Dodge, R. G.
Drury, F. W.
DuPont, H. B.
Eastman, G. E.
Eaton, E. S.
Eaton, T.
Ely, H.
Emerson, R. W.
Fischer, L. G.
Fiske, J. L.
Fouse, G. C.
Geer, I. W.
Gilman, Z. P.
Hanna, T. K.
Hooker, H.
January, H.
Jennings, W. B.
Johnson, A.
Johnson, L. A.
Kimberly, J. C.
Morris, I.
Mills, M.
Nettleton, G. H.
Osgood, A. T.
Page, P.
Pardee, A. F.
Phipps, J. S.
Pinchback, W. A.
Richardson, H. S.
Sanford, H. G.
Savidge, G. P.
Sawyer, J. C.
Skelton, E. W.
Smith, C. G.
Strong, H. L.
Snydam, R. S.
Tarbox, J. W.
Thayer, H. W.
Thomson, F. L.
Wells, B. G.
Weyerhaeuser, F. E.
Williams, C.
Woodruff, C. H.
Yardley, S. S.
Zieppreeht, L.


YE
ELLIS
EATYNGE
CLUBBE

1890.

J. E. Belding.
H. S. Cheney.
Thomas Cochran.
K. G. Colby.
G. R. Holden.
G. D. McBirney
R. A. McCord.
A. T. Osgood.
A. D. Pardee.
H. G. Sanford.
H. N. Stevens.
H. G. Strong.
F. L. Thompson.


TO DUMMER.
PHILLIPS ACADEMY
FACULTY

PHILLIPS FIRE DEPARTMENT.

FOREMAN.

A. E. Stearns.

ASSISTANT FOREMAN.

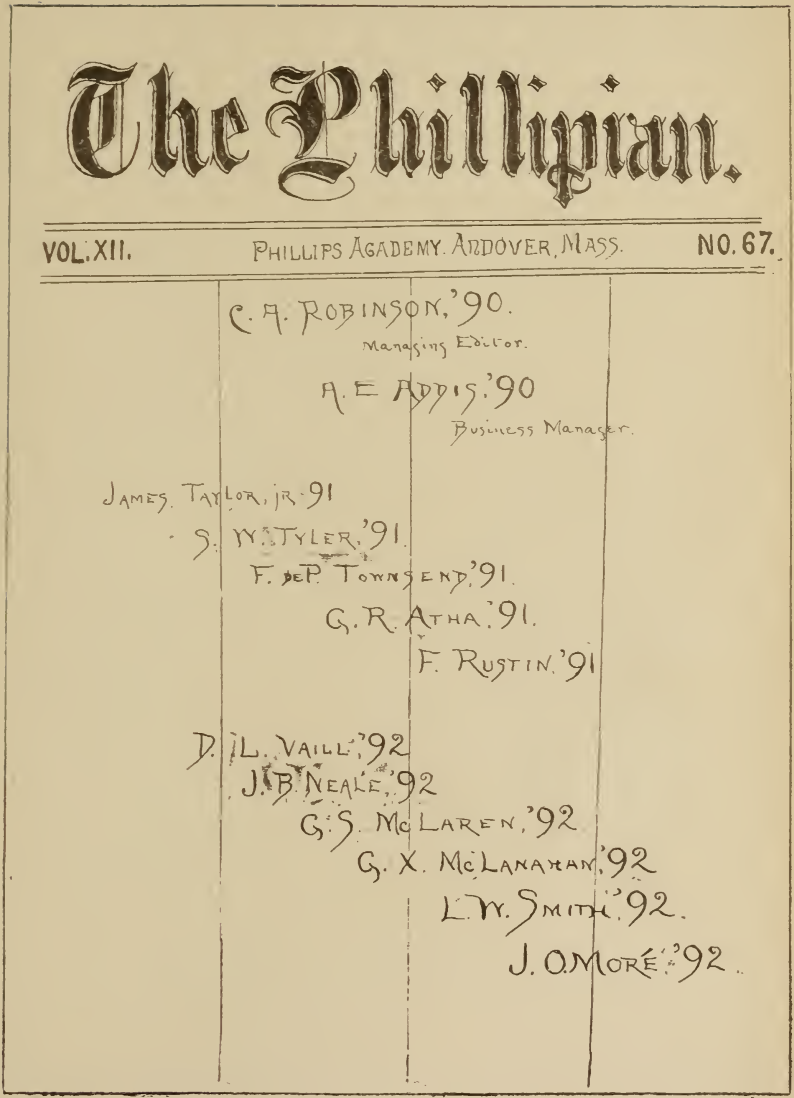
A. M. Brown.

LEADING HOSEMEN.

A. E. Addis,
N. Burr,
J. Ogilvie,
J. A. Powell,
F. deP. Townsend.

SUCTION HOSEMEN.

F. K. Hollister,
A. Johnson,
J. H. Knapp,
J. C. Sawyer.



The Phillipian.

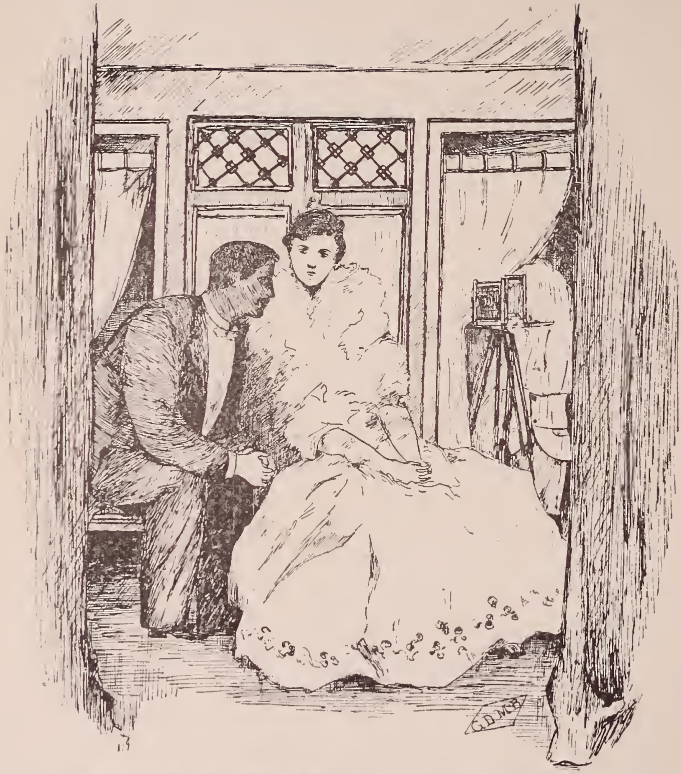
VOL. XII. PHILLIPS ACADEMY. ANDOVER, MASS. NO. 67.

C. A. ROBINSON, '90.
Managing Editor.

A. E. ADDIS, '90
Business Manager.

JAMES TAYLOR, JR. 91
S. W. TYLER, '91.
F. DEP. TOWNSEND, '91.
G. R. ATHA, '91.
F. RUSTIN, '91

D. L. VAILL, '92
J. B. NEALE, '92
G. S. MCLAREN, '92
G. X. MCLANAHAN, '92
L. W. SMITH, '92.
J. O. MORÉ, '92.



CAMERA CLUB.

P. A. CAMERA CLUB.

PRESIDENT.

H. P. Moseley, New Haven, Ct.

SECRETARY.

G. K. King, Calais, Me.

TREASURER.

F. T. Hooker. Ontario Centre, N. Y.

MEMBERS.

Ames, A.
Ames, E. W.
Belding, J. E.
Chamberlain, J. I.
Darling, D. H.
Drury, F. W., Jr.
Emerson, R. W.
Foster, H. B.
Gordon, E. W.
Hooker, F. T.
Johnson. A.
Keeler, L. W.
King, G. K.
Lake, G. E.
Leavitt, J. L.
Mayers, J. A.
McBirney, G. D.
Morris, B.
Moseley, H. P.
Pardee, A. D.
Patterson, D. L. S.
Patterson, M.
Phipps, J. S.
Seymour, O. S.
Smith, L. B.
Strong, H. S.
Tarbox, J. W.
Vaill, D. L.
Wells, B. G.
Wilcox, H.
Williams, C. L.
Wood, A. D.
Yardley, S. S.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY BASE BALL NINE.

MANAGING COMMITTEE.

A. E. Addis, J. W. Tarbox,
F. deP. Townsend.

CAPTAIN.

A. E. Stearns.

BATTERY.

Dalzell, Case, } pitchers, A. M. Brown, catcher.

INFIELD.

Stearns, 1st b., F. Rustin, s.s.,
J. Anderson, 2nd b., L. Bliss, 3rd b.

OUTFIELD.

H. S. Cheney, l. f., V. McCormick, r. f.

Dalzell, Case, } c. f.

SUBSTITUTES.

Walcott, Millard.

'93 BASE BALL NINE.

CAPTAIN.

Reed.

MEMBERS.

Dazell,
Dunkan,
Harrington, R. M.,
Lineaweaver, J. I.,
Page, p.,
Pinchback,
Smith, J. L.,
Ziepprecht,
Johnson, L. A.

MORTON STREET BASE BALL NINE.

CAPTAIN.

Babcock, c.

Babbitt, p.,
McCord, 1st b.,
Cochran, 2nd b.,
Sanford, 3rd b.,
Colby, s.s.,
Lang, r. f.,
Zieppracht, c. f.,
Pinchback, r. f.

BLUNT HOUSE BASE BALL NINE.

CAPTAIN.

Wood, 2nd b.

N. Burr, c.,
Evans, p.,
Kaime, 1st b.,
Suydam, s.s.,
T. Jones, 3rd b.,
C. Burr, l. f.,
Kimberly, c. f.,
Conant, r. f.

ABBOTT STREET BASE BALL NINE.

CAPTAIN.

Townsend.

Weyerhaeuser, c. f.,
Colt, c.,
Dwight, 2nd b.,
L. A. Johnson, s.s.,
C. Anderson, 3rd b.,
Townsend, 1st b.,
Johnstone, r. f.,
J. J. Brown, p.,
E. S. Eaton, l. f.

P. S. '90 BASE BALL NINE.

MANAGER.

Mr. Wells.

Lyon, c.,
Candee, p.,
Morse, s.s.,
Perham, 1st b.,
Tarbox, 2nd b.,
Weston, 3rd b..
Sargent, r. f.,
Mayers, c. f.,
Grant, l. f.

SUBSTITUTE.

Mr. E. Frank Page, Jr.

Bat Carrier, Prof. Davis.

Latin Commons Base Ball Nine.

CAPTAIN.
Millard, 2nd b.,

A. N. Thayer, p.,
A. B. Brown, c.,
Ketchum, 1st b.,
White, s.s.,
F. Smith, 3rd b.,
Hedges, l. f.,
Cross, c. f.,
H. M. Hooker, r. f.

Haskell, substitute.

English Commons Nine.

CAPTAIN.
T. Eaton, p.,

W. R. Lyon, c.,
F. A. Hinkey, 1st b.,
S. M. Russell, 2nd b.,
A. E. Addis, s.s.,
H. A. Lamprey, 3rd b.,
J. B. Neale, l. f.
E. W. Ames, c. f.,
W. B. Candee, r. f.

Perkins, substitute.

Salem Street Base Ball Nine.

CAPTAIN.

Tilley, p.,

Lineaweaver, c.,
Mills, 1st b.,
Camden, c. f.,
H. Anderson, 3rd b.,

Fiske, s.s.,
Knapp, r. f.,
Fisher, 2nd b.,
E. V. Cox, l. f.

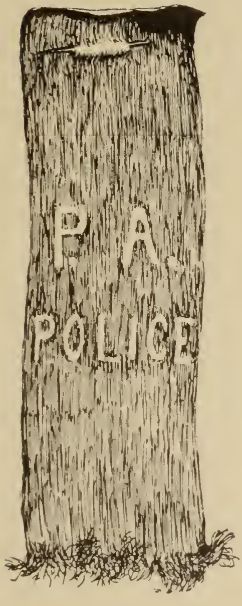
Cheever House Nine.

CAPTAIN.

J H. Knapp, c.,

Mackey, p.,
W. H. Duncan, 1st b.,
Tarbox, 2nd b.,
Leavitt, 3rd b.,

A. R. Clark, s.s.,
Moore, l. f.,
Eaton, c. f.,
Hill, r. f.



POLICE FORCE.

J. P. Chamberlain,
F. deP. Townsend,
J. H. Taylor,
F. E. McDuffee,
C. Burr,
C. A. Dwight,
S. G. Colt,
J. C. Kimberly,
J. L. Leavitt,
A. B. Brown,
D. H. Darling,
J. A. Powell.

CHEERING STAFF,

G. A. Campbell, Leader.
A. T. Harrington,
H. D. Bard,
A. B. Brown.

Statistics of the Senior Class.

Comparing '90's statistics with those of '89, our average age will be found to be six months greater. our height 3-4 in. less, and the average weight 3-4 lb. more.

Average age—20 yrs., 1-2 mo. Average height—5 ft., 8 1-4 in.
Average weight—147 lb., 3 oz.

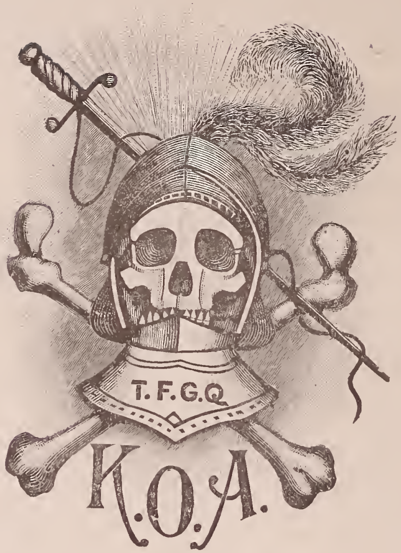
Tallest man, 6 ft., 2 in., Hayward.
Shortest man, 5 ft., 2 in., Ives.
Heavy weight, 185 lbs., Haskell.
Light weight, 120 lbs., Spalding.

In regard to politics we have 45 republicans, 9 democrats, and 5 independents.

The intended occupations are as follows:

Business men, 14.
Lawyers, 8.
Doctors, 6.
Civil Engineers, 2.
Teachers, 2.
Minister, 1.
Electrical Engineer, 1.
Professor, 1.
Architects, 2.
Gentleman of leisure or philanthropist, 1.
Saw Bones, 1.
Undecided, 18.

Handsomest Man, Holmes.
Best Student, Henning.
Most Popular Man, Stearns.
Best Athlete, Stearns.
Ladies' Man, Mayers.
Greatest Dude, J. I. Chamberlain.
Laziest Man, Harrington.
Class Crank, Noyes.
Class Doll, Dickson.
Most Religious Man, Beard.
Best Natured Man, Gilbert.
Most Useful Man, Addis.
Most Useless Man, Williams.
Class Sport, Wheelock Tenney Craig.
Dreamer, L. B. Smith.
Most Scientific Cribber, McDuffee.
Most Scientific Flirt (?), Burt.
Best attempt at a moustache, Curtis.



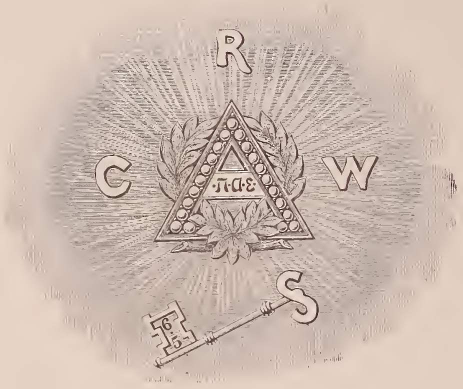
Joseph N. Anderson.
Nelson B. Burr,
Calvin Burr,
Lawrence T. Bliss,
William B. Cooley,
Edward V. Cox,
Clinton J. Curtis,

Samuel Dalzell.
Ralph W. Holmes,
Thomas O'C. Jones,
James C. Kimberly,
James C. Sawyer,
Letchworth Smith,
Alfred E. Stearns,

Benjamin G. Wells,

TIFFANY & CO
321

John Babcock.
S. G. Colt,
Jason Evans,
H. C. January,
A. K. Kaime,
S. C. Pierce,
F. deP. Townsend,
A. D. Wood,
S. S. Yardley.



Albert E. Addis,
George B. Case,
A. Ray Clark,
Thomas Cochran, Jr.
Arthur F. Cosby,
Fred K. Hollister,
Joseph L. Leavitt,
Robert A. McCord,
Vance C. McCormick,
Fred Rustin,
Leland S. Stillman,
Colver J. Stone.
Wm. S. Walcott,
Chauncey L. Williams.

VISIT LECK'S STUDIO

For Fine Portrait Work.

ALL THE LATEST IMPROVED INSTRUMENTS.

Fine Large Work a Specialty. Special Rates to Schools for Class Work.

Studio, 283 Essex St., Lawrence, Mass.

THORNTON BROTHERS,

FLORAL ✿ ARTISTS.

FANCY ROSES.

The largest assortment of floral designs and baskets in New England. See our GRAND SHOW of Flowers for every season, containing 4000 Imported Roses, all the latest varieties ; 5000 Calla, Bermuda, and Easter Lilies, 10,000 Hyacinths and Jonquils, and other flowers in profusion.

NOTICE.—Our place will be open to the public during commencement week, and we cordially invite everyone to call and look through our mammoth Greenhouses.

THORNTON BROTHERS,

384 Broadway, Lawrence, Mass.

Telephone 115—3.

More is thy due than more than all can pay.—CHAP.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

FOR ARTISTIC USE in Fine Drawings, Nos. 659 (The celebrated Crowquill), 290 and 291.

FOR FINE WRITING, Nos. 303, 604, and Ladies', 170.

FOR BROAD WRITING, Nos. 294, 389, and Stub Point, 849.

FOR GENERAL WRITING, Nos. 404, 332, 390, and 604.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS,
91 *John Street, N. Y.*

HENRY HOE, Sole Agent.

HALEY & CUTTER,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Trunks & Bags.

JOBBERS OF UMBRELLAS.

22 CHAUNCY ST.,

Factory:
Bunker Hill District.

BOSTON, MASS.

The man that blushes is not quite a brute.—DICKSON.

HALL'S RUBBER STORE.

[ESTABLISHED 1850.]

The Oldest Rubber Warehouse in the Country.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Vulcanized Rubber Clothing,
Double Texture and Gossamer Goods,
First Quality Rubber Goods

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

We make a specialty of Mackintoshes,

And carry constantly in stock the largest assortment to be found in Boston.
Also make same to measure.

HALL RUBBER COMPANY,

52 Summer, 123 and 130 Arch St., Boston.
Factories at Stoughton, Mass.

C. A. W. CROSBY & SON.,

DEALERS IN

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,

SILVERWARE,

474 WASHINGTON ST.,

Opp. Temple Place, - - BOSTON, MASS.

Watches Cleaned, Repaired and Adjusted.

Every man is a rascal when he is sick.—BENNER.

OUT OF PAPER?

If so, replenish with some of the fashionable papers,
BOSTON BOND,
BOSTON LINEN,
BOSTON QUADRILLE,
BOSTON BANK LINEN,
BUNKER HILL LINEN.

Your stationer keeps them undoubtedly. They are the coming papers. If he does not have them send 3 two-cent stamps for a complete set of samples.

SAMUEL WARD COMPANY,
49 FRANKLIN ST., - BOSTON, MASS.

BANJOS.

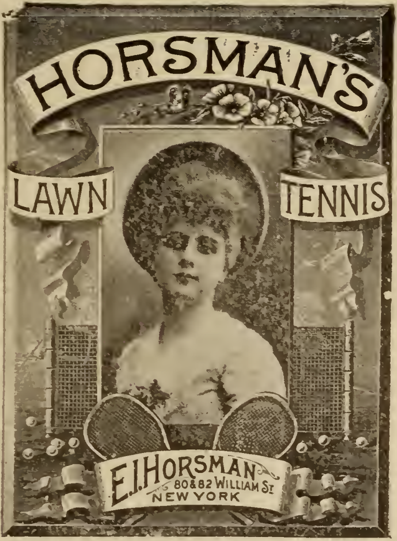
THE FAIRBANKS & COLE

BANJOS AND BANJORINES

Are the finest tone and workmanship, and the best value of any. Everyone interested in the Banjo should send for our catalogues before purchasing anything in the banjo line.

FAIRBANKS & COLE,
—**Banjo Makers, Teachers and Publishers,**—
178 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.
FACTORY AND WHOLESALE, 145 COLUMBUS AVENUE.

Lo the poor Indian whose untutored mind.—MAYERS.



"ECLIPSE"—MONTAUK—SEABRIGHT SPECIAL—and CASINO RACKETS for 1890 are unsurpassed Send for Tennis Catalogue. Special Rates to Clubs.

Prof. Loisette's

MEMORY

DISCOVERY AND TRAINING METHOD

In spite of adulterated imitations which miss the theory, and practical results of the Original, in spite of the grossest misrepresentations by envious would-be competitors, and in spite of "base attempts to rob" him of the fruit of his labors, (all of which demonstrate the undoubted superiority and popularity of his teaching), Prof. Loisette's Art of Never Forgetting is recognized to-day in both Hemispheres as marking an Epoch in Memory Culture. His Prospectus (sent post free) gives opinions of people in all parts of the globe who have actually studied his System by correspondence, showing that his System is *used only while being studied, not afterwards; that any book can be learned in a single reading, mind-wandering cured, &c.* For Prospectus, Terms and Testimonials address

Prof. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, N.Y

Prof. Loisette's Memory System is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised above.

"Loquacity is the fistula of the soul, ever running and never cured."
—CONANT.

A Tonic

HORSFORD'S

Acid Phosphate.

Prepared under the direction of Prof. E. N. Horsford.

This preparation is recommended by physicians as a most excellent and agreeable tonic and appetizer. It nourishes and invigorates the tired brain and body, imparts renewed energy and vitality, and enlivens the functions.

DR. P. W. THOMAS, Grand Rapids, Mich., says: "One of the best tonics. It gives vigor, strength and quiet sleep."

DR. H. K. CLARKE, Geneva, N. Y., says; "It has proved of great value for its revivifying influence."

DR. R. WILLIAMS, LeRoy, N. Y., says: "A good general tonic and worthy of trial."

DR. J. H. STEDMAN, West Brattleboro, Vt., says: "Best tonic I ever used."

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to

RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

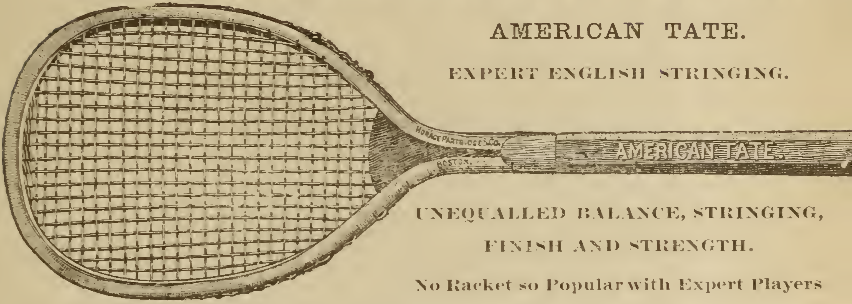
Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

Caution.—Be sure the word "Horsford's" is printed on the label. All others are spurious. Never sold in bulk.

HORACE PARTRIDGE & CO.,

MAKERS OF THE BEST

LAWN TENNIS RACKETS KNOWN.


HORACE PARTRIDGE & CO.
BOSTON.
AMERICAN TATE.

AMERICAN TATE.

EXPERT ENGLISH STRINGING.

UNEQUALLED BALANCE, STRINGING, FINISH AND STRENGTH.

No Racket so Popular with Expert Players

The price of this Racket in the **"Expert English Stringing"** is **$7.00**; in **Tournament Stringing** (reliable English gut), **$6.00**; and in **Prize Stringing** [best French gut], **$5.50.** **OTHER POPULAR RACKETS:—The Champion** (new), **$5; Eclipse, $4; Peerless, $4; Standard, $3; Practice, $2.50; No. 10, $2; No. 5, $1.**

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

HORACE PARTRIDGE & CO.,

497 and 499 Washington Street, Boston.

PERFECT DAYS IN JUNE

Need perfect Lays in Tune—and here they are!

—o—

IN SHEET MUSIC FORM.

Elaine. A Love Song. Van de Water	$ 50
Mizpah. Song. Adam Geibel	35
Signal Bells at Sea. Song. W. S. Hays	40
Old Home Down on the Farm. Dubois	40
Visions of Rest Waltzes. F. T. Baker	60
Danse Ecossaise. F. T. Baker	60
Edelweiss, Glide Waltz. T. E. Vanderbeck	60
Battle Won. Triumphal March. E. Holst	50

IN BOOK FORM.

Sabbath Day Music. For Piano. Very beautiful music. More than 40 sacred airs. Arranged by Leon Keach.

Operatic Piano Collection. The best of the music of 19 operas Arr. for Piano.

Young Players' Popular Collection. 51 very easy and very good pieces.

Classic Four-Hand Collection. 19 Piano Duets. Highly praised by good players.

Piano Classics. Volume 2. Marvellously good pieces, are those of Vol 1.

Song Classics- Volume 2. Grand music.

☞ Any book or piece mailed for retail price, which, for any of the superior books abovementioned is but **$1.**

—o—

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY,

BOSTON.

His boundless ignorance was his most valuable possession.

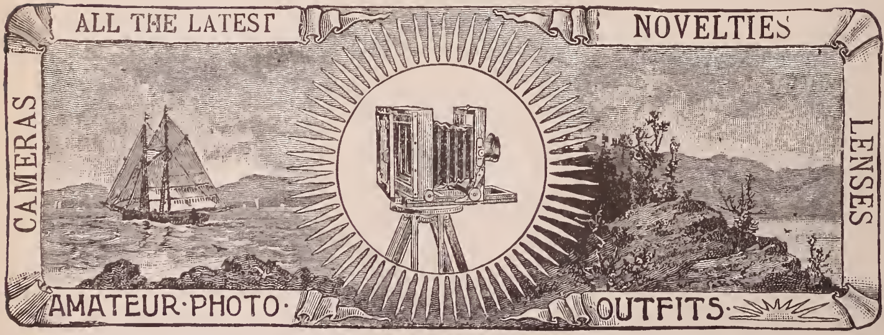
—Brown, '90.

TRADE E. & W. MARK

EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN
COLLARS
AND
CUFFS
ALWAYS GIVE
SATISFACTION
THE BEST MADE

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
591 Broadway, New York.

Manufacturers and Importers of


ALL THE LATEST
NOVELTIES
CAMERAS
LENSES
AMATEUR·PHOTO·
OUTFITS·

PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS AND SUPPLIES.

Detective and View Cameras in great variety. Sole agents for the celebrated Dallmeyer Lenses. A full line of the best brands of Dry Plates. Books of instruction for the amateur. Anthony's Climax Films. Reduce weight and space to a minimum. 14 doz. films weigh less than 1 doz. plates.

A young lady with a very sweet face.—WILLIAMS, '90.

Brewer and Stevens,

TAILORS.

Artistic Novelties PREVAIL IN OUR LARGE AND VARIED STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

488 WASHINGTON ST.,

BOSTON.

NEARLY OPPOSITE TEMPLE PLACE.

He felt that all eyes were fastened on him.—E. FRANK PAGE, JR.

Men's Outfitters. *Importers.* *Shirt Makers.*

DeBUSSY, MANWARING & CO.,

840 CHAPEL STREET,

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Neckwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Braces, Underwear, Leather Goods, Jewelry, Handkerchiefs, Mufflers, Umbrellas, English Traveling Rugs, Caps, Bath Wraps and Mackintoshes.

Wall Papers AND Decorations.

The largest and most varied assortment to be found in Essex County, at prices below those of Boston dealers.

Particular attention given to Hanging Papers and Fine Decorations. Ceilings and Walls Whitened. Inside Painting done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed. We employ only competent workmen.

Blank Book Manufacturers and Stationers. Book Bindery connected with the store. Consecutive, Duplicate or Triplicate Numbering done at short notice.

W. E. RICE,

195 and 197 Essex Street, . . Lawrence.

Preachin' was his nateral gait.—SKINNER.

ZENAS FOLGER,

DEALER IN

WATCHES, FINE JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, CLOCKS, &c.

567 Essex Street, Lawrence, Mass.

Next to Horse Car Stables.

O. CHAPMAN,

Dining Rooms.

FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY,
KENNEDY'S CANNED GOODS,
BLANK BOOKS, STATIONERY, INKS,
KEROSENE LAMPS.

LARGE STOCK OF CANNED GOODS.

BASE BALL GOODS, &c. Everything pertaining to STUDENTS' OUTFITS.

FRANK EMERSON,

APOTHECARY,

122 BROADWAY, SO. LAWRENCE,

DEALER IN

Cold Soda, Fine Cigars, Confectionery, and everything usually found in Drug Stores.

It is very wearing to be good.—"SUNSHINE" BROWN.

~~ CONNECTICUT LAMPS. ~~

CALL AND SEE THEM.

FRENCH, PUFFER & CO.,

389 ESSEX ST., LAWRENCE.

J. W. STEWART & CO.,

PLUMBERS AND PIPERS,

85 BRIDGE ST., LOWELL, MASS.

J. W. STEWART. E. W. PUFFER.

A. F. RYDER & CO.,

Druggists and Pharmacists.

LAWRENCE, MASS.

CORNER OF ESSEX STREET AND BROADWAY.

Dr. C. G. Carleton,

No. 301 Essex Street,

LAWRENCE, MASS.

☞ *Telephone No. 100.*

In came Leo Zieppfrecht, one vast, substantial smile.

C. W. SCOTT, M. D.,

Surgeon and Homeopathic Physician

49 Main Street, Andover, Mass.

☞ Office Hours, until 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 P. M.

F. A. DINSMORE,

FURNITURE REPAIRING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES NEATLY DONE.

Carpets taken up, steam-cleaned and relaid.

Packing of Household Furniture done with care. Mattresses made over. Orders Promptly attended to. Shop next East of Bakery.

PARK STREET, ANDOVER.

ELM HOUSE,

A. F. WILBUR, Proprietor.

Opposite Memorial Hall, : : : Andover, Mass.

This Hotel is pleasantly situated in one of the most beautiful and healthful towns in New England.

Ample Accommodations for Summer Boarders.

First-Class Livery Connected With The House.

M. T. WALSH,

Dealer in Stoves and Ranges.

Manufacturer of Tin and Sheet Iron Ware.

ESSEX ST., ANDOVER, MASS.

Red as a rose is she.—BARTLETT.

T. A. HOLT & CO.,

DEALER IN

Dry Goods & Groceries

ANDOVER, MASS.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

C. A. LAWRENCE & SON,

Portrait and View Photographers

181 Essex Street, Lawrence.

Ferrotypes of all Styles.

C. W. Partridge, D. D. S.,

DENTAL ∴ ROOMS,

461 ESSEX STREET,

LAWRENCE, - - MASS.

His very foot has music in't as he comes up the stairs.—AMES, '92.

H. B. ROBINSON,

Manufacturing Confectioner.

Fine Chocolates and Bon-Bons. Ice Cream and Ice Cream Soda. Ice Cream for Parties.

No. 273 Essex Street, - Lawrence, Mass.

T. J. FARMER,

DEALER IN

Fresh, Salt, Smoked and Pickled Fish, Oysters, Clams and Lobsters.

☞ *Also all kinds of Fish in their season.*

Central St., Andover, Mass.

JOSEPH ABBOTT.

PICTURES FRAMED TO ORDER. CURTAINS, LOOKING GLASSES, &C.

PARK STREET,

ANDOVER, - - MASS.

REA & ABBOTT.

PROVISION DEALERS,

OPPOSITE BANK,

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

J. C. REA. GEO. T. ABBOTT.

He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.—LANE.

THE MANSION HOUSE,

ON THE HILL,

Near Phillips Academy, - - Andover, Mass.

OPEN THE YEAR ROUND.

In the summer season the house is delightful. During the cold weather it is kept warm and comfortable throughout with hot water.

TERMS,—$2.50 A DAY. $12.50 TO $17.00 A WEEK.

C. L. CARTER, Proprietor.

DYER & COMPANY,

Pianos and Organs for Sale and to Rent.

BANJOS, GUITARS, VIOLINS, &c.

337 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE, MASS.

Bicknell Bros.
LAWRENCE MASS.

MANUFACTURING
RETAILERS
—AND—
Gents' Outfitters,
469 and 471 ESSEX ST.,
LAWRENCE.

WM. FORBES & SONS,

PLUMBERS AND STEAM ENGINEERS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all kinds of

—Plumbers' and Steam Fitters' Materials,—

448 and 450 Essex St., Lawrence, Mass.

The boys all hated him he was so good.—'90 LADIES' MAN.

JAMES LOCKHART.

Successor to MRS. WATERMAN,

HIGH STREET,

DEALER IN

JACQUEMINOT AND GABRIELLE LINZET ROSES.

Baskets and Bouquets in Large Variety.

J. E. SEARS,

FINE BOOTS & SHOES,

At my finely equipped and well lighted Store in the
new Bank Building.

PRICES AND QUALITY GUARANTEED.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

J. E. WHITING,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER.

Barnard's Block, Main Street.

ANDOVER.

GEORGE H. PARKER,

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

DRAPER'S BLOCK, MAIN ST., ANDOVER.

Fancy Toilet Articles, Sponges, etc. Cold Soda with true Fruit Syrups. Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded.

He was a guileless old lamb of a Joseph Alexander.
Simply an innocent, lovable old infant.—ALICK.

N. S. S. TOMPKINS

Successors to Tompkins & Mann,

PAINTS, OILS, DYESTUFFS, CHEMICALS, AND MILL SUPPLIES,

No. 191 ESSEX STREET,

LAWRENCE, - - MASS.

BRIGGS & ALLYN MANUF'G CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Doors, Sash, Blinds, every description of House Finish, Hardwood Veneered Doors, Mouldings. Stair Builders.

600 ESSEX STREET, LAWRENCE, MASS,

C. T. Briggs. A. W. Allyn. J. H. Safford. L. P. Collins.

HENRY P. NOYES,

Furniture & Upholstering

PARK STREET, ANDOVER.

BENJ. BROWN,

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER.

——o——

☞ Headquarters for **Dress, Tennis and Ball Shoes.** Custom Work and Repairing in all its branches. Maker of the Foot and Base Ball Shoes for 1890.

"*I only speak right on.*"—SNELL.

JOHN H. CHANDLER,

—DEALER IN—

PERIODICALS, STATIONERY,

FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY,

Main Street, Andover, Mass.

SMITH & MANNING,

Dry Goods and Groceries,

ESSEX STREET,

ANDOVER, MASS.

JOHN CORNELL,

COAL DEALER:

—o—

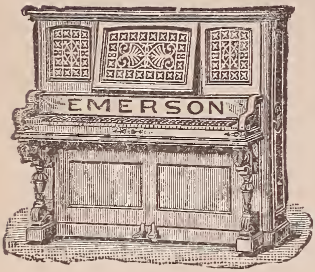
Franklin Coal of Lykins Valley, Hard White Ash Coal, Free Burning White Ash Coal, Hard and Soft Wood, Hay and Straw.

Carter's Block, Main St., Andover.

Nickel-plated popularity.—TAYLOR, '91.

KENNELLY & SYLVESTER

Have a large assortment of New and Second-hand



Pianos and Organs

FOR SALE OR TO LET,
OR SOLD BY INSTALMENTS.

VIOLINS, BANJOS, GUITARS, large assortment of Sheet Music and other Musical Merchandise.
Tuning and Repairing promptly attended to.

256 ESSEX ST., LAWRENCE.

J. F. RICHARDS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

MAIN ST., AND PUNCHARD AVE.,

ANDOVER, MASS.

HENRY McLAWLIN,

HARDWARE,

ALSO A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Cutlery, Revolvers, Horse Clothing, Glass, Putty, Lamps, Paints and Oils, &c.

MAIN ST., ANDOVER, MASS.

92's *Wire-puller.*—McLaren, '92.

BROWN'S ANDOVER AND BOSTON EXPRESS,

SUCCESSOR TO JOHNSON'S EXPRESS.

Agent for the Adams, New York and Boston Despatch, and United States.

☞We ship goods to all parts of the country as cheap as any Express, and do all kinds of errands personally in Boston.

Boston Offices:—**34** Court Square, **77** Kingston Street, **105** Arch Street, and **59** Franklin Street. Andover Office:—Park Street. Leave Andover at 7.45, 9.45 and 12.25. Arrive at 2.30, 4 and 5.45.

B. B. TUTTLE, Proprietor.

MR. E. B. RHODES

Having succeeded M. B. Townsend in the LAUNDRY BUSINESS at the Old Stand,

25 and 27 Broadway, Lawrence, Mass.,

would announce to the scholars of Phillips Academy that he is prepared to do all kinds of

LAUNDRY WORK

in a first-class manner. ☞ Parcels can be left with my agent at the school, and the same will be promptly returned.

CHAS. E. SCHEFFLER,

Registered Pharmacist

539 Essex, cor. Franklin St.,

LAWRENCE, - MASS.

Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace!—'90 TO FEM. SEMS.

J. M. BEAN,
HAIR CUTTER,
TOWN HALL BLOCK,
ANDOVER, MASS.

CHAS. E. ABBOTT, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
43 MAIN ST., ANDOVER, MASS.

Office Hours until 9 A. M.; 1 to 3 and 6 to 8 P. M.

Fine Confectionery, Cigars,
Soda Water,
&c.
G. C. LYLE.
LUNCH
served at all hours.
Main Street, Andover.

EDWIN H. BARNARD,
House, Sign and Carriage Painting,
GLAZING, GRAINING AND PAPER HANGING.
Dealer in Paints, Oils, Window Glass and Wall Papers.
ESSEX STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

Lord of himself—that heritage of woe.—BOYLSTON.

WILLIAM FINDLEY,

—DEALER IN—

Fish of all kinds. Fresh, Salt, Smoked, Pickled

Lobsters, Clams, Oysters, and Fancy Fish of all kinds in their season.

LAWRENCE

One Price Clothing Company.

YOUNG MEN'S SUITS.

We have the finest line of Suitings in Lawrence, and invite students of Phillips Academy to inspect our new stock of Spring and Summer wear.

431 Essex St., Lawrence, Mass.

W. H. ALLEN,

LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER.

First-class work guaranteed. Prices moderate. Special attention to Class and School Work.

Bicknell's Block, 407 Essex St., Lawrence.

H. M. WHITNEY & CO.,

Prescription Druggists.

Fine Cutlery, Toilet Articles and Appliances.

297 Essex St., Lawrence.

And panting Time toiled after him in vain.—HINKEY.

CHAS. H. GILBERT,

DENTIST,

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER.

COMMONS DINING HALL,

—OPEN TO—

STUDENTS OF PHILLIPS ACADEMY

FROM SEPTEMBER TO JULY.

PERMANENT BOARD, $3.00 PER WEEK.

WILLIAM MARLAND, Proprietor.

GEORGE PIDDINGTON,

CUT FLOWERS A SPECIALTY.

BASKETS AND FANCY ROSES.

SCHOOL STREET, - - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

E: PIKE;

LAMPS, STOVES & RUBBER HOSE,

OIL STOVES IN GREAT VARIETY.

Plumbing done Promptly and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

PARK STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

Some people cannot stand prosperity.—J. A. M.

Photo-Engraving

OF ALL KINDS.

PHOTOTYPE VIEWS

for the illustration of College Annuals.

See full page groups in this book.

We have extensive facilities for the complete production of College publications.

BOSTON PHOTOGRAVURE CO.,

27 BOYLSTON STREET.

L. J. BACIGALUPO,

MANUFACTURER OF

CHOICE CONFECTIONERY,

And dealer in Spanish Queen Olives, Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Soda Water.

MAIN STREET, - - - - ANDOVER, MASS..

H. P. WRIGHT,

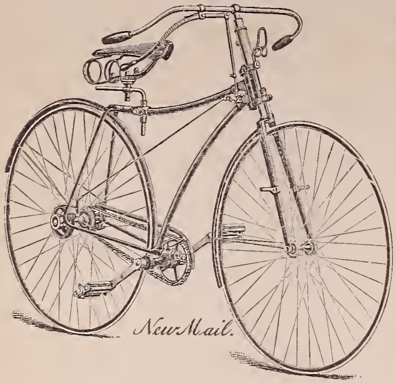
—DEALER IN—

BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

MAIN STREET, - - - - ANDOVER, MASS.

He was a grand affair.—THE EX-SCHOOL PRESIDENT.



NEW MAIL,

1890 Pattern.

Offered as the handsomest and best yet produced.

Spring Fork, very easy. Rear axle Hand Brake, (cannot spatter mud on chain; very powerful.

The only wheel with Trigwell's Patent Ball Head. All parts interchangeable.

An American made wheel for American Wheelmen. Surely send for catalogue and see it.

Manufacturers, and Dealers in Second-hand Wheels.

WILLIAM READ AND SONS,

107 Washington St., Boston.

MOSELEY'S

New Haven House,

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FRONTING THE GREEN. OPP. THE UNIVERSITY.

With the Enlargements and Additions of the past year is more attractive than ever.

F. A. CORBIN,

Importing Tailor,

990 CHAPEL STREET,

UNDER MOSELEY'S NEW HAVEN HOUSE,

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

P. J. HANNON,

Tailor and Furnisher,

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER.

AGENT FOR TROY LAUNDRY.

O. A. JENKINS AND CO.

SUCCESSORS TO

BIGELOW & CO.

Hatters to New England Colleges.

Tennis and Club Caps.

Heath's London Hats.

FURRIERS & HATTERS

CANES AND UMBRELLAS,

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF MACKINTOSHES.

407 Washington St., Boston.

FURNISHER FOR P. A. CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.